WEEK ENDING MAY 5, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Every

"Everything is Going to Turn Out Beautifully"

An Interview with

HINDENBURG *by* GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

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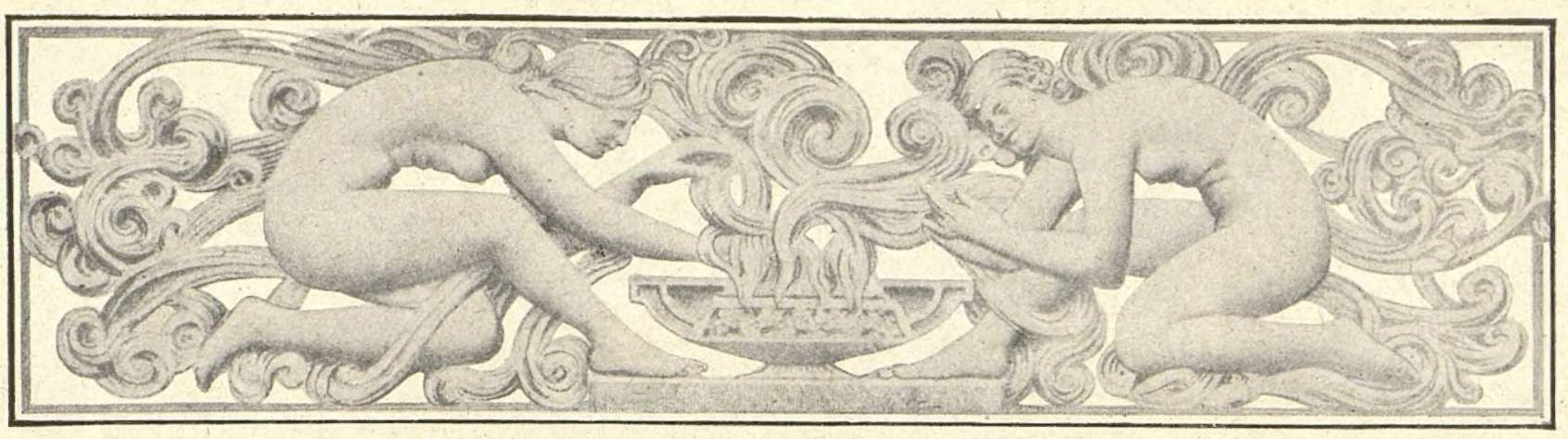

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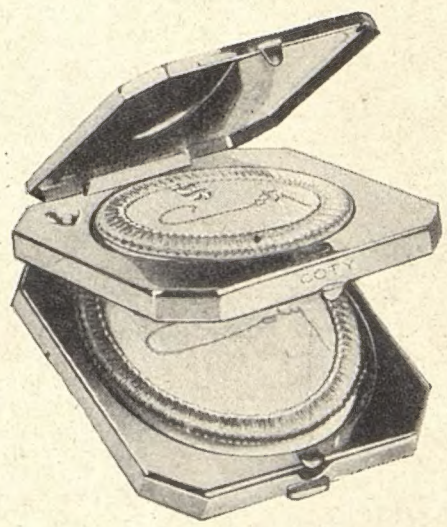

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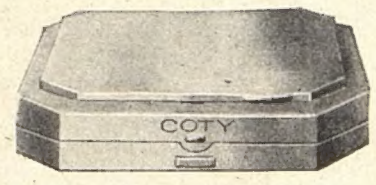

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how to use it for greatest beauty —a booklet illustrated by
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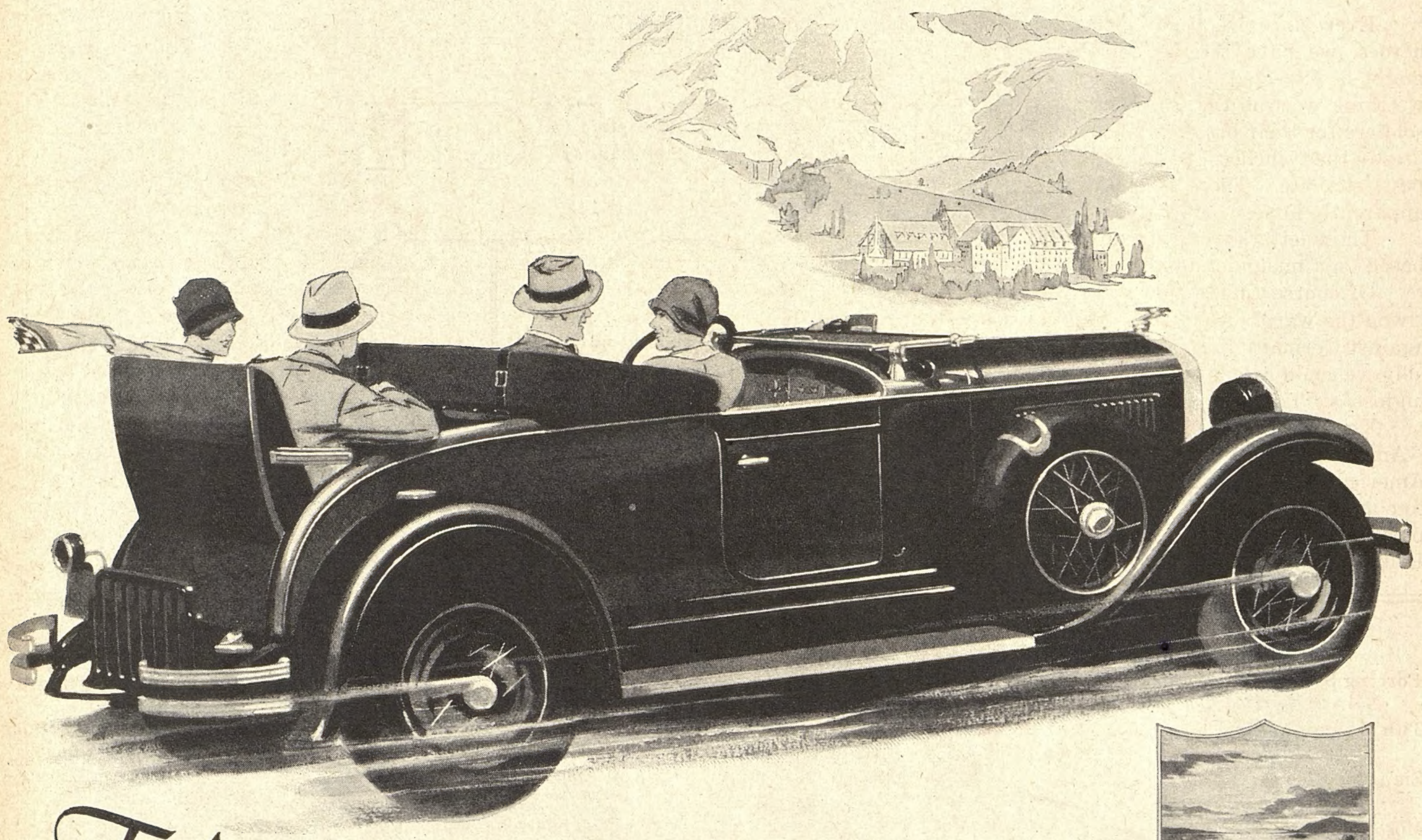

To Americans
Who Are Always Young in May

It's Maytime. The sun streams in through your open window . . . and the old impulse to sleep a little longer is as foreign to your thoughts as the price of coal. There's a new spring in your step . . . a new note in your laugh . . . a new desire in your heart to get up and go.

* * *

There's an urge to slip behind the wheel of a car that's long and low and trim. To express the sheer joy of living with a burst of smooth and silent speed. To conquer every hill you meet . . . with plenty of power to spare. To keep on going as long as you wish . . . heedless of mileage and time.

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* * *

If there's youth in your years . . . or youth in your heart . . . here's a car that's made for you. Youth's car . . . with all the snap that youth admires. Just the car for Americans who are always young in May.

The Golden Gate . . . entrance to San Francisco Bay. As truly and beautifully American to all Americans as the Statue of Liberty.

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MAY 5, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 18

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHO WON THE WAR?

Ever since we began printing stories of American war heroes, we have received protests—chiefly from Canada, as might be expected, since that country is nearest us—asking if we think we won the war because we give credit to American soldiers for their bravery. We are told that we were "five minutes in the trenches," that we did not meet the Germans at their best, etc., etc. There is much sarcasm and irony, and some apparently honest indignation.

These letters seem to us quite natural. However, they are based on a misunderstanding of our position.

Of course LIBERTY does not think the United States alone "won the war." Alone, we could not possibly have won a war against Germany if it had been fought in Europe. Most probably we could not have won it if it had been fought only on the high seas. The German navy ranked second in 1914.

These war articles of ours do not imply that we think "America won the war." They imply simply that, as this is an American publication, we think the war articles of most interest to our readers are, in general, those which deal with America's part in the war—just as British publications enlarge upon Britain's part in the war, French publications upon France's part, German upon Germany's, and so on. Canadian papers, we observe, do approximately the same thing, and properly so.

No one admires the valor of the Canadians more than we do. Everyone knows they were among the bravest soldiers, on land and in the air, who fought at Armageddon.

And as to who won the war—in our judgment we all won it together, and it could not have been won in the absence of any one of the important constituent units that took part.

The question has been asked: When you fill a gallon measure, which is the most important quart, the first or the last?

When you put it that way, of course it is obvious that each is equally important. The moral is simply that you must have four quarts to make a gallon.

In the World War, until the last measure of man power and courage was added, the full volume of victory was not attained.

Without the United States, in our opinion, the Allies, after the defection of Russia, at best would have got a draw. And they would have been lucky to get that.

If the Germans had come out of the war with the advantage—with a successful army and an intact navy—we have always been of the opinion that the Kaiser would have looked next to us, rich, fat, soft, and easy pickings. He would have come over here to take Cuba or some other defenseless part of this hemisphere to meet some of the expenses of the war in Europe. The Allies would have said nothing, and who could blame them?

We would have been helpless, and would have had to pay as much in money as we did in the war, and far more in humiliation.

It is natural for former allies to fall into recrimination; the strange thing now is that there seems to be more recrimination among the victorious allies than among the defeated ones.

However that may be, argument about who won the war is at least endurable. It is lucky for us that the argument isn't about who lost it.

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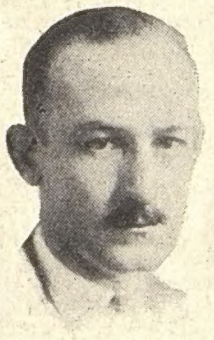

Norman S. Hall

The People of Nobody's Town, a story by

Beatrice Grimshaw

The Woman in Black, a page from the past, by

Ada Patterson

May 5, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 18

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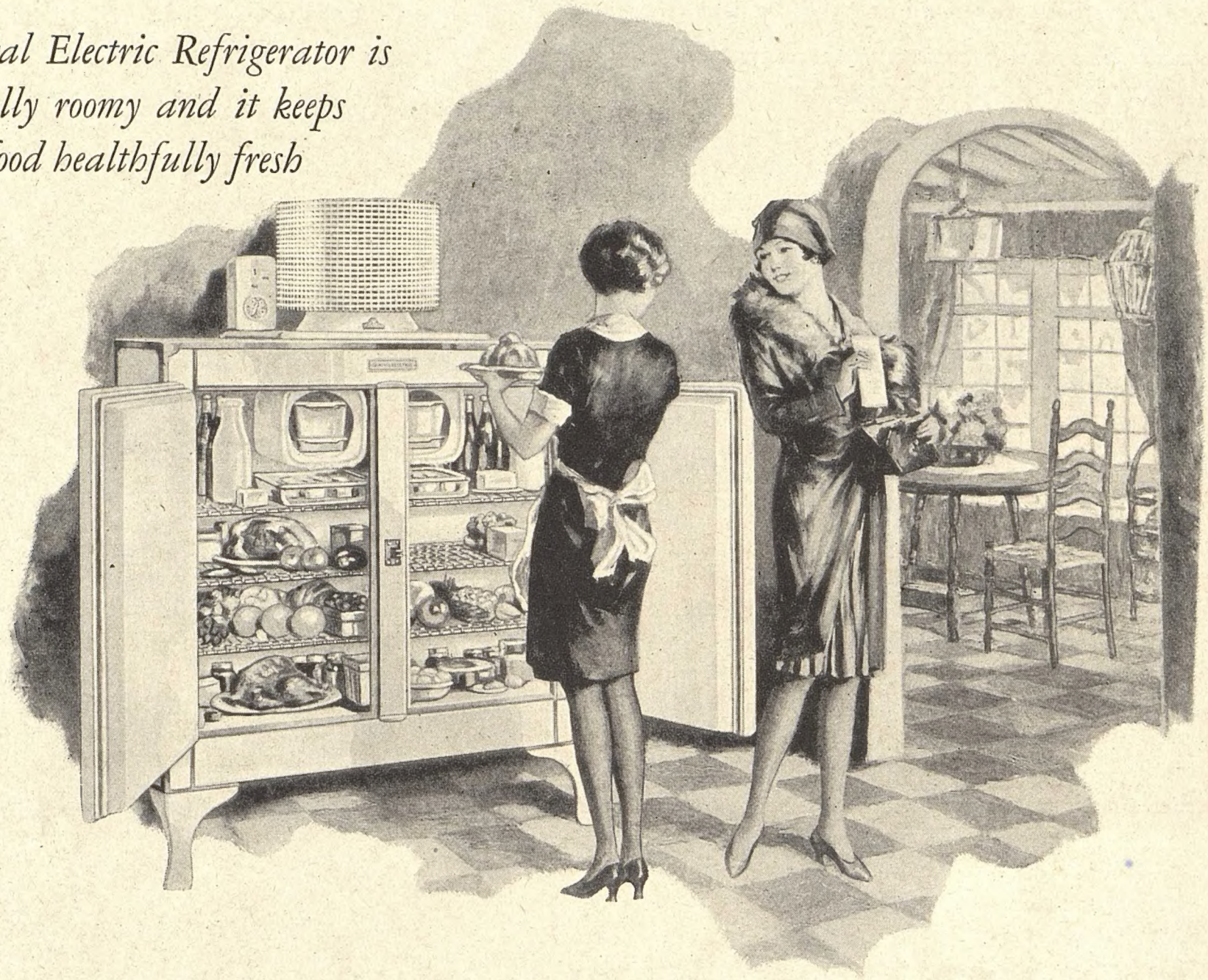

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In fact, now that the fifteen years of experiment in the General Electric laboratories has produced this simple, quiet, efficient refrigerator, there's really no reason for being without the advantages it can give you. Already more than fifty thousand General Electric Refrigerators are bringing new comforts to American homes.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

United Newspictures

HINDENBURG visits the Berlin Stadium with Dr. Theodor Lewald, who is intrusted with Germany's national body-building campaign.

Forging Swords into DUMBBELLS

How Germany Is Rebuilding Its Man Power

An Authorized Interview with

HINDENBURG

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 14 minutes 52 seconds.)

"NO mollycoddle ever made history." This remark, made to me by President Hindenburg, summarizes his faith in athletics as a substitute for military training to keep Germany fit. Just as Krupps, the big cannon makers, turned their guns and torpedoes into plowshares and hairpins, so Germany now forges her swords into dumbbells.

Hindenburg's appearance does not belie his statement. He is no mollycoddle and he has made history. Like the gnarled oaks of his native forest, Hindenburg at fourscore looks his age. But fourscore is not old for an oak. In Germany's ancient forests there are oaks that measure their years by centuries!

Tall and straight, Paul von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg at eighty resembles the colossal image of himself erected in Berlin during the war. Standing at his desk in the Wilhelmstrasse, he seemed to dwarf the room.

The victor of Tannenberg, the Faithful Eckhart of Germany, shook my hand vigorously. The stroke of his pen, as he signed his name for me, was equally virile. At eighty, President Hindenburg still controls every muscle of his gigantic frame. He himself ascribes his resiliency in part to his imperturbable temper; in part to the fact that his exercises at eighty are less strenuous but no less regular than they were at eighteen.

Like Benito Mussolini, Paul von Hindenburg is an advocate of systematic physical culture. Mussolini builds up the physical stamina of the Italian people. He drives them from the slums into the country. He compels them to fill their lungs with air. He teaches them to march straight and to shoot straight.

Germany, entangled by the peace treaty of Versailles, may not teach her sons how to handle a gun. Thus handicapped, she adopts physical culture and develops athletes with scientific precision. President Hindenburg believes that a sound mind dwells in a sound body.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" He hurled the same Latin phrase at me that I had heard from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FORGING SWORDS INTO DUMBBELLS]
Continued from Page Seven

the lips of Mussolini when he unfolded to me his plans for New Italy. "A sound mind in a sound body." This and another Latin proverb, "*Ora et labora*"—"Pray and work"—comprise Hindenburg's creed. It is his philosophy of life.

This philosophy enabled him to carry on his broad shoulders the burden of defeat as well as of victory. In victory he had Ludendorff to share both responsibility and laurels. In defeat it was Hindenburg alone who led his army home. If Hindenburg had failed his people, the Fates would perhaps have swept Germany into the arms of irremediable disaster. German civilization might have disappeared for a century in the ocean of anarchy.

Riebicke photo

Young Germany takes its medicine-ball exercises regularly as part of the elaborate national sports program which has replaced the old army training. The photo shows a class at the big Berlin Stadium.

Matzdorff photo

Dr. Theodor Lewald, physical culture genius.

Dr. G. Meissner, Hindenburg's right-hand man.

WITH remarkable clarity Hindenburg saw after the debacle that Germany must devise a new method for preserving a sound mind in a sound body. Long before he placed himself at the head of the German Republic, Field Marshal Hindenburg pointed out the necessity of finding a substitute for the old army training.

"Dr. Meissner," President Hindenburg remarked, turning to the high official attached to his person, "will you give me a copy of my Life?" The book was found, and Hindenburg quickly turned the pages in which he discussed the army, not as an implement of military might, but as a powerful factor in moral and physical hygiene.

"Thousands and thousands of men," President Hindenburg reiterated, "learned under the influence of the old German army what they were capable of, not only in the way of physical training, but in the way of spiritual and mental culture. The old German army taught them self-confidence and the best way to master their own powers. It imparted to them a sense of their capacity that remained with them all through life.

"The army educated both the young officer and the raw recruit, and strengthened their impulse toward concerted effort, mass action, organized endeavor. It was at work in the national government and in the laboratory of science. It dominated commerce and industry. It formed the spirit of Germany's technical training as well as that of her laboring masses. It was equally conspicuous in industry and in agriculture.

"Germany's political and economic regeneration depended, in my opinion, upon restoring the great school of organization and effort which disappeared with the army. It was not a military but an educational problem to me. Let us speedily create, I urged, a fresh training school, new means of education. If we fail in this, if we persist in our careless, inadequate cultivation of the spiritual and moral and physical life of our people, we will exhaust the very springs of our national existence; we will bring the foundations of our government to futility and frustration."

President Hindenburg is firmly persuaded that the men who framed the Versailles treaty thought they would leave Germany prostrate not only from a military point of view, but industrially as well. They thought they would effect this purpose by forbidding universal military service and restricting the German army to 100,000 men. But the framers of the treaty overlooked the possibilities of physical culture organized on a national scale!

Germany's aptitude for organized effort seized upon physical culture as the only means of salvation. "The Germans," President Hindenburg pointed out to me, "were the first to adopt compulsory insurance against sickness, accident, invalidism, and superannuation. Likewise, Germany is the first great country to make physical culture the business of the state."

President Hindenburg does not believe that the physical culturists of modern Germany, like Scharnhorst's *Turners* after the defeat of Prussia by Napoleon, can build an army to take up the battle with the victor in the World War. He speaks as a nation builder, not as a soldier.

"Times have changed since Napoleon waged war. No muscular development can take the place of tanks, poison gas, war planes, and heavy artillery. Germany is not concerned with making war, but with rebuilding her stamina."

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG himself sets an example to the German people. He never fails to spend an hour or two walking. His popularity compels him to restrict his walks largely to the lovely gardens surrounding his residence, an old palace in the heart of Berlin. There he walks in the morning and in the evening, alone or with his grandchildren. He loves each tree in the park.

The forests are his native home. Only recently Hindenburg spent three days and nights, lashed by thunder showers, in the Bavarian Alps, hunting the wild goat. He slept in a lonely hut, 5,250 feet above the sea. Then he returned to Dietramszell, the lodge provided for him by the Republic. He can travel all night, sleep like a top, and deliver a speech the next morning without showing the slightest effect of the strain.

Hindenburg never smokes—except, now and then, a cigarette. During his entire military career he had to think constantly of his bodily as well as his mental powers, his physical as well as his intellectual culture.

From his youth, Hindenburg's whole life was spent under the iron rule of duty. This was indispensable if he meant to be successful in the keen competition for the higher places on the great General Staff of the army. Like most of the officers who adopted this career, he was in the habit, before his office work began, of riding on horseback an hour or two each morning. In his eating and his drinking he was most moderate, although he never despised a good glass of wine or beer. Nevertheless, he never took delight in consuming large quantities of wine as Bismarck is said to have done.

A special feature of Hindenburg's daily life was the circumstance that at midday—after what was called "second breakfast"—he was in the habit of sleeping soundly, and for this purpose he lay down in bed to get as complete rest as possible. This habit he has clung to even in his administration as President. The same habit has to be considered when on tour. This habit, which cuts his day in two, is another reason, Hindenburg himself thinks, why he has preserved his physical capacity so completely.

AS an officer in high command, Hindenburg always felt a profound interest in the physical well-being of the people. This was natural, since the efficiency of his troops in a crisis depended upon their physical condition. As a commander, Hindenburg was famed for the emphasis he laid upon the marching capacity of his troops, particularly the infantry.

Many of his sham battles and various actual battles in the war were concerned with special exercises which cost the soldiers much sweat but all the less blood. When he held the supreme command, Hindenburg impressed upon subordinate commanders the necessity for the greatest care in adapting the troops to protracted marches.

Because of his interest in popular sports, Hindenburg insists on receiving detailed reports dealing with the progress of physical culture in Germany. It is well known that when a celebrated German swimmer returned from America, Hindenburg received him in special audience to show his interest in the sport.

President Hindenburg intrusts his plans for making Germany a nation of athletes to Dr. Theodor Lewald, who was in charge of this work under his predecessor, Friedrich Ebert.

"Talk to Lewald," the President said to me; "he can tell you exactly what we are doing."

Dr. Lewald, appearing in response to the President's summons, elaborated to me in detail Germany's policy in the realm of physical culture. Lewald is the president of the Federal Committee of Physical Culture. There is no separate physical culture ministry, but

Lewald is the nucleus for all official and unofficial efforts in this direction.

The committee has grown out of the committee sponsoring Germany's participation in the Olympic Games. It was founded in 1895. It embraces today over 30,000 separate organizations and more than 4,000,000 members. The central and state governments are represented on its board. Compulsory athletic instruction in public schools, the increase in playgrounds and athletic fields throughout Germany, are among its achievements. It confers with the Reichstag committees and influences legislation pertaining to hygiene and physical culture.

LEWALD, who speaks English well, was the German commissioner at the World's Fair in Chicago. He is familiar with the importance America attaches to sports. Lewald is, so to speak, the liaison officer between the government and the organization.

"Vital statistics," he assured me, while President Hindenburg listened attentively, "afforded a distressing picture of the health of the German people. It had deteriorated.

"We enlisted experts; we consulted scientists; we obtained the co-operation of the Physiological Institute of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society; we succeeded in arousing big business. If, we asked the Reichstag and big business, a population can be made healthier and more vigorous, and if age disability can be deferred for ten years, is not that a thing to strive for?"

Hindenburg nodded approval.

"We succeeded in raising funds. We established a High School of Physical Culture, to train teachers, and a huge stadium in Berlin. Out of this developed the Sport Forum, a much more ambitious attempt to organize the entire movement on a nation-wide scale.

"Every student of the High School of Physical Culture must practice every form of athletics. In what may be called light athletics—swimming, bar and ball work, running, leaping, turning, and so on—he must attain a certain fixed average. He must also select some form of gymnastics or sport in which he must attain great proficiency.

"Male students must do well in general gymnastics and in German dumbbell work, pole vaulting, in Swedish exercises, in ordinary foot and hand exercise—wrestling, boxing, fencing, jujitsu, swimming, rowing, sailing, snowshoe racing, ice racing, Alpine climbing, rhythmical exercise; and all field sports like football, hockey, handball, tennis, golf, and so on. Female students must excel in the same general line with the exception of wrestling, football, jujitsu, and the more technical forms of male exercise. In their place, the dance and its different gymnastic forms must be practiced."

President Hindenburg, who had busied himself with his correspondence, here interjected another remark: "We strive to promote harmonious development of the entire body. My experience in the army proved to me that overspecialization is a source of weakness rather than of strength."

Then he turned once more to his work, consulting now with Dr. Meissner, now looking carefully over a large file of letters. It was evident that he read every line of the material before him. It was said of Julius Cæsar that he simultaneously could dictate three different letters. Hindenburg at eighty can still attend to his correspondence, consult with his aide, and keep one ear open to follow a conversation which interests him.

"An anthropometrical laboratory," Dr. Lewald explained, "looks into the proportions of the human frame. It deals with physical, temperamental, and occupational tendencies. We try to determine the extent to which idiosyncrasy determines health and the proper interpretation of vital statistics.

"The student body is physically measured and tested at least twice during each term. Investigations are conducted into the physical effects of any one sport—football, swimming, or fencing. There is an effort to ascertain just what the reactions of the physical organism ought to be in a state of health.

"Our physiological laboratory concerns itself with chemical reactions of the human organism as well as those which are purely physical. We observe the physical condition of the subject after indulgence in any form of sport.

"We make an experiment in respiration in connection with modified working conditions, to ascertain the proper mode of reducing the incidence of occupational diseases. The expenditure of human energy in motions of the body in both sport and industry is a subject of special investigation. Fatigue is measured. The posture in sleep is studied with reference to the action of lung and pulse."

Some of these facts seemed to be new to President Hindenburg, who again interrupted his labor of governing Germany to listen to Dr. Lewald. Leaning back in his chair, he half closed one eye, like an eagle perched on his nest. But he was far from asleep. "You do not," he asked Dr. Lewald, "neglect the mental state of your pupils, do you? In my experience as a soldier I found that the mental condition is as important as the physical condition. At times it is even more important."

"Of course not, Mr. President," Lewald replied. "Mental states are not overlooked. Psychological factors are taken into account. Instruments for recording 'tapping time' and the like are operated by students as well as by experts."

"Similar research work," I interjected, "is being conducted in the laboratories of some American universities, but not on so broad a scale as in Germany. Where are your experiments conducted?"

"The home of the High School of Physical Culture," Dr. Lewald replied, "is the Berlin Stadium, an amphitheater, Greek in effect, but adapted to modern requirements."

"Have you organized games on a large scale, like our football or boxing matches?" I inquired.

"We have games, but," Dr. Lewald remarked, "they are not commercialized. Experiments with the business side of sports show a tendency to warp it from its proper function. It is not practical to turn the stadium into a money-making enterprise and at the same time to retain the fundamental object of its existence—physical training of the whole population regardless of any economic consideration. The production of men and women in the best health cannot be turned into a business for the pecuniary profit of any organization.

"Of late," Dr. Lewald went on to say, "we concentrate on the Sport Forum. The Sport Forum symbolizes the organic development of the whole physical culture idea. It will become, in a sense, a university of physical culture. Men of science, men of ideas, men of practical attainments in the same field work together under its auspices. The co-operation of all these talents will result in the attainment of the ideal of the ancient world—the sound mind in the sound body.

"Thus," Lewald continued, "we are conducting the most gigantic development of the physical culture idea of which history bears record, the supreme experiment with the living form of the human being."

"SPORT," the President here observed, "unifies our nation."

"Yes," Lewald went on; "on the Sport Forum we forget our political differences. However, Mr. President," he remarked, "I would like to emphasize the international as well as the national aspect of physical culture.

"Physical culture is among the most practical means of promoting the mutual comprehensions of the nations. I am thinking less of the professional sports and of the athletic profession generally than of the amateurs. Do you realize that it was a misfortune for Germany when one of her champions of the track was defeated in the United States? And a great gain for Germany that one of her best swimmers is breaking even his own records?

"In a periodical of American business I read lately that the Finnish government had long vainly endeavored to secure a loan in America. Then two of the most renowned Finnish athletes broke all American records. The whole city of New York affirmed that a nation capable of producing men of such strength, energy, and integrity would display the same traits in the economic domain. The loan was granted."

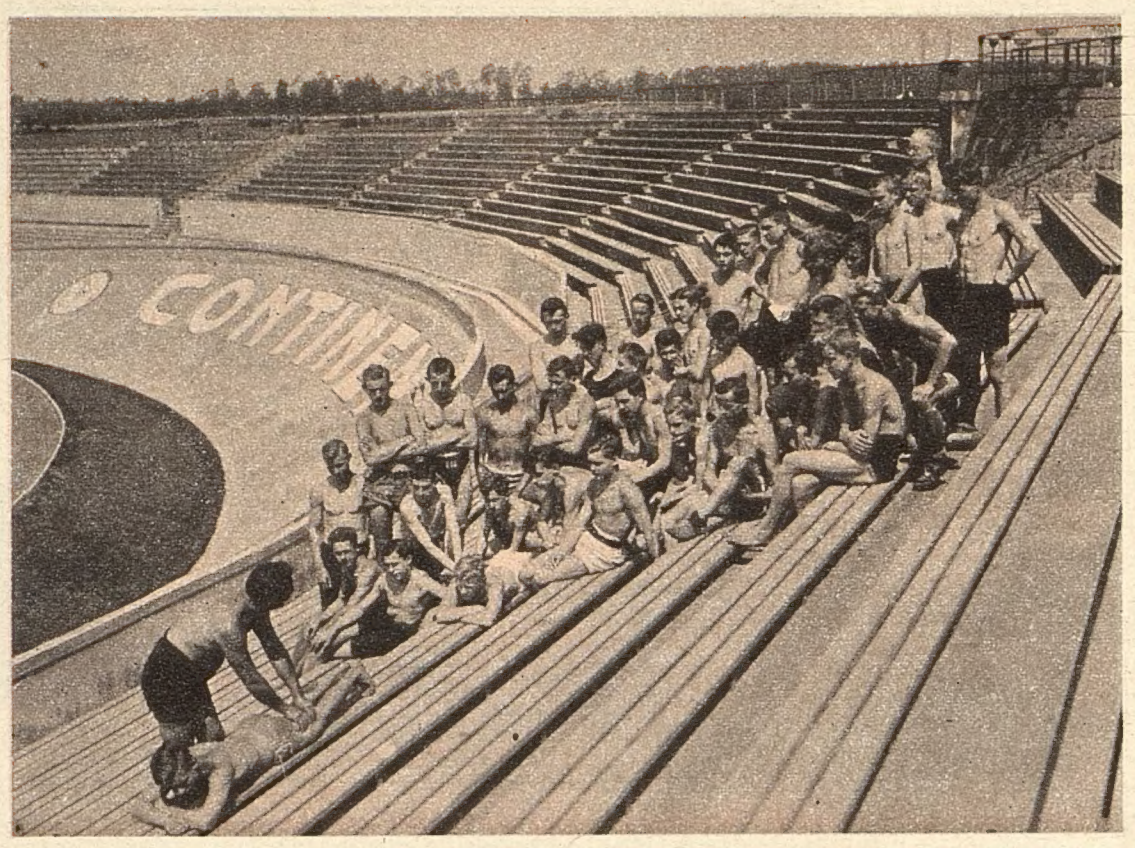
Hindenburg smiled. "We hope Germany's efforts will reduce not only her own mortality rates," he said, "but that they will help her to diminish the various diseases that scourge the world. If our expectations are realized, no government in the world will fail to profit by our experience."

President Hindenburg arose. We shook hands. His handshake conveys the impression of undiminished strength and inexhaustible magnetism.

Paul von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg is the symbol of both the old and the new Germany. The only German of his generation whom Bismarck's shoes and Bismarck's mantle fit, he differs from the Iron Chancellor by being receptive to new ideas. A monarchist, he is able to adjust himself to the Republic; a militarist, he accepts universal physical culture in place of universal military service.

Etiquette prescribes that one does not turn one's back to the President on leaving the room. I forgot the rule, but I walked out in the prescribed fashion nevertheless, because I was unable to take my eyes from the gray giant, smiling benignly upon me, who at eighty is still making history!

THE END



Riebicke photo

Not only must students indulge in regular sports, but—as above—they must attend talks devoted to the proper upbuilding of the human body.

Two Minutes to Live

The Story of a Failbird's Mistake

By

LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

Pictures by ANTON OTTO FISCHER

(Reading time: 24 minutes 28 seconds.)

IT was the second night out from New York, and the Tortola was tossing in a heavy sea—which is to be expected when one is in the latitude of Diamond Shoals, steaming southward in a small West Indian liner. The smoke room was deserted except for the steward, a big Barbadian Negro, polishing glasses in the bar. He had brought me a whisky and soda, which stood in a tall glass at my elbow while I wrote.

Presently the windward door was tugged open, a blast of air charged in, and the door slammed shut behind a passenger, who looked about uncertainly, and started forward, catching at my table to steady himself as another roll tilted everything to starboard. His elbow struck my glass and sent it crashing to the floor. He was profusely apologetic.

"You must let me order you another," he insisted.

"Won't you have one yourself?" I invited.

He hesitated as he caught the aroma of the spilled Scotch, and then reluctantly yielded.

"It's Scotch, isn't it?" he appealed to me before giving the order to the steward, who had come forward to clear away the glass fragments. "I'm not much of a whisky drinker," he confessed. "And yet on one occasion, several years ago, I had to drink a very great deal of it." He seemed unhappy over the recollection. "Force of circumstances, I might say, necessitated it."

He was a drab little man, inconspicuous except for a luxuriant grayish-brown beard. His eyes were a palish blue and almost childlike with their round, solemn glance. He looked as if the fifty-odd years of his life had been spent remote from all rude and bracing contacts with the world. But, as I presently learned, he had adventured about a good deal. He was a bird collector for the Smithsonian Institution, and now on his way to British Guiana.

"My name is Smith," he informed me, and added, with an effort to be jocose, "I dare say you've heard it before."

Just then the steward set a tray before us. Mr. Smith lifted his drink, tasted it without enthusiasm, and then set it down.

"I've never developed any liking for this sort of thing," he confided, still apologetic. "Not that I have any compunctions about it, or that it disagrees with me. Once, as I said, I must have drunk half a bottle of Scotch whisky at a short sitting. But I don't recall experiencing any particular effect from it."

When I ventured a smile he leaned forward earnestly. "No, I'm quite serious," he said.

"Will you smoke?"

He brightened visibly at the sight of the cigars I drew from my pocket. "Now you've uncovered my one vice." As he lighted a match his eye fell to my sheets of manuscript. "I'm afraid I'm interrupting you at your writing."

"It's nothing much. Just a story. I can get on with it tomorrow."

"You write—stories?" he asked, as if impressed. "I've often wondered how you manage to think up stories—you people who make a business of writing."

"Well," I began lamely, "one gets hold of an idea or an odd situation, and tries to make something out of it."

He nodded as if he understood, but I was confident that he didn't. I sensed in him that type of mind to which all things literary remain an eternal, baffling mystery. As he puffed his cigar to a glow, his gaze lingered curiously upon my manuscript.

"I've often thought some writer could make a good story out of my name—Smith. You might have two different men named Smith, and then have one mistaken for the other."

"Yes, there might be something in that," I agreed, but without enthusiasm. For some moments we smoked in silence. The ice lurched in our glasses.

"You know," he finally broke out, "that idea of the two Smiths occurred to me years ago, when I was in one of these West Indian islands which we are headed toward now. That was the time, by the way, when I had to drink all that whisky."

"DID you fall in with another Smith?" I asked, for the whisky episode began to pique my interest. I couldn't imagine him a participant in any gay and riotous festivity.

"No, indeed," he answered with decision. "The man I fell in with was named Donaldson. In the island of Santa Clara. It's still untouched by tourists. No towns, no roads, to speak of. It's mostly mountainous—volcanic formation. With deep ravines—great clefts that seem to reach right up to the sky—filled with the most gorgeous tropical vegetation you ever saw. Stupendous hanging gardens. Ferns growing as large as trees. And, naturally, a paradise for birds.

"It was the birds that had come to interest this man Donaldson. Why he stayed marooned

"WHEN the room blazed with light I saw him with uplifted glass. 'Here's to your dead carcass!' he announced."

in that lonely place I could never understand. He lived by himself in a shack over on the farther coast. Time must have hung heavy on his hands. Perhaps that's why he began to notice the birds and study their habits."

Mr. Smith paused and looked at me uncertainly. "Shall I go on and tell you about him?"

"By all means," I urged.

"Well, to start at the beginning. One day there came to the Smithsonian a letter of inquiry. It was from this man Donaldson, and he wanted to know this and that about certain birds he had been observing. The letter was a little shaky as to spelling, but the questions were pertinent.

"It looked as if the fellow had got hold of at least two species we didn't know anything about. So I answered the letter, told him what he wanted to know, and after a while he wrote again.

"A sort of correspondence developed between us. He joked me about my name being Smith; asked if I resembled any of the other Smiths. So I inclosed a snapshot of myself and said I'd be pleased to have a picture of him.

"After a long while he replied. He said that the only photograph of himself was kept where he couldn't lay hands on it or he would have destroyed it long ago, but if I would shave off my beard I might easily pass for him in the dark. Then he asked if by any chance I was a Smith from Ripton Valley in Vermont, which amazed me completely, for my family happened to come from that district.

"I could only figure it out that he had lived there once himself, and having known a lot of the Smiths in Ripton Valley, he had spotted a family likeness in that picture of me. He was a sharp one. His observations of birds had proved that.

"Well, naturally, I grew interested in the fellow, and I decided to look him up if my duties ever took me down to that part of the Caribbean. And a couple of years later the chance came. The only port in Santa Clara was a straggling Negro village on the west coast. But there was a resident commissioner, to whom I presented my credentials, and he offered very kindly to put me up. I asked about Donaldson.

"'Oh, that chap!' said the Commissioner. He was a very correct British official, and his eyebrows went up at my question. 'I believe he keeps pretty much to himself on the other side of the island. You know him?'

"And then I explained about our ornithological correspondence. 'Fancy!' was his sole comment. 'I'll give you a note to the keeper of the lighthouse at Cap Indienne. He'll show you where Donaldson lives near by. And have him show you through the Cap Indienne light. It's the most powerful light for navigation in these waters south of St. Lucia."

MR. SMITH broke off to relight his cigar. His eyes fell to his glass. He took another sip, much as if it were something unpleasant prescribed by the doctor.

"Does this interest you?" he asked almost timidly.

"Very much indeed," I assured him. I was wondering how in the world the whisky episode would come in.

"It isn't a story exactly—not what a writer like you would consider a story. But maybe you could get something out of it." He made another effort to swallow some of the liquid in his glass.

"Well, a week or so later I worked over to the other side of the island and met Donaldson. I had written him from Washington about my trip, but he didn't know just when I would turn up. He had come to the door of his shack for some purpose, not hearing my footsteps, and there we were, suddenly face to face.

"He fairly jumped at the sight of me, as if I had given him the fright of his life. Suddenly he remembered. 'You're Smith!' he exclaimed. We shook hands. 'Come inside,' he said. He eyed the bulging pockets of my hunting coat. 'What have you got there?' he demanded, almost suspiciously. At the sight of my day's kill, the uneasy lines in his face softened. He began to talk about birds.

"I stayed with him for a couple of weeks."

Mr. Smith paused and shook his head thoughtfully.

"My wife says I haven't the knack of getting acquainted with people. And there was something about Donaldson—I don't know. I guess we weren't exactly the same sort. But he knew every inch of that wilderness and helped me a lot in getting the particular birds I was after. He seldom spoke about himself. He was what you'd call tight-lipped. But I learned that he was a Canadian; grew up on a wheat farm in Alberta.

"Wilcox, the keeper of the lighthouse, who was Donaldson's only neighbor, didn't believe it. 'Anyone can see that he's an American, like yourself.' 'But,' I argued, 'how can he be? His parents came over from Liverpool.' The lighthouse keeper only looked at me curiously. 'Come, now, aren't you a relative of his?' he asked me. Which of course was absurd."

"The name Donaldson sounds Scotch," I interrupted. "What was he like?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TWO MINUTES TO LIVE
Continued from Page Eleven]

The question seemed to stump Mr. Smith's powers of description. He struggled for a moment, and then shook his head helplessly. "My wife says I never observe anything but birds. No notion at all about people's looks or clothes. I don't know. Donaldson didn't have any striking peculiarities. Just an ordinary person. Rather short. About my size.

"You could see he wasn't educated, in the accepted sense. But he was what you'd call smart; a man you wouldn't exactly want to trust. What his business had been—" Mr. Smith let it go with a despairing shrug.

"What I did come to notice about him was a sort of uneasiness, as if he were always on guard. He seemed afraid of people; didn't want them to come near him. The result probably of living so long by himself. Once a month he went over to the other side of the island for his supplies. He said he was always glad to get back.

"In that vast solitude the lighthouse's single fiery eye revolved endlessly."

"Having me on his hands for a couple of weeks necessitated an extra trip. It happened to be a day when a vessel was in port and a handful of tourists were on shore. He had said he would not be back until after dark, but he must have made surprisingly good time, for when I returned to the cabin after a day's collecting by myself, he had already been there and departed again.

"He had dumped down the supplies and scribbled me a note to say that some unexpected business had called him away. He might be gone several days. I was to make myself at home in the meantime.

"TOWARD sunset on the following day I was dressing some birds. The sun dropped before I realized it, and the tropic darkness was around me like a shot. I lit a lamp—there was the merest drop of oil left in it, but instead of refilling it at once I sat down again to my work. I grew completely absorbed in it, until suddenly I became aware of a strange man at the open doorway, looking in upon me.

"I had the feeling that he had been standing there watching me for some time. I couldn't make him out clearly, but I could feel—yes, actually feel—his eyes boring into me.

"'You want Mr. Donaldson?' I asked. For a moment he didn't answer, but just continued to eye me. 'Donaldson,' he repeated the name aloud to himself, then gave a sniggering laugh.

"I got up from the table to get oil for the lamp. With my back turned, I was fumbling among packages on a shelf, when suddenly he shouted:

"'*Smith!*'

"I fairly jumped at the sound of my name—it was like a pistol shot—and of course I whirled about in surprise. The fellow in the doorway laughed harshly, triumphantly, and advanced into the room.

"'You know me?' I asked.

"'Beard and all,' he retorted.

"I turned again to the shelf, but he stopped me sharply. 'What are you after?' 'Oil for the lamp,' I explained. 'No, you don't. Sit down!' he commanded, and he actually leveled a revolver at me."

Mr. Smith regarded me anxiously, as if fearing to find me incredulous. But my complete attention seemed to reassure him. He resumed:

"Well, naturally, I sat down. Very limply, as if my legs had suddenly given way. That revolver glinting in the fellow's hand terrified me. The lamp was flickering its last, and the darkness deepening around us. It was creeping out past the Cap Indienne light to the open sea where the day still lingered.

"I didn't relish sitting in the dark with a madman. I remonstrated: the lamp must be refilled. 'None of your slippery tricks!' he retorted curtly. He sat down at the other side of the table, with his right hand resting alert upon the edge. It held the revolver, which still covered me.

"The lamp guttered its last. And suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the whole room was illumined. It was the first flare of the Cap Indienne light. Donaldson's cabin, I should have told you, had a broad window from which you could look out and down upon a considerable stretch of the coast. The blunt promontory known as Cap Indienne directly fronted it.

"For an instant the room was like day, and then we were plunged again into complete darkness for twelve long seconds, during which the ray transcribed its vast circumference. And then, with startling suddenness, everything in the cabin once more leaped out into blinding reality.

"I can shut my eyes now and still see it all: the heavy round table at which we sat, the ancient chairs, the littered shelves on the opposite wall, where some birds Donaldson had stuffed looked down at us with beady, unblinking eyes. Everything visible for an instant, and then twelve seconds of utter blackness. Each time it seemed like an eternity before the flash came again."

Mr. Smith broke off and sighed over the recollection.

"I never could tell you all the weird, insane talk that followed in that intermittent darkness. It seems now like nothing but a nightmare. I sat there in a cold chill, helpless to move, while the light came and went and that revolver continued to point at me, and with the growing certainty that he intended presently to empty its contents into my body.

"He had waited years for this chance, I gathered. He had been confined all that time in prison, for which, apparently, I was to blame; and there were others—a gang of ruffians, it seemed—who equally thirsted for my extinction.

"At first I thought it the wildest nonsense—that the fellow was drunk or out of his head. But after a while it occurred to me that I must have a sort of double; there was another Smith, and down there in Santa Clara—of all places!—I had been mistaken for him.

"MY visitor was in no hurry. Like a cat with a mouse he proposed to savor leisurely and to the full the delight of making an end of me. He had looked forward too long to this moment to have it all over with one quick bang of that pistol. He wanted to gloat in his horrible way over what was so obviously coming to me. And he had, I suppose, what you might call a sense of the dramatic.

"He caught sight of a bottle of Scotch whisky on the shelf beneath the stuffed birds, and brought it to the table with a couple of glasses. 'We'll have a drink,' he announced in the darkness. 'It will be like old times.' And he laughed hideously.

"Just then the flash came again, and I got a vivid sight of him, his mouth wide open, like a black hole in his shrunken, pasty-white face. The prison pallor was still on him. 'After you,' he said, and pushed the bottle across the table. I must have poured myself a drink, although I don't remember doing so.

"When the room blazed again I saw him with uplifted glass. 'Here's to your dead carcass, and may you roast in hell!' he announced. Mechanically I raised my glass and tasted it. I suppose my dislike for Scotch whisky dates from that moment."

Mr. Smith took up his glass, sipped it, and smiled dismally. "It brings back everything."

"Don't drink it," I interposed. "Let me order you something else." But he shook his head. He was silent for some moments, thoughtfully turning the glass in his fingers. Suddenly he looked up.

"WHAT would you have done in a fix like that? It seems simple enough now. I should have told the fellow at once in plain terms that he had got hold of the wrong Smith. Nothing easier. But at the time it wasn't. For one thing, my tongue seemed glued to the roof of my mouth. I was like a jelly. Frantic thoughts whirling in my brain until it almost hummed. If only Wilcox would stroll over from the lighthouse. Which, of course, he was not permitted to do at night.

"I even prayed for some miracle to intervene and save me. And in the meantime I sat in that hot, dreadful darkness, braced against that recurrent, measured moment when, like a lash across the eyes, would come that splintering light. And the horror of it all would once more stand revealed—that brutal, villainous face, whisky glass in one hand, revolver in the other.

"The bottle again went across the table. I managed to find my voice at last. I didn't like the stuff, I protested; I didn't want another

drink. He swore I'd drink with him or he would blow the—I believe he said the everlasting daylight—out of me then and there.

"When the flash came again I saw that he had lifted the revolver. He informed me that I had always been a timorous, white-livered little skunk; too good to associate with common people. However, the reckoning was at hand, and tonight all old scores would be settled.

"And so I drank, choked the raw stuff down somehow. He gulped his down with relish, and grew roisterous as it mounted to his head. 'We'll drink to all the old gang!' he suddenly exclaimed. 'Fill your glass!'

"THE light came and went as I poured again. The stuffed birds, looking down upon us with buttonlike eyes, made a grotesque audience. 'Here's to Jake Sprague!' he toasted. 'Lift your dirty glass!' He waited for the flash to come again to see if I had obeyed the order.

"This man began to notice the birds and study their habits."

"And then, in the darkness, his voice suddenly dropped to a cold, menacing tone. 'Do you know what happened to Jake? He did three years before they had to put him in the hospital ward. His lungs were gone. They let me see him once before he died. Last thing he says to me, he says, "Spike, I'm a goner. Listen, Spike. When you get out of here you've got to get Smith if you swing for it. And when you plunk the little skunk, plunk him once for me!"'"

Mr. Smith paused to mop his forehead, upon which beads of perspiration had gathered. "Can you imagine me in a predicament like that?"

Frankly, I couldn't. It seemed too unutterably absurd, with that beard which gave him an almost academic air, his timid, inquiring eyes, and his stiffish, formal speech. He seemed

"He fairly jumped at the sight of me, as if I had given him the fright of his life."

a harmless creature in a world of hardier spirits.

"Do I look like a crook? Do I?" he appealed to me again.

"You certainly don't," I assured him.

"All this happened nearly twenty years ago. Perhaps I looked different then. I may even have resembled that other Smith this fellow was after. I've often wondered just what points we may have had in common." He revolved this enigma in his mind for a few moments.

"Of course your guilty start when he called you 'Smith' seemed to give you away," I pointed out.

"Perhaps you are right," he said absently. "But it wasn't a guilty start; I simply jumped at the unexpected shout of my name." He pondered this for a while. "Yes, it was misleading, and most unfortunate." He proceeded with his story:

"After the toast to the deceased Jake Sprague, it was the turn of a certain Dicky White. The bottle again went across the table, and I had to listen to another maudlin eulogy, with scorching censure of myself. If I had any last glimmering doubt as to my visitor's cold-blooded intentions, it vanished completely.

"I wouldn't have believed that any man on earth could focus upon himself such collective, fiendish hate as this mysterious Smith I had been taken for. It almost turned me sick. And yet, here's a curious thing. Like a man put under sentence of death, once the first shock and realization of it were over, I began to get used to it. As those dreadful toasts proceeded, my thoughts steadied.

"I started at last to argue with him. I wasn't the man he was after. But I had come to my senses too late, for his were gone—thanks to all those drinks of whisky. He was past the stage where I could reason with him. He only grew violent and began again to curse.

"'What in the world would I be doing down here?' I demanded. 'Hiding, of course!' he retorted. 'But I'm a bird collector for the government.'

"That sounded so silly to him that he only laughed. I persisted until he raised his gun. 'Shut up!' he commanded, 'or I'll bump you off now.' And I shut up. My life hung by a thread, but it was folly to cut that thread.

"WHEN he passed the bottle again I didn't dare refuse. My mind was struggling desperately for a way out of that awful fix. I'm not what you'd call a man of action, exactly. And mentally I was all tangled up.

"This was too much like something one reads about in a book. Something that doesn't happen—least of all to oneself. And yet here it was actually happening to me. The reality and yet unreality of it somehow wouldn't reconcile themselves in my mind.

"But the repeated sight of the muzzle of that revolver every time there came that blinding flare of light was enough to drive me to any desperate step. I even considered just bolting in the dark; but the table was round and of enormous size, and it stood between me and the door. For all his maudlin talk, his right hand remained like a thing apart from himself, alert and ready.

"Each time the white flash swept the room I saw the revolver covering me. He was evidently an old hand at tricks of that sort. A sudden dash on my part would only be inviting destruction. If I could only have snatched the ugly thing out of his grasp; but the mere breadth of the table barred so desperate a chance. Besides, I knew that in a hand-to-hand struggle I should be no match for him.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TWO MINUTES TO LIVE
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"If only I could lay hands on a weapon of some sort! My fingers fairly itched. Again came that blinding moment of unnatural daylight, and I looked desperately about. My collector's gun hung upon the opposite wall. There was nothing within reach, nothing I could snatch up that might offer even a chance for unequal battle.

"He passed the bottle again with a harsh command to 'Drink up!' My fingers closed mechanically upon it, lifted it. And suddenly a thrill went over me. *The bottle!* As I shakily poured my drink in the dark I felt its smooth flanks, appraised its weight. The flash came just then, and I saw its thick, heavy bottom. 'Come across with that bottle!' he commanded, for I had been slow with my pouring.

"But I knew it would come back to me again, and now I had a desperate hope, a half-formed plan. My heart began to crowd up into my throat and beat thickly as I mentally rehearsed the execution of that foolhardy design. The bottle! It was my only recourse, my only chance, against his gun.

"IT sounds absurd now, doesn't it? One chance—would you say—in a hundred? For I couldn't reach across to brain him with it; the table was too wide. I would have to hurl it at his head—and in the dark—trusting that it would find its mark.

"But when it came to that ticklish moment of lifting it and aiming it at his head for that desperate fling on which everything hung, I didn't want liquor spilling out of it. We would have to drink it dry. So I poured myself a stiffer drink. When the room blazed again, he saw what I had done and laughed. He even applauded my increasing thirst.

"I gagged over the fiery stuff, but I got it down. It never occurred to me that it might make me intoxicated.

"And, I give you my word, it didn't have the slightest effect. Once I had managed to swallow it, it might have been so much water. Drink after drink—ugh! But I contrived to reverse the order of pouring. 'After you!' I now said, and so after each replenishment of our glasses the bottle remained on my side of the table.

"At length it was empty. The last of the whisky was in our glasses. I could feel my heart thumping like a trip hammer, only no trip hammer ever went at such a pace. It was now, literally, do or die. He tossed off what remained of his drink and threw the glass to the floor.

"'Time's up!' he announced thickly.

"The returning flare lit up his determined, evil face. He had raised the revolver and was leaning slightly forward. He meant business. 'I'll give you ten more flashes of that light. When the tenth comes, I shoot. . . . That's one!'

"The light was gone in its vast circular sweep over the empty sea. Ten flashes—one hundred and twenty seconds, I calculated. I had two minutes to live. A sort of cold apathy had come over me. Yes, I deliberated. For, while only two minutes stood between me and death, nevertheless I was sure of those two minutes. Within that narrow margin of time I had, so to speak, all the time in the world. To fling that bottle at his head would be the work of an instant.

"So I deliberated. Should I hurl it at once or wait? While I was pondering the question, the room blazed again. 'That's two!' he said. He had straightened up now, prepared for the business in hand. His fingers had tightened upon the revolver.

"I rehearsed in my mind what I was about to do. I tried to visualize the bottle clutched in my hand. I tried to imagine its heft when lifted above and behind my head—just how it would feel—and then the swift fling with all my strength.

"I WAS strangely composed, although my heart was racing with tremendous beat. I could feel the pounding even in my ears. For example, I reflected that there was a nicety about that throw, quite as important as correctness of aim. The bottle must not turn too fast in mid-air.

"The success of my desperate maneuver might depend upon the bottle striking his skull with its heavy end. The most I could hope for was to knock him cold, as they say, while I made a dash from the cabin toward Cap Indienne.

"'Three!' he counted, as the room suddenly leaped out into reality and vanished again. 'Shall I risk it now?' I asked myself, and hesitated. No, I wasn't yet set. I wanted the full twelve-second interval of darkness, not a fraction of it. And how could I be sure of my aim in the dark? Under that persistent flashing one's eyes didn't grow accustomed to it. Each recurrent flare only intensified the utter blackness that swept back into the room.

"So I waited. My hand crept out and felt the bottle, drew it slightly nearer. And then I dropped back to my former position before the coming of the next flash. 'Four!' went the count. Again I reached out in the dark and grasped the bottle by the neck, lifted it cautiously, adjudged its weight. More seconds went by. 'Five!'

"Half my time was gone. Should I wait, I debated, until the count reached eight, or even nine? No, that would be too much like leaving things to the last moment—a practice I've always disapproved of. But I decided to let the count of six pass while I tried the experiment of shutting my eyes against the glare that repeatedly blinded them.

"'Six!' I heard him announce. I opened my eyes after the flash had gone. Now I could dimly make him out in the darkness. The time was shortening, but I decided to give my eyes still one more respite. I waited, and shut them again during the count of 'Seven!'

"And now for it. I reached out for the bottle, gripped it firmly but not too tightly, and raised it back behind my head. I was really quite deliberate about all this. I had twelve seconds for the work of an instant.

"I balanced the bottle in preparation for the shot, swung it rhythmically back and forth past my ear, much like a golfer making preliminary motions over his ball. I could dimly discern his head like a round blotch in the darkness. I took aim, a deep breath, and let fly.

"There was an awful crash, a great splintering of glass, and my visitor went bodily backward, chair and all, to the floor. And at the same instant came a flash and terrific report, for his revolver had gone off in his spasmodic clutch as he tumbled over. It fell from his hand, and in my dash for the door my foot struck it. I groped about and luckily found it. And once I felt the warm, sweaty butt in my grasp, my panic subsided.

"I turned and waited for the next flare of light. It came, revealing him limp and unconscious—a most unpleasant sight. I could see, at one appalling glance, there was nothing to run away from now. The bottle had worked incredible havoc. His skull was laid open above the left eye and an ominous trickle of blood was spreading out over the floor. When I dashed off at top speed toward the lighthouse, it was not for refuge, but to seek help."

Mr. Smith sighed heavily and leaned back in his chair as if exhausted. He mopped his face with his handkerchief while his timid blue eyes regarded me with anxious concern. "You understand, don't you? It was not at all what I had planned. But how could I have known? I had no idea how dangerous it might be to throw a bottle at a person's head.

"By way of sequel, I stood trial for manslaughter in the Barbados court," he added, with lowered eyes and a little shamefaced. "But that experience was not as bad as it may sound. The British Commissioner at Santa Clara, who had entertained me, was most sympathetic. I had no trouble at all in convincing him that I had not been the aggressor.

"Thanks to him, the whole affair in the end was little more than court formality, for in the meantime it had been ascertained that the fellow was actually an ex-convict from the States. How he got me mixed up with the other Smith and then tracked me all the way to Santa Clara, I never could figure out. Donaldson, who turned up the day after the unhappy affair, couldn't make head or tail of it."

MR. SMITH was silent for a few moments, his forehead wrinkled with a perplexed frown. "You'd have to think up some explanation of that—wouldn't you—if you made all this into a story?"

I nodded assent.

"And that other Smith—you'd have to get him into the story somewhere?"

"We might pretend that Donaldson was the other Smith," I suggested.

He puzzled over this for a long moment, and suddenly his face lighted.

"Now, that's an idea!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. He pondered further over the possibilities of my proposed emendation of his tale, shaking his head with a sort of envy mingled with admiration. "Do you know, I would never have thought of that. Well, after all, it takes you writers—" His voice trailed off absently. Presently he sighed and pushed aside his half emptied glass:

"I guess my line is just birds."

THE END

Memories of a Yellow Journalist

By Ada Patterson

A famous woman reporter takes you with her behind the scenes of her exciting career. She reveals the inside of "stories" that have thrilled millions of newspaper readers.

Watch for her first article—

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Vegetable soup as only skilled chefs can make it!

Have you a special soup-chef in your home? A chef whose whole life has been devoted to the blending of fine soups? A chef with the true French art of selecting exactly the right ingredients and then combining them so as to produce the most palatable, appealing and nourishing soups?

The answer is *yes*, you *have* —if you serve Campbell's Soups! For into Campbell's have gone all the experience, all the skill, all the enthusiasm of French chefs famous for their soup-making. Every day they are at your service. Every soup they make proves, by its unique quality and deliciousness, the big advantage of serving soup made by special soup-chefs.

Vegetable Soup is a favorite of yours, no doubt. Well, just taste it as Campbell's make it! They blend fifteen different tempting garden vegetables, beef broth, cereals, herbs and seasonings, in this one hearty soup. You'll agree it is "different", with a finish and perfection all its own.

Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer for a few minutes. So easy! Yet your family enjoys—and gets the benefit of—as well-made and healthful a soup as could be placed on your table.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Which Campbell's Soups will you get today?

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consomme
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Pipe Smokers . . .

Old Colonel Wellman left a legacy to you!

For when all things were made, none was made better than this, to be a lone man's companion . . . a sad man's cordial . . . a chilly man's fire . . . there is no herb like it under the canopy of heaven. CHARLES KINGSLEY
"WESTWARD HO!"

'WAY BACK in the early seventies, before most of us were born, a fine old Southern gentleman, Colonel James N. Wellman, was mellowing tobacco, by his own secret method, as tobacco had never been mellowed before!

And today, in Granger Rough Cut you'll find the same full-bodied flavor and the same sweet-as-a-nut richness that was so popular in those good old days.

For Wellman's costly but effective method is Granger's exclusive secret, and its never-to-be-forgotten mellowness is yours to enjoy.

Pack down those shaggy, cool-burning flakes. They're made for pipes only. Light up and take your first long deep breath of its rich aroma. Then you will realize why we say "Old Colonel Wellman left a legacy to you!"

Packed in soft, heavy foil instead of costly tin, a genuine advantage and an economy too . . . It is a fact that if GRANGER were packed in tins it would cost fifteen cents.

© LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

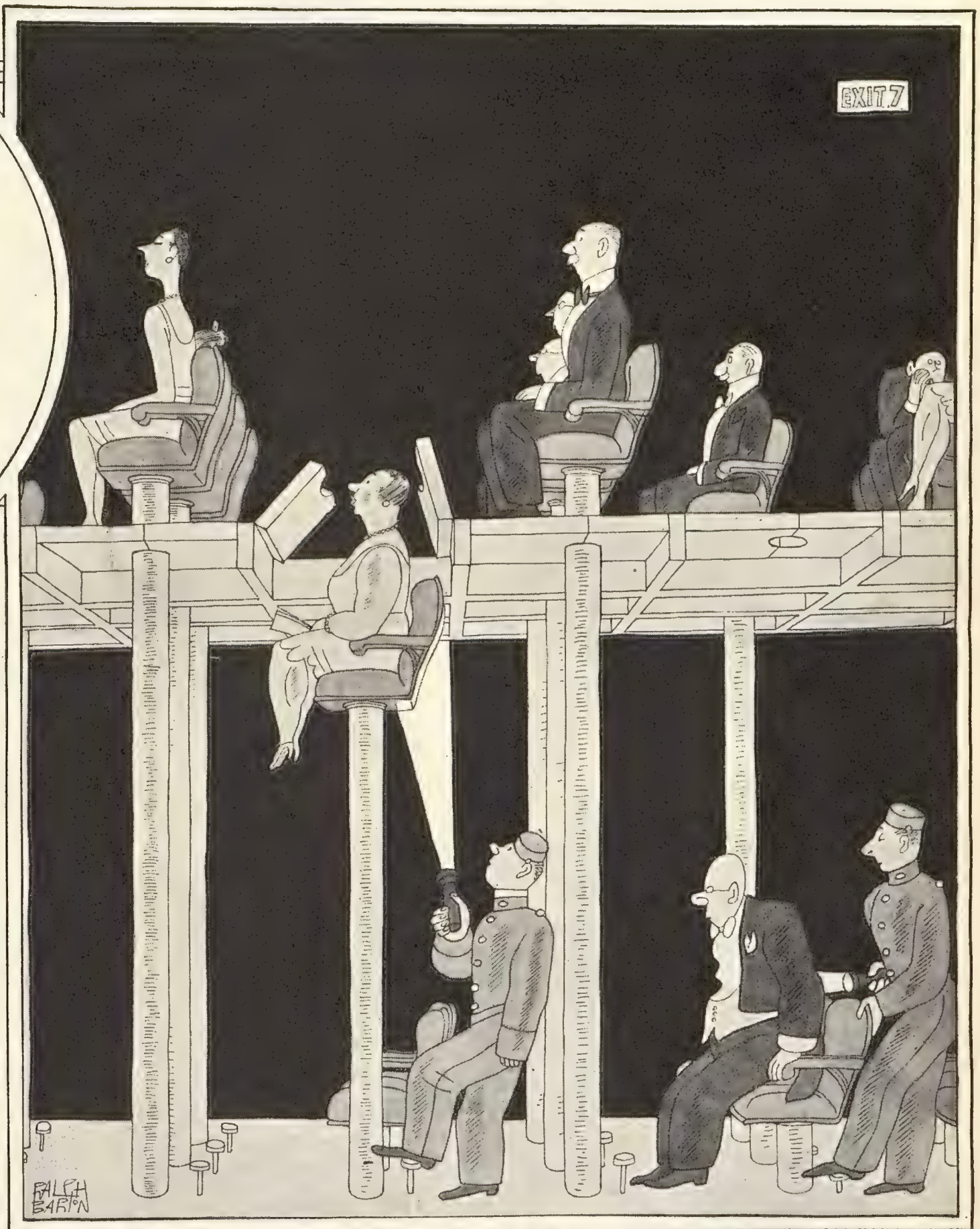
A TOBACCO MADE AND CUT FOR PIPES . . . 10 CENTS

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

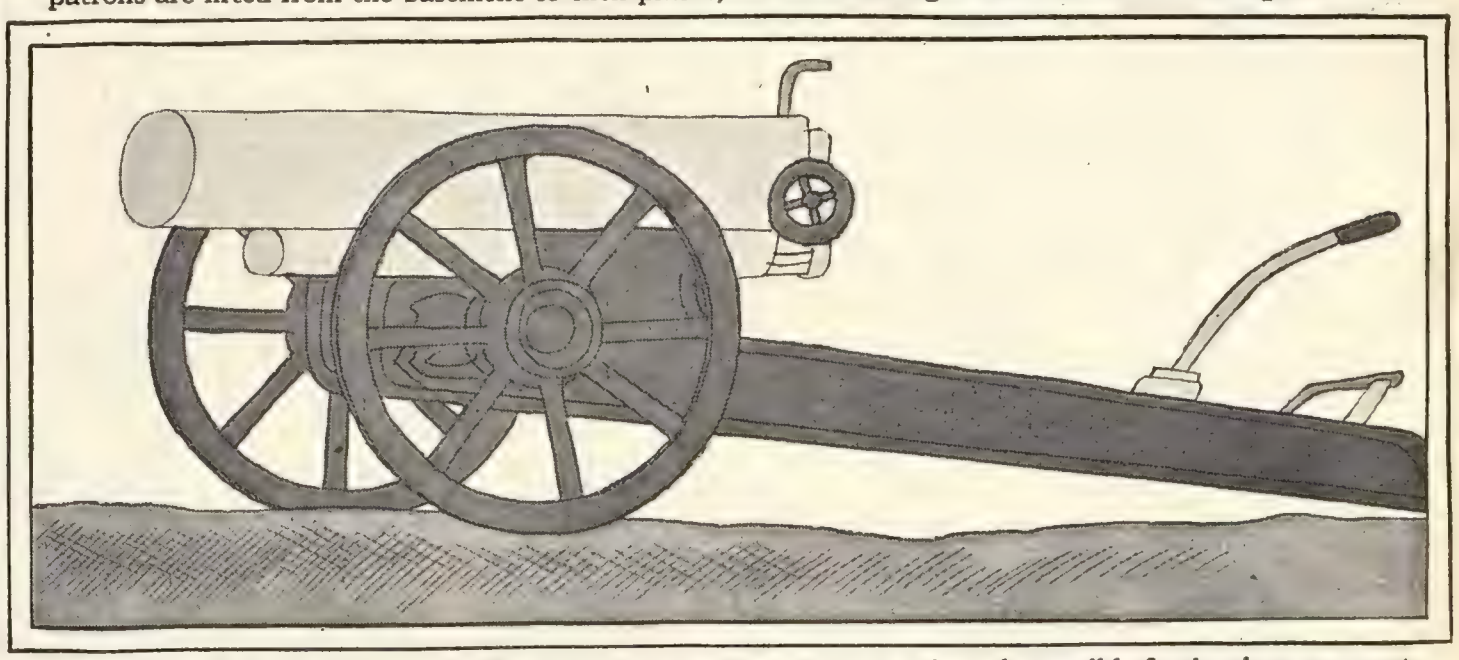
By RALPH BARTON

ALWAYS DARING INNOVATOR, Morris Gest is now said to be planning to produce a movie in which an artist is shown painting something else besides a lady draped in cheesecloth.



WHAT GOING TO THE THEATER WILL BE LIKE after our candidate is elected and the United States becomes a Perfect Country. Cross section of a model theater showing individual elevators in which patrons are lifted from the basement to their places, thus eliminating the late arrival and wrong seat evils.

TELEVISION'S GREATEST GIFT TO MANKIND: It brings football and steam heat together.



A NOISELESS FIELD GUN has been invented, leaving to us the only possible further improvement in this weapon—a field gun that won't go off.

"At times Betty Mae was in terrible misery," writes her mother . . . Mrs. Gibbons' letter follows:

Cleveland, Ohio

"FOR 2 YEARS our little girl suffered untold agonies from constipation. Her appetite vanished. She lost sleep. And no sooner would one medicine begin to help than it would lose its effectiveness for her.

"I had heard so much about Fleischmann's Yeast that I decided to try it. And in only a few months there was a great improvement. Soon she was enjoying perfect health and vitality. People marvel at it."

MRS. THOMAS GIBBONS

"'Stop work,' *they told me—but I had to struggle on"*

ADELAIDE BELLE BOWMAN, *of Long Beach, Calif.—original tile mural artist. "I was so ill it was almost impossible for me to keep on with my work," she writes . . Read, above, her letter describing her experience.*

Long Beach, Calif.

"MY METHOD of painting on tiles and then baking them is my own discovery, and I cannot delegate any of my work to others. So when my health began to go back on me I became almost frantic.

" 'Stop work and rest,' I was advised. But how could I, with orders incomplete and spaces in buildings left vacant?

"In my run down condition, boils started to break out. Altogether, I had over forty of them.

"Then my doctor started me on Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes daily. The boils I had at the time healed up. In a month my skin had cleared completely—and my general health had improved, too. I am now able to work 18 hours a day when orders are pressing."

(Mrs.) Adelaide Belle Bowman

IN place of medicines, doctors today are urging a corrective *food*—Fleischmann's Yeast.

As fresh as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast banishes constipation, easily, naturally. Corrects indigestion. Clears the unhealthy skin.

At the root of all these ills generally lies an unhealthy condition of the intestinal tract. Fleischmann's Yeast corrects this condition. It keeps the intestines *clean*—rouses the sluggish muscles.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. And send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. R-55, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

San Francisco, Calif.

"WE HAD BEEN 'ROUGHING IT' in the mountains, my partner and I—laying out mining sites, mapping boundary locations and so on. As a result of carelessness in our eating habits, our digestion went completely back on us and constipation set in. Cathartics only made matters worse. One day, seeing an advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast, we sent for a supply. We quickly saw we should have resorted to it *first.* For soon we were normal again—full of pep, ready to eat *anything!*"

OLIN C. KNIGHT

RIGHT

Jersey City, N. J.

"WHEN DISCHARGED from the army after the War I was absolutely unfit—and troubled with boils. At one time I had over 80 of them. I took up my old work as Fireman in an engine company. But the boils were a big handicap. And inoculations and various remedies didn't help, while the irregular hours of my work made matters continually worse . . . One of the boys in the Engine House got me started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it regularly, for 6 months. The boils I then had dried right up. I never expect to have another as long as I live!"

GEORGE J. ENGLAND

Health at its best—*this easy way:*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed.

SMITH *and* HOOVER—
What Are Their Chances?

Picture by E. W. Kemble

THERE'LL be many a lance broken in this campaign if these two lead their parties' battles.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 36 seconds.)

Some Prospects and Possibilities of the Presidential Future

By

JAMES C. YOUNG

WHO is going to be President—the boy from the sidewalks or the blacksmith's son?

There's a big political question—Smith or Hoover.

All over the land, men are beginning to voice the names of these two—born poor and risen to greatness. After years of quiet, apparently we're standing on the eve of an old-fashioned, red-hot campaign with torchlights, brass bands, star-spangled tunes, and cart-tail speakers on every street corner.

No cut and dried dignity is probable this year, like Coolidge opposing Davis. These other gladiators will smite hard enough to have made T. R. smile. Two great careers are in the making—and eclipse awaits one.

Of course, Democracy may turn its back upon the party's only national leader since Wilson. It may—but the chances seem to end there, for Smith is a stronger candidate now (in April) than candidates usually get to be this side of June. Every Democrat wants to win. Smith looks like the only man who can do it.

Then there is Coolidge. Suppose the Republican convention should shake the rafters with his name? What would become of his resolution not to choose, and the third-term tradition? They might go tumbling down. How many men have declined the Presidency? But omit this possibility one moment and Hoover, of all the candidates, approaches closest to Presidential heights.

So let us figure on Smith and Hoover, two great commoners, one of them born in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, his father a truck driver; the other on an Iowa farm, son of the village smithy.

City boy against country boy, the father of one an immigrant, the other of old stock. Smith went to no better college than the sidewalks provide; Hoover worked his way through.

Today both men, in the middle fifties, are at the peak of their lives. Smith, the executive, four times Governor of New York, stands out as a politician that nobody has ever called dishonest; a man of the people who speaks the people's tongue and thinks the people's thoughts. Hoover, the diplomat of business, bears a world reputation; he gets things done on a big scale with less trouble than anybody else.

What two candidates could represent America in truer degree?

This year the Presidency will be decided by personality. A case of choosing between two men, instead of parties or platforms. Neither party has put up men of such strength in the same campaign for a long generation. But, despite all this excellence, the one who wins has got to impress his character upon a large section of the American people to swing the doubtful States.

The doubtful States for one are not the doubtful States for the other, in the usual sense. Each candidate has troubles in his own precincts. Hoover may break the solid South as Harding broke it before him; Smith has better than an equal chance to capture Republican territory.

The party in power probably will point to prosperity as its fundamental plank, but in this case the Democrats will want to know where they can find this prosperity—with one eye on unemployment. Republicans like to remind the nation that Democratic administrations always mean incompetency, but the Democrats this year will cry "Oil!" and laud the record of Smith.

PROHIBITION interests a larger number of Americans than any prospective plank, but it is not likely to be a primary issue. Both prospective candidates are virtually certain to affirm enforcement in the strictest terms.

The Governor will be saddled with a dry plank, assuming that he gets the nomination, and hitched to a Southern running mate whose very name means drought—such a man as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

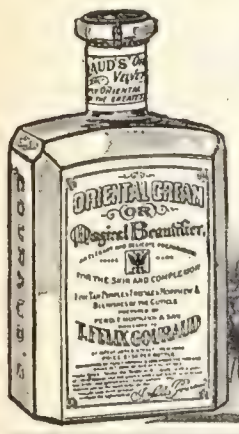
A Closer Glance Reveals But Greater Beauty

You can possess an appearance of unusual beauty without the slightest suggestion of that "made up" look. The closest inspection will reveal only an alluring, transparent, pearly skin that is so subtilely beautified the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected.

No messy creams or long drawn out treatments are necessary. From the first moment you use Gouraud's Oriental Cream a fascinating attractiveness is yours. Far superior to face powders, as the appearance rendered not only is more beautiful but it will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic and astringent. It constantly exerts a healing, soothing action which protects against the contraction of skin troubles and helps to relieve blemishes, freckles, flabbiness, wrinkles, muddy skins, redness and similar conditions. Secure Gouraud's Oriental Cream today and take your first step to a "new lasting beauty." Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL
CREAM
"Beauty's Master Touch"



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I enclose 10c for Trial Size.. Send me White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ (check which shade desired)

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[SMITH AND HOOVER—WHAT ARE THEIR CHANCES? Continued from Page Nineteen]

George of Georgia. The Governor is ambitious. He will accept both plank and running mate, a feat not so difficult because he has never opposed law enforcement.

Hoover, for his part, will stand upon a dry plank more gracefully. Without any official part in enforcement he could wait aside from the struggle of wets and drys until Borah smoked him out. Ardent drys still find fault with the degree of his dryness, only a lesser measure of fault than they find with Smith.

Democrats and Republicans are preparing to evade the one issue that interests the largest number of people, aside from prosperity. If this should be thought strange, we need only remember that political parties seldom possess courage, and practically always try to avoid issues marked "dangerous."

UNDOUBTEDLY the Republicans are happier in this general evasion than the Democrats. Smith, without opposing enforcement, has stood foursquare against the principle, and the principle weighs heavy in Democratic scales. There are thousands of Democrats who may not vote for Smith because of this principle; how many thousands may decide the election.

Smith will have a formidable schism to confront and overcome in his party—if he can. Women's organizations having a religious basis and a political method will oppose him. Other organizations of churchmen, without directly representing their churches, also will take the field in opposition. Prohibition animates both groups and anybody knows that the prohibition cry rallies millions.

In the South Smith probably is weaker than almost any Presidential candidate before him. Yet his nomination will rouse enough strength to win most Southern States. If prohibition convictions should throw Democratic votes into the Republican column by wholesale, they would go far to change the result in several States. Republican leaders expect this, but cooler consideration makes it doubtful.

The South may be profoundly dry, but it is the Gibraltar of Democracy, too, and unlikely to go Republican.

Instead, it may stay at home on election day.

This passive threat carries some danger to the Smith hopes. In virtually every Southern State his party vote so far outnumbers the opposition that Democracy can sacrifice thousands of ballots, yet win by impressive majorities. Therein lies the expected security of Smith, especially if the voters merely stay at home.

Four years ago Georgia cast 30,300 ballots for Coolidge and 123,200 for Davis. Quite a gap to close. But weakening of the party by dry sentiment, coupled with Hoover's admitted popularity, might develop into defeat.

A BIGGER issue must be considered—the religious faith of the Governor. Never before in the memory of this generation have we heard a man's conception of God so widely discussed. On one side opinion affirms "the Catholic vote" will elect Smith the thirty-first President; on the other that it will defeat him, drawing together "the Protestant vote" for Hoover.

International photo

Governor and Mrs. Alfred E. Smith—Smith, the executive, whom nobody has ever called dishonest; who speaks the people's tongue and thinks the people's thoughts.

It is exactly the kind of reasoning that would deliver "the prohibition vote" to Hoover, or keep it at home, and this reasoning may be brought into serious question without attempting to decry the issue.

Any man who makes either declaration assumes bloc voting by definite groups. He wipes out party lines and sets up class voting, something that we have yet to encounter in politics. When has organized labor united at the ballot box? At what time have the farmers voted one ticket?

The only bloc vote that rises upon the horizon will be that of the Klan, and the form of this shadow is too indistinct for any ordinary judgments. There is talk of "2,000,000 votes for the Klan." One political leader of Kansas places its strength in his State at 50,000 to 75,000 ballots. In Alabama and Indiana the organization is numerous and powerful. And the nomination of Smith may tend to revive its strength in other States.

But the next Presidential election will not be determined by the Klan. American institutions have not so far lost their vigor. Possibly the Klan will influence the result, yet other bodies of citizens will offset this influence in greater numbers. Every citizen may hope that the result will not be settled by any group. And every human probability indicates a normal, healthy election.

Those who would array Protestants against Catholics and men of other faiths on political lines sometimes argue that the religious issue lies at the very foundation of our government. Anyone in the least acquainted with the Constitution and the events that framed it knows with what zeal the nation's fathers strove to keep out political or religious bias. The religious issue in this campaign bears no relation to our written code; it is opposed to every declaration of our political faith.

BUT the issue is tangible enough. How it will operate becomes a matter of two opinions. One group predicts victory for Smith by means of "the Catholic vote" and another sees defeat for that special reason. Both views seem mistaken. If it is true that a man can be elected President because he belongs to the Catholic Church, then either party could assure victory at any time by nominating a member of this faith. Strange that the political captains have not heretofore discovered so easy a way to victory.

Four years ago the popular vote for President was a little under 30,000,000 and this year the Catholic population is a little more than 16,000,000. One in four is a voter, or one in three at the outside. Give those 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 votes to any candidate in a single mass and he would be elected beyond question, unless the voters of all Protestant faiths united against him in a greater mass. And we have never yet seen mass voting in American politics.

There are many shades of opinion among Catholic voters concerning the Governor; as many shades, let us say, as there would be among Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Jews concerning any member of their own churches. None of these faiths has ever supported any candidate in anything like a solid mass. Since the Governor is a Catholic and of Irish stock, he certainly will receive a substantial part of "the Catholic and Irish vote." Yet that total probably will fall far short of 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 votes.

The Governor has a deep human appeal to a host of other voters. Being the son of an immigrant, he has the sympathy of first and second generation Americans. Al-

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Test this New super heat-resisting Oil in your high compression Motor

THE proper oil for your new high compression motor is no more like the oil of other days than your engine is like the "one-lunger" of years ago. You'll recognize this the first time you fill your crankcase with the new super heat-resisting Veedol.

The new Veedol oils are specially designed to resist the extra heat generated by higher compression and speeds. These oils are heavier, tougher, longer-lived—scientifically designed to give the added protection against heat and friction which the new type motors must have. They are a definite advance in the science of lubrication—as notable as the recent advances in motor design. The new Veedol oils give you these advantages;

1. They give greater motor protection (the heat-tested, fighting "film of protection" reduces wear, tear and repair on the engine).
2. They give greater mileage (being heavier-bodied they last longer).
3. They increase motor efficiency (they give a stronger piston seal due to heavier body and super heat-resistance).

The NEW VEEDOL MOTOR OILS

30c a Quart (*35c in Rockies and Far West*)

Let the new Veedol demonstrate itself in action. Check its performance against that of any other oil. Drive up to any station displaying the orange and black Veedol sign and ask for the new Veedol. You will never allow any other oil to go into your crankcase. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in principal cities.

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Guarantee

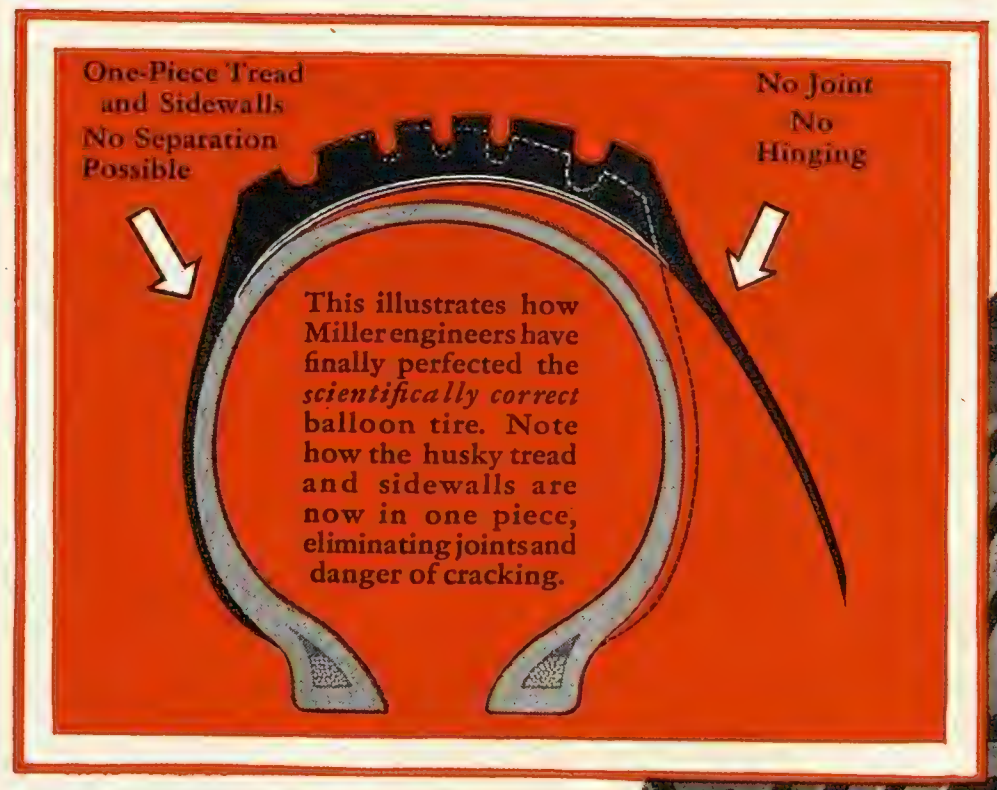
To insure the highest degree of lubrication Veedol is a scientifically proportioned blend of lubricating stocks refined from One Hundred Percent Pure Pennsylvania crude and from other Paraffine base crudes. The Pennsylvania crude required for Veedol is brought direct from the Bradford Field to the Tide Water Refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey, through Tide Water's own pipe lines. Tide Water Oil Co., New York.

A Tire of *New-Day* Perfection for the Car of *New-Day* Action

HIGH speeds . . . brakes that "stop on a dime" . . . quick pickup and getaway, all take their costly toll of tires. Yesterday's tire falls short when called upon to meet new-day driving conditions. Miles and expense pile up together.

Science has produced a tire that will "stand the gaff." A tire that's as new in principle as the high compression motor. A tire that will pile up amazing mileage and relieve you of all worry of trouble and expense.

Scientific correctness is the secret of this new tire's ability to travel far under new-day driving conditions. 3 great Scientific Improvements explain its sweeping adoption by makers and owners of the last word in automobiles.



Ask your Miller dealer to show you why this new-day tire gives greatest resistance to curb and rut wear—and why it is winning new users by thousands who demand a promise of greater mileage, more dependable service and lower cost per mile.

1. *One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls*

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars proved to users the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. *Geared-to-the-Road, Road-Shaped Tread*

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load, the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear, the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there, a third unique result was obtained.

3. *"Uniflex" Cord Construction*

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. *Scientifically Correct* Tires

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

though a Democrat, he enjoys popularity among Negroes. His record and sympathies appeal to labor. The farmers do not know much about Smith; he will have to win them. If we must give the "prohibition vote" to Hoover, almost by default, we may as well give the "wet vote" to Smith, despite his platform.

But neither the first and second generation Americans, the workingmen or farmers or Negroes, the wets or drys, will vote for the Governor in blocs. Religion may be a stronger bond than any of these—and even that seems doubtful in this irreligious day—yet it is hard to believe members of any church groups will unite in masses.

International photo

Secretary and Mrs. Herbert Hoover—Hoover, the diplomat of business with a world reputation, who gets big things done with less trouble than anybody else.

SHOULD Hoover muster the Protestants as some observers believe Smith will muster the Catholics, the election is settled in advance and against Smith. Almost certainly Hoover cannot.

Religious opposition to the Governor has not emanated from Protestant churches; they have had no part in the political agitation. Wherever it exists such opposition is the view of individuals—churchmen or otherwise—and occasionally welded into strong organizations.

The number of Protestants who will support Hoover in their desire to keep a Catholic out of the Presidency can be speculative only. This sentiment centers in the South and Middle West, verging eastward in moderation and westward with more conviction. It is admittedly strong within Smith's own party and certainly will do him some harm. But inquiry tends to support the belief that this opposition has been exaggerated and probably will diminish instead of gain by election day.

No matter how weighty this array of issues, the campaign will be decided by personalities. No man in the country today has any surer appeal than Smith. Personality raised him from the sidewalks to greatness. America has not seen a campaigner of his caliber since Roosevelt. Put him on a platform, a big black cigar in his hand, and "Al" is a master of audiences. His bluff friendship captivates crowds. Greatness has not spoiled him. No need to unbend; he is always unbent. Yet the Governor has a fierce sort of pride that belies any easy-going conceptions of the man.

Curiously enough, America has hardly seen this rising and magnetic political figure. There have been wagers offered in Wall Street that he will never cross the Mississippi River. There were no takers. Only his New York knows Al, but the country will soon have an opportunity to get acquainted. It will see in him a man of middle height, turning a little portly now, with a young and almost boyish face. The hope of Democracy has the trick of smiling that goes far—a wide and friendly grin.

But his warmest admirer would not call him an orator. He talks in jerks and hoarsely, and occasionally fumbles for words. The next moment they pour out in a torrent—a hoarse torrent. Yet mark the man's earnest face. Note the veins bulging from his forehead, the intelligence and flash in his blue eyes. Give him a cause to plead that he believes worth the pleading and no man in public life will do it better.

Smith grows stronger in every campaign. Watch the daily developments and see that statement borne out. Only once in a long career has he gone to defeat, the year that Cox was upset and routed. Then Smith led his party by 1,000,000 votes in his own State. He almost won in the teeth of party disaster. When the Governor was younger he enjoyed campaigning as a thoroughbred likes racing. The last campaign saw him changed. He has grown bigger as well as older. The issues bored him, instead of stirring his interest. There was a shade less of comradeship and more of the serious man of affairs.

SENATOR COPELAND of New York believes that the Governor will be nominated on an early ballot and elected decisively.

"If we can nominate Smith he will be elected without doubt," the Senator told the writer, discussing the campaign. "And I have no fear about his nomination. He is the one Democrat who can win, restoring the party to power and usefulness. Democracy knows that.

"The South respects leadership. Its own record of great leaders is known to everybody, and it sees in the Governor a new leader worthy of the old school. I look for his nomination early in the balloting.

"There will be no effort to upset the two-thirds rule. Unless two-thirds of the delegates wish to honor him, there will be no effort to change the law of Democracy.

"I believe that we shall have a majority almost from the first vote. Champ Clark was the only Democrat to receive a substantial party majority and then fail of nomination—owing to the bitterness of Bryan.

"I find none of this bitterness about the Governor within our ranks. He can count on the electoral votes of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Arizona, New Mexico, Montana, and Nevada.

"IF the Republicans nominate Mr. Hoover, the Governor's chances are excellent in New Hampshire, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, South Dakota, Washington, and Oregon. Tennessee, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Missouri, and West Virginia look more doubtful to me. And I will not venture to lay Democratic claims upon Pennsylvania or Illinois, though some of our observers think Illinois will swing to us. We shall have enough anyway; the South will not fail Democracy."

In 1924 the electoral vote for President was 531, requiring 266 ballots to elect. Coolidge received 382. If the Northern and Western States should vote as Senator Copeland believes, they would give the Governor this result, based on the electoral apportionment of the last election:

Arizona	3	New Jersey	14
Connecticut	7	New York	45
Delaware	3	New Mexico	3
Maryland	8	Nevada	3
Massachusetts	18	Rhode Island	5
Montana	4		
			113

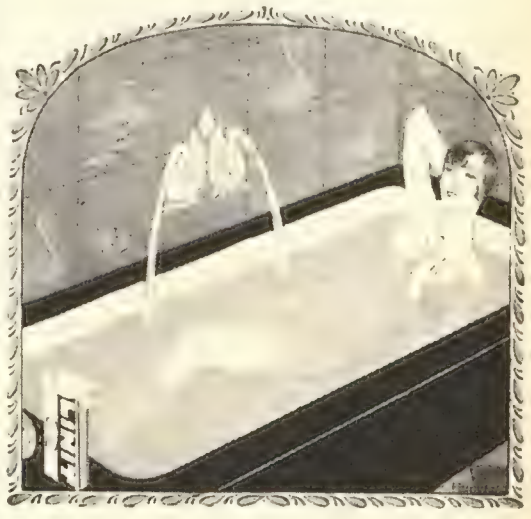
If we accept Senator Copeland's views of the Southern and border States, conceding Tennessee, Kentucky, Oklahoma, Missouri, and West Virginia to the opposition, or at least to the doubtful division, we find this vote remaining in the Smith column:

Alabama	12	N. Carolina	12
Arkansas	9	S. Carolina	9
Florida	6	Texas	20
Georgia	14	Virginia	12
Louisiana	10		
Mississippi	10		114

Here, then, would be 227 of the needed 266 votes, or thirty-nine short of the number required, with twenty-seven States to supply them. A lucky turn in Ohio and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This NEW BEAUTY BATH



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EVERY woman wants a soft, smooth skin with the glorious feel of rare velvet—

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit (the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers) in your bath—then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—and feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking, eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face, prevents chafing and affords protection against wind and sun.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

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The charm of LOVELY ARMS AND HANDS this way

Begin now to give your arms and hands the care they deserve. Beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—women who realize the value of lovely skin—write us that they have used only Ingram's Milkweed Cream for ten—twenty years or more. It gives your skin exactly what it needs.

You can begin now to do what these women do. At night before going to bed bathe your arms and hands with water and a good soap, using a wash cloth that is rough in texture. On your elbows and the ends of your fingers use a nail brush. Scrub these parts gently with the nail brush so as to get them thoroughly clean without irritating them. Now apply a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and leave it on all night. Your skin will absorb it while you sleep. Do this regularly and you should notice steady improvement.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 362 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Let us send you FREE purse-size package of Ingram's new American Blush Rouge and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

[SMITH AND HOOVER—WHAT ARE THEIR CHANCES? Continued from Page Twenty-three]

Wisconsin would furnish the quota and the other States might vote as they liked.

Certainly a charming prospect, from the Smith viewpoint, but the Republicans challenge it. Ogden L. Mills, Under Secretary of the Treasury, considers the nomination and election of Hoover a foregone conclusion.

"I believe that Mr. Hoover will be nominated and elected because his candidacy commands nation-wide popular support and is based on such substantial foundations that it must and does commend itself to the common sense of the American people," he said. "When people vote in a Presidential year, they do not vote their sentiments and prejudices; they consult their minds and consciences.

"They are going to support Hoover because his record, abilities, and personality stamp him as the best qualified man for the job. If the United States was a great business corporation, on which the people as stockholders were completely dependent for their prosperity and well-being, whom would they select to manage their corporation for the next four years, if the choice were uninfluenced by any other consideration than a desire to insure its successful operation?

"The answer is Hoover. Economic problems, above all others, predominate in national elections. Why does the Coolidge administration receive universal approval? Because of the soundness of its economic principles.

"Just as in the past the problems of the hour called for varying types of men, so today we need a man whose abilities and broad experience will enable him to grapple with intricate and world-wide forces. Mr. Hoover is supreme in this field. If there is a major economic problem in the life of this nation with which his vigorous and resourceful mind has not already become thoroughly familiar, I have yet to discover it.

"THE Presidency of the United States is about as big a job as exists today. It calls for a big man—one capable of managing a huge organization. Hoover's career has demonstrated that he can fill the place. This means not only ability to do things well one's self, but to inspire others to do their best.

"But the people want more than a superman in office. They want one in touch with daily human needs, and one with normal human sympathy and understanding. Here, too, Hoover qualifies. There never was a more human, approachable, or understanding personality.

"I know a man who is a strong supporter of Mr. Hoover. He hardly knows him. But he favored him for President in 1920. Do you know why? Because he went to Belgium that year and he saw how, wherever humble people were gathered together, on the mention of Hoover's name they began to pray for him. And he said to himself, 'If the humble people of this country feel that way about this man after knowing him for four years, it seems to me that the people of the United States ought to know him better and put him in a position where he can serve them.'"

YET Hoover has troubles within his party lines, no less than the Governor. Big business does not incline to Hoover. It will accept him—lacking a candidate better suited to its taste—but without enthusiasm. Dawes probably would be the man of its choice, and only his evident weakness against Smith might wean away the support of big business.

The conservatives of industry long ago marked Hoover as the stamp of man who used to be called a progressive. He is independent, has ideas of his own, and likes to carry them out. Nobody could easily influence him. He is suspected of radical leanings, or such progressive ideas that the conservatives cannot find any difference. So the candidacy of Hoover has not aroused any more enthusiasm in some strongholds of his party than the candidacy of Smith in certain Democratic quarters.

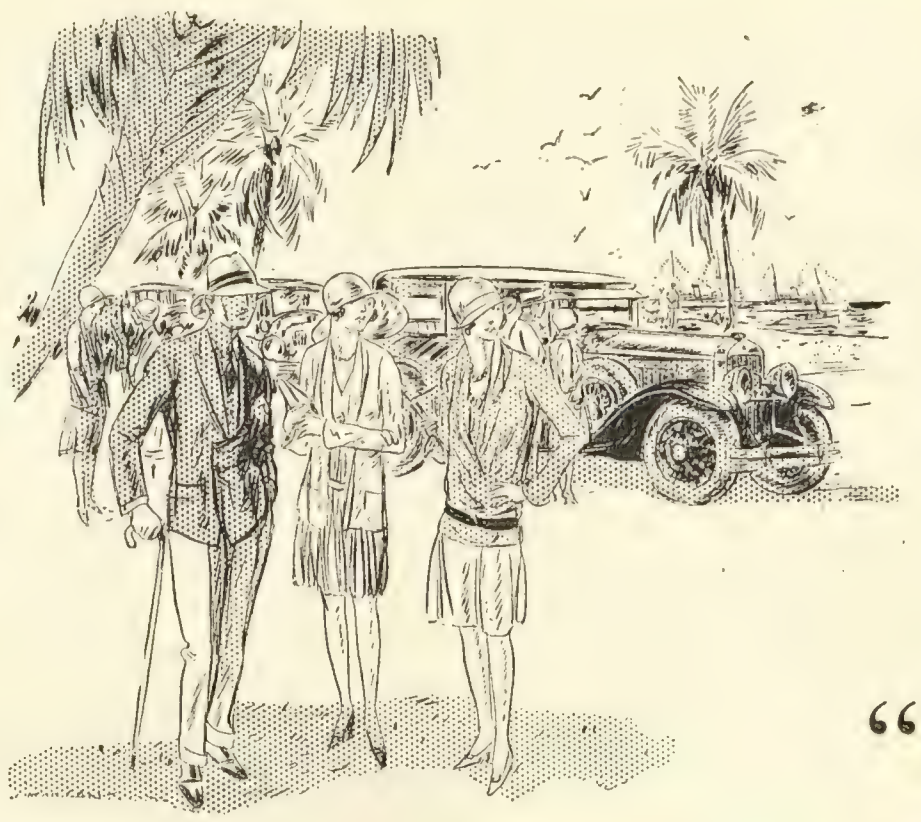
Picture by E. W. Kemble

The country will soon have a chance to know Al.

Hoover's friends believe that he will go to Kansas City with almost half the delegates on his side and freely predict a prompt nomination. Their confidence in his election can be examined a little critically. He has wide popularity in the South and should run Smith a hard race. Harding took Tennessee and the more westerly State of Oklahoma from the Democrats. In North Carolina he polled 232,848 votes against 305,447 for Cox and any decided shift on the prohibition or religious issues might throw the State to Hoover.

Hoover's reputation for success extends everywhere and impresses everybody. He could be called "the middle class candidate" with considerable accuracy. But two great divisions of the nation are not overly friendly to Hoover—labor and the farmers. Labor will watch

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



"Some day I shall own a CADILLAC"

How often you hear it—"Some day I shall own a Cadillac."

Many of those who have longed for a Cadillac are, today, finding that wish fulfilled in the ownership of a La Salle. For while there is, of course, no car quite like Cadillac, La Salle is a close contender for highest honors—a great rival.

Then, too, there are thousands whose ambition to own a Cadillac finds realization in a Cadillac or a La Salle that has passed from the hands of its first owner.

Ownership of a Cadillac, or of a La Salle, assures a complete sense of satisfaction.

Surely, then, it matters not at all if you do not happen to be the first owner. Furthermore, you pay so much less, too, because the public is not aware of the *real* value of these splendid cars.

Cadillac and La Salle motor-cars are built to last a lifetime—with just reasonable care. A few months, a few miles, make little if any actual difference.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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Your shave is only as good as your lather

Not every lather will soften hair. It's what goes on in the lather that makes the difference. In Mennen and Mennen only do you get the benefit of *dermutation*. *Dermutation* isn't an accident. *Dermutation* is put in there for a purpose. For unless your beard is properly softened, the razor is bound to run into trouble. Every hair in your beard offers a tiny obstacle to the razor—a tough, horny little shaft that must be thoroughly softened if the razor is to cut it easily and properly.

That is where Mennen *dermutation* gets in its work—the most important part of any shave! *Dermutation* completely softens the beard without finger rubbing. It levels the tiny skin peaks around every hair, smoothing the skin so that the razor glides cleanly and evenly without nicking or scraping these minute mounds. No more rawness. No tight, hot, drawn feeling or smarting. No caustic to burn, either. A swift, sweet shave, with five soothing emollients in the heavy, luxuriant Mennen lather that leave the face fresh, soft and clean for hours to come. And equally good in any water—hot or cold, hard or soft!

Now made two ways ● *Mentholized and Regular*

For those who like the brisk, tingling coolness of a dash of menthol in their lather; for those who like its reviving freshness, we now have good news. You can now get Mennen Shaving Cream *mentholized* as well as regular. Thus you may enjoy this special cooling feature in Mennen, the only shaving cream that softens your beard by the *dermutation* process. To get Mennen *mentholized*, ask your dealer for the tube with the red ball. He has it, or can get it for you. No wonder the hard-to-shave and the comfort-lovers use Mennen.

You, too, will appreciate
Mennen Talcum for Men

More and more men are using a light sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men on the shaved face. It is neutral tinted, does not show, tones down face shine—feels good to the face and protects it, too. Also made in stick form. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

[SMITH AND HOOVER—WHAT ARE THEIR CHANCES? Continued from Page Twenty-four]

his promises carefully. It has no more than vague reasons for distrust of the Republican leader, but suspects him of favoring big business, which puts the Secretary in an uncomfortable position—doubted by both and loved by neither. Any increase in unemployment would have a distinctly bearish influence on the Secretary's campaign.

As for the farmers—they seem to think him out of sympathy with their problems and disposed to let them find their own remedies. He was not popular in the days of the Food Administration, so far as the farmers were concerned. At the best they think that he has failed in any practical assistance, even by suggestion. In the way of labor, they probably will want to know precisely what the Secretary proposes to do for them.

After finding these evident faults in the Hoover campaign it remains to be said that he is otherwise almost the perfect candidate. He will capture public confidence. His party is in the ascendancy, enjoying the fruits of power. He inherits the Coolidge record of stability. His personal record is clean and fine and without any affiliations to do him injury.

IT would be a stirring campaign. If Smith has political strength of the first order and winning presence, Hoover lacks neither. On the platform, he stands ahead of his rival. There are bigger men than Mr. Hoover physically, but he looks massive in his public appearances. Like Smith, he has deep earnestness. Unlike him, he lacks the Governor's ready affability. His manner is quiet, unless aroused. He suggests the executive in every action and looks to be the sort of man who never lets go. Everything about him suggests fixed purpose, unflagging will.

He speaks better than the Governor, in the sense that he commands words easily and fits them accurately to thoughts. Hoover builds phrases, spoken and written, as he might build bridges—so many thoughts to the square inch. Ordinarily, his addresses are well polished and well spoken. When an idea stirs him, he launches out strongly and hits well. Yet he lacks the Governor's driving diction. He has not the same hammer and tongs force.

A number of early estimates make Hoover the favorite. Yet Smith is the distinctive political figure of his time, the man that everybody says could be elected "if it was not—" Any one of a half dozen reasons completes the sentence.

If nominated, Smith will push Hoover to the limit. The Governor knows American government in a way that few men ever learn it. He has a grasp of business, public matters, and human psychology. His is the rare intelligence that learns by divining and comprehends without studying.

NATURALLY, the Governor's personal appeal to his countrymen cannot decide the campaign, for he will be able to address less than a tenth of them. But there is such magnetism in the man that it will be imparted by radio and the printed page. Being the underdog, he will win large sympathy. The suspicion that anybody is not quite getting a fair deal gains public sympathy surely and swiftly.

Picture by E. W. Kemble

Big business does not incline to Hoover. He is independent. Nobody can easily influence him.

And we should not forget that the Governor has a song. Graver matters than Presidential elections have been decided by a song. And what a song—East Side, West Side, All Around the Town! Fate exactly suited the song to the Governor's fortunes, and the man to the song.

In the end, this prospective Smith-Hoover campaign probably would be decided by one of two personalities. Prosperity, prohibition, religion—every other factor would give way to the contest of the men themselves.

If they are nominated we might as well get ready for the old-fashioned campaign of torchlights and brass bands and cart-tail speakers on the corner. The big black posters will come back. We'll have parades and picnics and this nation will elect a President in the good old-fashioned way. It'll be great to be alive and a voter in such times.

THE END

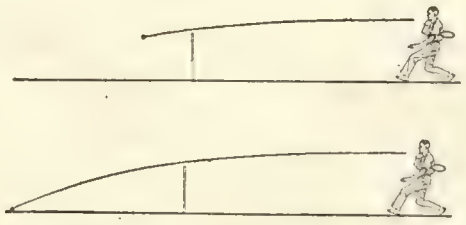
You haven't *played* your *fastest tennis*

...if you haven't played this faster bat that gives you a split second advantage!

NO other bat can drive a ball like it! When you're playing a Top-Flite you gain a *split second* with every smash you make—an advantage that no other bat can give you—an advantage that often gives you the point.

Two years ago, a small group of champions were asked to try this faster bat. It created a sensation! At the very height of important tournaments famous tennis stars dropped their former rackets—and won with the Top-Flite!

Last year the Top-Flite was offered to all tennis players. It swept the country like wild-fire! *39 major wins were made with it*, including 3 championships at Wimbledon, 2 Davis Cup matches, and 31 other championships. No other bat has ever made such a record!



Gets the ball there a split second quicker

The Top-Flite is a different racket from any the game has ever before known. It has a smaller, lighter head—permitting tighter, more resilient stringing. It has a new perfection of balance—making it easier and faster to handle. A special shoulder construction—to give it strength for many restringings. And a new, *reinforced* open throat that gives it a whip and pliancy such as no racket has ever had before!

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THE DAVIS CUP—A bat that is as famous as the cup after which it is named—$15.

And there's the Wright & Ditson ALL-AMERICAN racket—an expert's bat in every detail—at only $8.

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MOSCOW *Moves On* HOLLYWOOD

Czar Ivan the Terrible, A Milestone of Film-Making, Suggests a New Foreign Invasion

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 4 minutes.)

IT would be something of a joke on Hollywood if, after disposing of the German film menace by the insidious method of buying it body and soul, our film capital should have to face a brand-new foreign invader.

Hollywood simply hired the Negris, the Janningses, the Murnaus, and the Lubitsches. Now comes the Russian menace. There is no doubt that the Soviet government has taken over the movie with enthusiasm. Hundreds of films are being made by it each year.

Although very little of America saw it, the Russian-made film The Cruiser Potemkin, depicting the first rumbling of the oncoming revolution, displayed unmistakable evidence of a new land trying to find expression in films.

The latest imported Russian film is Czar Ivan the Terrible. This was produced in 1926 and 1927 under Soviet auspices in Moscow. The producing company bears the name of Sovkino. The actual players were members of the Moscow Art Theater. The director is Juri Taritch.

Czar Ivan the Terrible comes to America after creating a sensation on the Continent. Paris went wild over it. Germany admired it. But, since American film-releasing organizations will not adventure, Czar Ivan the Terrible will not reach many theaters in this country.

Possibly this film would offend a major portion of our Hollywood-dieted screen audience. It is as hard and cruel as was barbarous Russia of the sixteenth century.

It is rife—as were those bloody days—with torture, rape, pillage, and murder. It even hints—if you read between your close-ups—of savage decadence and sadism.

But Czar Ivan the Terrible is an extraordinary motion picture. It is a superb reconstruction of an epoch, down to the smallest detail. As a French critic pointed out, it has the ferocious grandeur of its era.

Czar Ivan the Terrible revolves almost completely around its mystical tyrant. Thanks to the splendid characterization of L. M. Leonidoff as *Ivan*, the film presents an unforgettable portrait of its cruel, politically cunning, superstitiously religious, lonely monarch who ruled

Nikita (I. Klukvin) studies a bird to get ideas on flying.

The Czarina (Safnat Askarova) and her favorite, Drutzkoy (N. Vitovtov). Another scene from the Russian film Czar Ivan the Terrible.

Muscovy for more than fifty years and contributed ten mad years of terror.

There is a background of the social clash between the original boyars—the noble regents of the old order—and the boyars newly created by Ivan from the merchant class to fit his political purposes.

Through this blood-red tapestry of intrigue is woven the love story of a peasant girl for a dreaming serf who seeks to fly.

This slave has built a pair of crude gliding wings; but, when he tries them out to win the favor of the superstitious *Ivan*, he is turned over to the Czar's torturers. To *Ivan* he is an ally of the devil.

Ivan holds human life in contempt. When his wife of the moment—*Ivan* had five or more—proves unfaithful, he strangles her. Then he complacently goes to prayers. So the film ends.

This, of course, is quite alien to Hollywood. There is none of the lavish pageantry to which we are accustomed. Some New York critics complained because the interiors seem cramped. Probably they are no bigger than they were in actuality.

But the feeling of the sixteenth century is caught. There is no fresh paint of Hollywood. These scenes fairly smell. They reek of primitive savagery. The camera discloses, on a vast canvas, a whole people held in the grip of a ferocious tyranny. It is amazing how much detail is crowded into this story of a land mostly Eastern, partly Western, and wholly barbarian.

Ivan was a product of his day. Probably he was mad. At least to our modern eyes he would be an interesting study for an alienist. He was neurotic; he tried to live down a vicious youth in his later years of zeal; his religion was a muddle of superstitions and fears; he lived in unhealthy solitary dread; he had great political insight and indefatigable energy. He helped to unify his land. Indeed, he had probably the best mind of his generation.

Leonidoff's performance shades much of this. *Ivan*, in his hands, becomes a figure of sinister power and authenticity—a brutal, ruthless despot played on a scale of great histrionic magnitude. You will not see better acting in years of film-going.

There are minor performances of exceeding merit, such as I. Klukvin's playing of the visionary serf and M. Arkanoff's portrayal of the old boyar robbed even of his shreds of pride by the cruel *Ivan*.

You will find Czar Ivan the Terrible to be thrilling, gruesome, dull, or educational, according to your own viewpoint. It is without comic relief. It has no comedy Cossacks.

There are no big acting scenes. Nothing is shot through glass. The close-ups do not dovetail with the long shots.

The minor technique would drive almost any movie magnate out of his ornate private theater. Yet the picture lives. It is a milestone of film-making.

Indeed, Czar Ivan the Terrible is a million miles from Hollywood.

Do you know that—

Doug Fairbanks is going to do a sequel to The Three Musketeers? . . . After all, they have engaged Eric von Stroheim to make two pictures out of his The Wedding March? . . . Betty Bronson is back from a holiday abroad? . . . Herbert Brenon is going to film Fannie Hurst's Lummox? . . . Vilma Banky and her husband, Rod La Rocque, have returned from Europe?

"What is back of these bonds?"

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The Crazy Jade

(Reading time: 21 minutes 35 seconds.)

WHEN The Moth, sloop tender to His Majesty's station ship Sea-Hawk, Captain Sir George Sayles, came to an anchor in Topsail Inlet, I had but just finished dressing me in my boy's wool clothing where I had slept in the flag locker.

I had no baggage. I was quite ready to go ashore as soon as I could find the master.

Mr. Ross I waited upon very gayly in his cabin, who was master of The Moth.

"Well, Nancy," he began—but I bade him sharply to have a care how he spoke to me, lest his crew learn that I was no boy but a girl in boy's clothing. Which might undo me if known at Topsail Inlet, and if Tom Cocklyn heard of it.

"Nobody is listening," said he, "except a mouse or two."

"I would not have a ship's mouse know the truth," said I.

However, I smiled upon him. But his smile died; and the more soberly he gazed upon me, the gayer my smile.

"Freckles," says he in a sorrowful tone, "do you leave me then so gayly?"

At that I laughed; and, setting the toe of one foot flat upon the cabin floor, spun my body around. For my spirits were become as light as my heels, though he never guessed why.

And it was all because my girl's heart was telling me that in this young man's bosom a kind of tenderness for me was taking root more deeply every day. And God knows how light it made my heart and heels to discover it.

"Freckles," says he, "you are a heartless baggage."

"Be pleased," said I, "to stow that same baggage in the pinnace and set it ashore."

"You vex me," said he, giving me a glum look. Oh, Lord, how light it made my heels to see him troubled at my going. So that I fairly danced on deck and hastened to tumble into the pinnace.

Mr. Ross, remarking that he had business at The Lost Ship Tavern, got in with dignity and took the tiller.

"Give way," he growled; and off we went.

However, when we came to where Tom Cocklyn's boats lay, and the men ceased rowing, Mr. Ross walked only to the shore end of the rotting wharf with me.

"FRECKLES," says he very solemnly, "when, by virtue of his commission, Governor Eden calls a Court of Vice Admiralty to judge the prize taken by the sloop tender Moth, I ought to share in a very pretty fortune. Did you guess that much?"

"You well deserve it, my lord," said I, with a smile that was nearly a grin. For it annoyed him when I called him a lord, who was only youngest son to one and had no more title than fortune.

Holy angels, I know not why I was so cruelly possessed to plague this young man; but with-

TOM COCKLYN dragged me, kicking and striking at him, across the beach.

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

A Tale of Terror at Sea and a Pirate Who Captured Her Captor

By

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

in me a little devil seemed to sing and caper, urging me to mischief.

"Freckles," says he, "when I am rich I shall purchase your articles of indenture from Tom Cocklyn."

"Thank you, my lord."

"And," says he angrily, "I shall then take measure to adopt you under the law. It is high time, too!"

"Why, my lord?"

"Because you are saucy and should be properly schooled. . . . And otherwise controlled and instructed; and the virtues of your sex more modestly developed—"

"Oh, la, sir," said I, "would you set up a school for wayward girls aboard The Moth?"

"Damnation!" says he. "Will you not be serious? And—a little kinder, Nancy—"

"Sir," said I, "when will his lordship again bestow his noble presence and his handsome sloop upon this humble puddle called Topsail Inlet?"

He shot at me an exasperated glance.

"Never, perhaps," he muttered, "if Mr. Teach has his way with me."

That sobered me instantly, and I gazed fearfully upon him.

"I thought," said I, "that the Governor of Virginia had sent out warships to take the pirate Teach."

"He has sent Lieutenant Maynard and two sloops. Yes. But Black-Beard has three ships and a tender. He calls himself Commodore; and his ships all fly the death's-head. . . . I think Sir George and Mr. Rhett and I are needed to lay this sea-wolf pack aboard."

I WAS so frightened that I came to him, and would have taken hold of his hands, only that he took tight hold of mine.

"Nancy," says he, "under the law you belong to Tom Cocklyn," says he, "and are servant to him until redeemed," says he, "and are tap boy in his accursed tavern yonder.

"But," says he, "you shall see happier days; and I swear it; for you are sweet and kind and good," says he, "and are valiant, although a child—"

"Eighteen in November, my lord!"

"Gird at me as you please," said he. "Nevertheless, I love you dearly, Nancy Topsfield."

"And I you, sir. . . . And, if redeemed, and by you adopted, would willingly be to you a loving daughter."

He gave me a strange, quick look of consternation, then went very red.

"You know," said I, smiling, "that I could not truly be a son to you, my lord."

He muttered something; I think it was "damnation," which, somehow, made my heart turn tender.

Then fear returned again, and I pressed his hand very fervently, and begged him to have a care for himself at sea, and never to conduct rashly, and to come again to Topsail Inlet as soon as might be.

SO we parted; and I did not wish him to go, for a thousand terrors were beginning to take shape within my mind. But we parted—inarticulate at the end, and I bewildered and too close to tears to trust my voice.

As far as I could see his topsail and topgallant—for his sloop carried these—I watched. When the pale sloop glimmered once or twice and melted into nothing twixt sky and sea, and when what I stared at proved to be a gull, I trudged away toward The Lost Ship Tavern, no longer light of heart and foot, and nearer to maturity than the half-starved youngster Nancy Topsfield ever before had been.

As I trudged over the dunes along the sandy path fringed by bayberry and coarse grasses, I thought the weather-beaten old tavern seemed strangely lifeless. Except for the kitchen, shutters were closed and barred over all windows on the ground floor.

I had expected to see Tom Cocklyn, with pipe and spyglass, squatting like a great crab on the settle under the taproom window. The green settle was empty.

However, I saw a thread of smoke above the kitchen chimney, and noticed chickens pensively wandering in the garden. So I went to the side porch and, finding the door open, entered.

Moll Fair sat in the chimney corner eating ash cake and bacon, and had a great pewter of Bath beer beside.

Her hair was in a braid and her stockings off, like the pretty slattern she was; and when I came in she stared at me, her mouth full of bacon.

I asked her how she did, and she swallowed her mouthful and answered that she did well enough.

"Where is Tom Cocklyn?" I asked, seating myself.

"He's gone mad," she said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He lit cigars with a $5. bill

They tell the story of the old Wall St. trader who, after a good day's profits, used to impress his crowd by lighting his cigar with a flaming $5. bill.

Stupid waste of money, wasn't it? And bad taste too. You can impress the crowd just as well by flashing your Firefly, gracefully lighting your smoke, and keeping your $5. Firefly for the next cigar.

You don't even need to pay $5. You can get a Firefly, good-looking, sure, clean and safe, for as little as $4.50.

The Firefly is made by Clark the Jeweler. It has the permanently covered sparking wheel (a Clark patent) and every other mechanical feature of the more expensive lighters.

Your local shops should sell them. If not, write to us.

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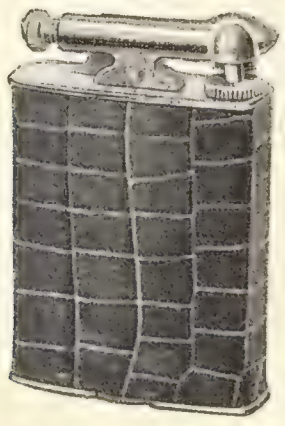


A CLARK LIGHTER
ALWAYS WORKS

[THE CRAZY JADE Continued from Page Thirty-one]

"Gone mad! Where is he, then?"

She said she thought he was at Hangman's Point.

"Very likely," said I; "because if he were here you would not sit there with a quart of buttery beer."

She took a satisfied pull at her pewter; wiped her red mouth with her apron.

"Why do you think Tom Cocklyn has lost his senses?" I demanded.

"Well, listen," says she. "There came three ships and a tender to anchor off of Topsail Inlet while you were away at Edenton, and these were pirates and showed black colours and bloody flags and death-jacks as impudently as Sir George Sayles shows the Cross of St. George. I sat here where I sit now, and black Herith was a-roasting of a capon for Tom Cocklyn's dinner, and I a-dressing of it, and a slice o' bread to catch the drippings, which I love to eat—"

HERE she swallowed a slice o' bacon and took a pull at beer.

"So," says she, "I heard Tom Cocklyn a-cursing and a-damning on the settle under the taproom window, and I went out, and there saw the three ships heading in, all showing black colours.

"'Lawks!' says I in a fright, 'here is a fleet of pirates a-sailing up our inlet,' says I.

"'The great ship,' says he, 'is The Man-o'-War, Captain Teach, who is called Black-Beard. And the topsail sloop,' says he, 'is The Revenge, and Richards is her master. And t'other sloop is The Adventure, and her master Israel Hands. As for the tender, I know not,' says he, 'and I wish they all were a-sailing through hell,' says he, 'and their magazines afire, and be damned to them!'

"And with that he fell to raging and cursing and crying out that if all the world were turning pirate he'd be cursed if he also did not go back to his old trade and hoist the bones and sail to take all nations.

"'My God,' says I, 'what has come over you?'

"'Why,' he yells at me, 'I sicken of my honesty when half the sea captains and all the privateers that swim the seas in this hour are as great villains as Edward Teach yonder! And so is Charles Eden, our Governor, and Mr. Knight, his secretary!' he bawls, a-tearing of his hair—which is rash, for he is nearly bald, as you know, Freckles—"

"Get on with your story!" said I, in a panic. "Did these sea-rogues come to an anchor and make a landing here?"

"They sailed on," said she. "But off the Dead Horse the great ship lay to and sent a boat ashore. Up they came in their shirts and red and yellow jackets and their wide pants and naked legs in fancy boots, and bristled thick with pistols and the like.

"AND there—oh, God!—was Black-Beard: a great, hairy man, with his beard tied in pig's-tails and ribbons, and his wild little eyes of a lunatic.

"Up he strides and takes Tom Cocklyn by the hand and, with a rotten mouth full o' curses and oaths and filth, he tells Tom Cocklyn how he loves him like a brother because he is a true man and a merry cully.

"'You lie!' says Tom Cocklyn. 'For I'm neither a true man nor a merry one! You are a great villain, Ned Teach,' says he, 'but I mean to be a greater villain than you, so help me God! For I'm sick of honesty and poverty and feeding folk in my tavern, and I mean to go to sea and teach you how it's really done!'

"At that, Black-Beard let out a roar o' laughter and clapped Tom Cocklyn on the back; and all went into the taproom and fell to drinking flip.

"'Where,' says Black-Beard, "is your tap boy, Tom?'

"'Damn him,' says Tom Cocklyn, 'I sent him to Charlie Eden to fetch away my prize money in The Queen Anne's Revenge and the French sloop which was English. And the young rat tarries, and I think hath stolen the bag o' gold and run away into Virginia.'

"'By God,' says Black-Beard, 'I came here to catch him, and am sorry if he has run away.'

"'What!' says Tom Cocklyn. 'Has he done you, too, an ill turn with our Governor?'

"'No,' says Teach; 'but Francis Farrington Sprigg does not love him; so I came to reckon with him on Captain Sprigg's account.'

"Well," said Moll Fair, "with that he pulls out a pair of pistols and shoots at the taproom windows and shatters the glass. That's why the shutters are closed and barred. And when Tom Cocklyn cries out on him and curses him, Black-Beard and his sea-rogues fall upon Tom Cocklyn, and beat him and thrust him into the pantry. Then they take every bottle, and, when they have robbed the till, off they go a-roaring with mirth.

"And, going off, when they passed near the pantry where Tom Cocklyn was bolted in, Black-Beard shouts: 'There is only one greater ass in all the world than Stede Bonnet—and that is yourself, Tom Cocklyn!'

"And Israel Hands gives a kick upon the pantry door; and says he, 'You take pay from rogue and pious hypocrite alike, and that will be your undoing if ever I discover you at sea, Tom Cocklyn!'

"Then Ike Ferritt, master of the fleet tender, opens the pantry door, and spits upon Tom Cocklyn, and tells him he has no liver in him, nor any lights nor heart nor gizzard, being a coward.

"SO," said Moll, wetting her red lips with the pewter, "off they go and hoist anchor and make sail southward. And I, more dead than alive, came from the kitchen and let out Tom Cocklyn."

"And then?" I demanded, aghast at such a story.

"Why, then," said she, "Tom Cocklyn went stark, raving mad; and is still a crazed man at this hour! For, at first, all he did was to stamp and scream and yell that he must have the lights and liver out of Ike Ferritt.

"But the next day he took a dory and went into Old Clarendon, where strange folk have come since the Tuscarora war is ended in those parts.

"There he purchases a hagboat, and ships a crew in a day, and—oh, my God!—he christens that hagboat The Crazy Jade, and means to put to sea and hoist the death's-head to take all nations—"

"Tom Cocklyn!" I cried, "—gone pirate again?"

"Yes; and has taken black Herith, who was his old cockswain."

"Where lies this hagboat?" I demanded.

"The Crazy Jade? Off of Hangman's Point."

"Holy angels!" said I. "What is to become of The Lost Ship Tavern, then?"

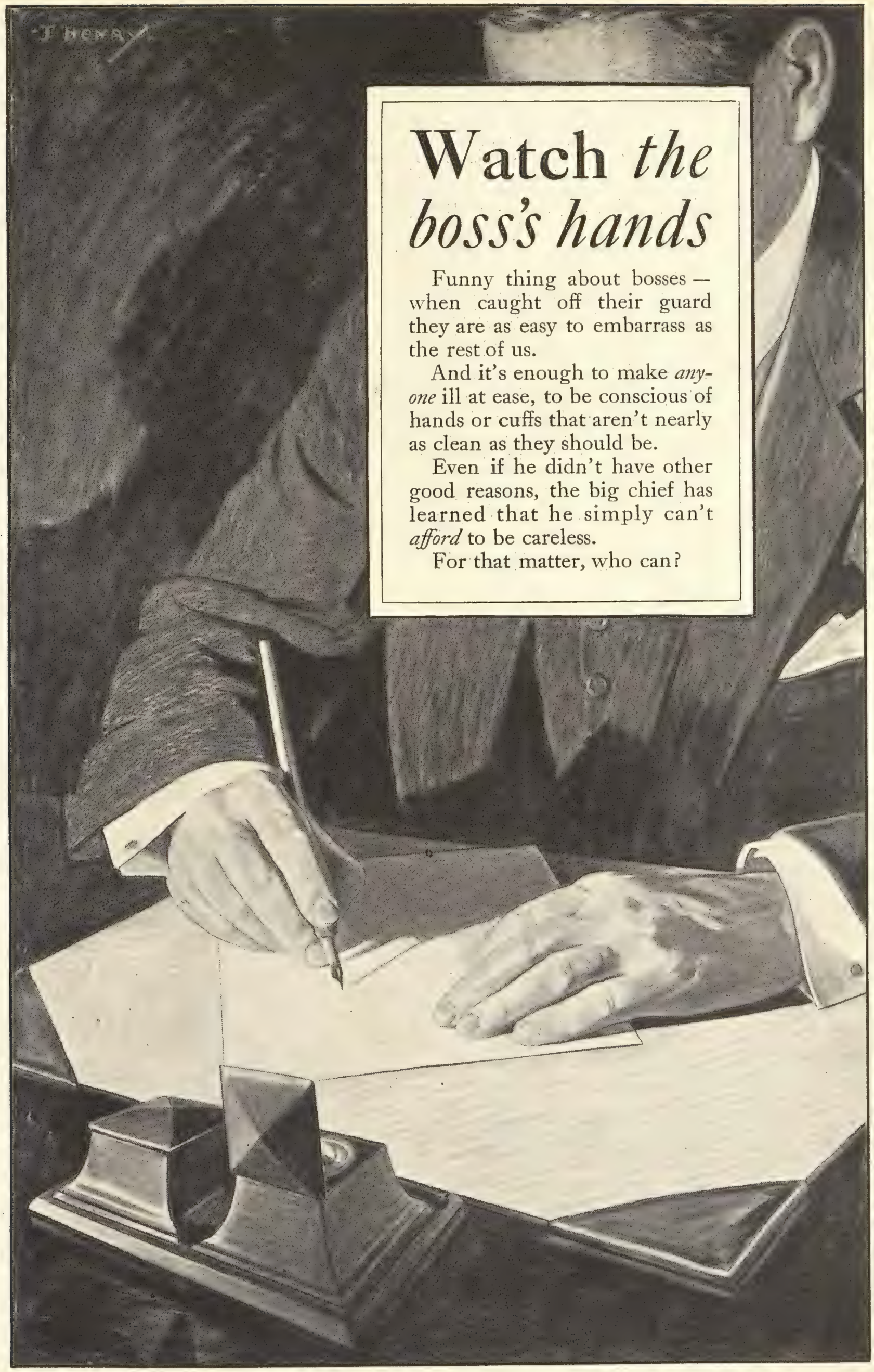
She shrugged her plump shoulders.

"He bade me stay here and feed the horses, hogs, and hens until he came again with Ike Ferritt's head tied to his bowsprit."

"Certainly," said I, "Tom Cock-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Moll Fair sat in the chimney corner eating ash cake and bacon, and had a great pewter of Bath beer.



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Funny thing about bosses — when caught off their guard they are as easy to embarrass as the rest of us.

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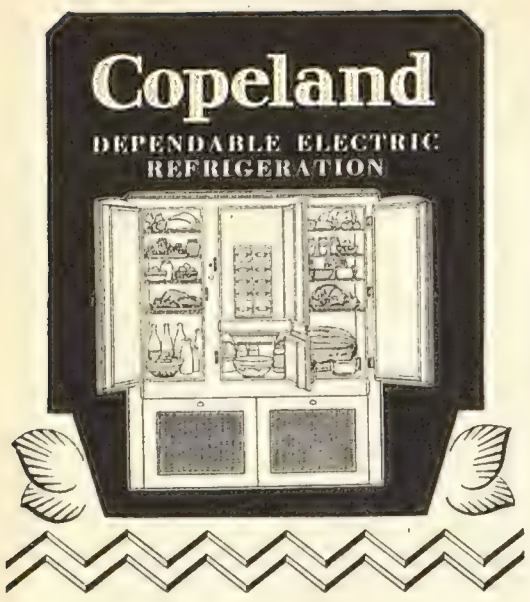

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L—5-5-28

[THE CRAZY JADE Continued from Page Thirty-two]

lyn is gone mad. Nevertheless, though he turns pirate and lunatic a hundredfold, he shall not say of me that I stole his money and ran away. No; for I have fetched his money from Edenton and "—I drew the bag from my shirt—"here it is. And I mean to go instantly to Hangman's Point and reckon with this wild rogue who calls me thief and runaway."

Moll stared at me.

"Get you a piece in the pantry and a jack of new ale," said she, "and let Tom Cocklyn rave as he will—"

"No; I go to Hangman's Point," said I angrily. And I went forth and slammed the side door after me, which scattered the chickens a-squawking.

I WAS angry. I am not given to wrath; but that Tom Cocklyn should brand me as a thief and runaway was too much. He had a loose and evil tongue—I knew that—and if he so slandered me to pirates he would do so to honest folk.

So, swinging my little sack of gold, I walked very fast across the dunes and by the pine woods; then out across bayberry and sparkleberry scrub until I came to the dune where a horse's skull was nailed to a dead cedar tree.

From there, sure enough, I saw a dirty old hagboat hove to; and a pinnace on the beach below, where men were stepping a brand-new mast which had been newly cut in the woods behind me.

They were a strange and dingy company for the most, with here and yon a gaudy sash or cap; but the sun glittered on their pistols and hangers and on the gold hoops in their swarthy ears.

The dirty vessel hove to I could not doubt was the hagboat Crazy Jade.

I descended the dune and went toward the shallop where the men were a-stepping of the new mast; and presently recognized Tom Cocklyn, who was marching up and down the water's edge with his arms folded and his beaver uncocked and pulled down over his yellow eye.

With the green one, which was his good eye, he presently noticed me.

"Lamb's blood and codfish guts!" he yelled at me. "Have you not run away, then?"

I was enraged; but I held my tongue until I came close to him.

"No," said I. "I am neither a runaway, to cheat you of my obligations, nor a thief who has stolen what belongs to you."

And I pulled the little bag of gold from my shirt and threw it at him, so that it struck a pistol in his red sash; which made him grunt.

When he picked it up and counted the minted pieces, he stuffed the bag into the bosom of his own shirt.

"Come, Freckles," said he. "I see I've wronged you; and I'll say this much—that you're an honest lad and have always so conducted. And I mean to reward you," says he, taking me by the arm with his left hand, which pinched like a crab's claw, having only the thumb and forefinger on it.

"So," said he, "you shall go aboard of me and sail along o' me in The Crazy Jade to take all nations; and you shall sign my articles and—"

"Turn pirate?" said I, frightened. "No, sir! That I never will do—"

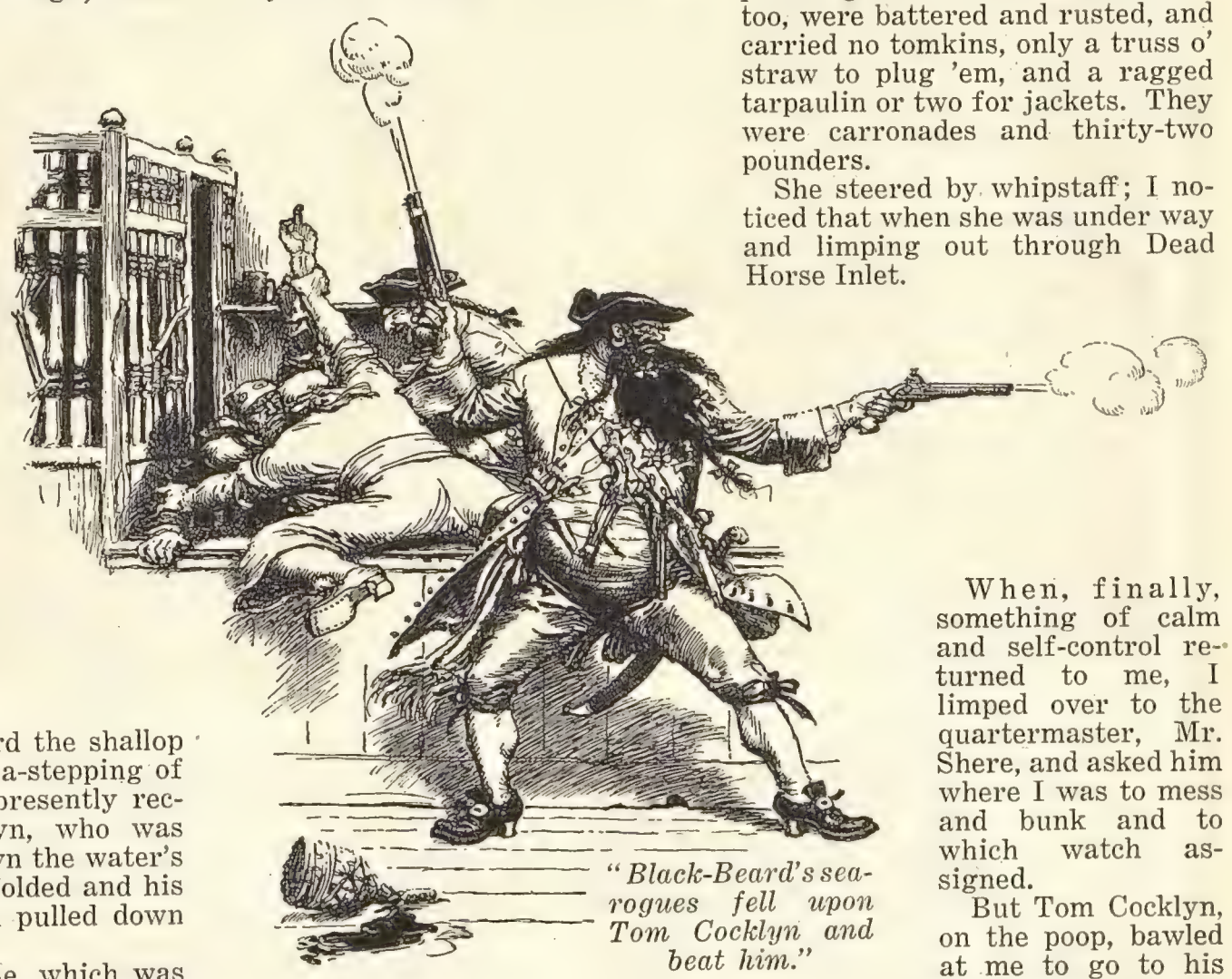
"Yes, you shall!" he yelled in a fit of fury. "Are you not my servant and indented to me for redemption?"

"Let go my arm!" I panted, struggling to free myself.

But he jerked me off my feet, dragged me, kicking and striking at him, across the beach, and flung me into the pinnace.

"Why, you filthy little lickpot," he shouted, "if you won't take on along o' me, I'll press you, dammy if I don't!"

As I picked myself up, he pulled a horse pistol from his sash and cocked it. I thought he was going to shoot me; and some of his men came up to see him do it. But he only cursed me and, folding his



"Black-Beard's sea-rogues fell upon Tom Cocklyn and beat him."

arms, kept his pistol trained on me, and bade his men have done with the mast and row him back to The Crazy Jade.

Rage and terror combined to keep me dumb. I dared not stir a finger, lest flame spurt from that black muzzle aimed straight between my eyes.

So they shipped their mast and sail, shoved off, and manned the sweeps; and Tom Cocklyn floundered aboard, and away they pulled.

So frightened was I because of this horror which so suddenly had overtaken me that all my strength and courage collapsed. I was so weak that I could scarce clamber aboard The Crazy Jade when we came alongside her.

On deck, Tom Cocklyn gave me a kick which sent me spinning forward toward the forecastle, where somebody kicked me aft again; so that I stumbled against a gun, and held to it.

But nobody offered me any further civilities, for they were hoisting in the pinnace and getting the hagboat under way.

My body hurt where I had been kicked, and I stood rubbing the bruises and staring about me at this horrible hagboat upon which I was a prisoner and was like to perish before done with it.

LIKE most pirate vessels, she had been cut away and cleared, fore and aft; and there was now no quarter-deck, but only a poop and a forecastle; and the waist all cleared for a gun deck.

Yet, beside the pinnace she carried a cockboat and a skiff; and when the lousy crew mustered forward, I saw that black Herith was cockswain; one Crawlin, skiff-swain; and a certain hairy old man, Jake Wolfort, boatswain. The mate was named Dane, and seemed stupid but not brutal.

The hagboat was brig-rigged; but all her rigging, hamper, spars, sails, stays, shrouds, bitts, and planking looked rotten. Her guns, too, were battered and rusted, and carried no tomkins, only a truss o' straw to plug 'em, and a ragged tarpaulin or two for jackets. They were carronades and thirty-two pounders.

She steered by whipstaff; I noticed that when she was under way and limping out through Dead Horse Inlet.

When, finally, something of calm and self-control returned to me, I limped over to the quartermaster, Mr. Shere, and asked him where I was to mess and bunk and to which watch assigned.

But Tom Cocklyn, on the poop, bawled at me to go to his cabin and await his pleasure. Which I did; and sat down there by the captain's table in such fear and misery as I had never known since the loss of my father's ship.

I set my elbows on the table and took my face between my hands. Then I noticed that there was spread upon the table, under my very nose, a black flag with the death's-head on it; and, at the mere sight, I trembled violently and hot tears ran over my quivering face.

At that instant Tom Cocklyn came in; and when I saw him I wept aloud.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Keeping Hair Free From Dandruff

This matter of keeping hair free from dandruff is neither the complicated nor expensive one that most women consider it. Usually the trick can be done by regular shampooing and the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

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In a surprisingly short time you will be delighted with results. We have hundreds of unsolicited letters testifying to the success of Listerine in checking dandruff. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

YOU WILL LIKE IT

Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective — and but 25c the large tube.

" You snivelling swipe," says he scornfully—" you pious lickspit, have you no heart to seek your fortune? "

[THE CRAZY JADE
Continued from Page Thirty-four]

" What are you about," I sobbed, " who have accepted of the King's pardon and every benefit of his proclamation? What has possessed you suddenly to fly the death's-head and sail in this vile hagboat to take all nations? "

He seemed somewhat taken aback by my grief and what I said to him. Then he gave me a wild look, and says he:

" You are right, for I shall take all flags, even a black or a bloody one; and if I can lay Ike Ferritt aboard, who hath spat upon me, then he shall hang from my mizzen."

" You are mad! " said I, through my gulps and tears. " Go back to your till and taproom, and to your hens and your hogs! For if Sir George Sayles sight you, he will blow you out of the water! And if Mr. Ross notice you, he will surely overhaul you and you shall hang and sun-dry on Eden sands, so help me God! "

" You snivelling swipe," says he scornfully—" you pious lickspit, have you no heart to seek your fortune? "

" None to seek it under the black flag; and my very bones turn to water at the thought—"

The loud racket of a drum beaten on deck drowned my voice. Tom Cocklyn ran to the door, and I followed him on deck, where we saw our drummer beating the alarm and marching up and down, while the mate's hoarse voice called to quarters, and the dirty deck swarmed with men.

Again our masthead hailed as Tom Cocklyn reached the poop.

There was a stiff northeast wind blowing, and we carried a vast mass of dirty sail. But Cocklyn shouted to Mr. Dane to clap on every stitch, and ran to the bittacle, where were two compasses and a light between them, also a sandglass.

Mr. Shere, our quartermaster, had the helm.

Now, through the rolling of the drum, I heard the gunner shouting to the gun crews; but there was no order or discipline aboard, and only such old men-o'-war's men, or former pirates, knew what to do.

I saw the master of arms and the gunner's mate serving out cutlasses and muskets and pikes; I saw the ports fall, guns cleared and run out, and matches lighted.

But I had seen nothing of any other ship except our own.

WE were running before the wind, south-southwest, and a heavy cross sea bumped us till I could almost feel the rotten hulk shaking loose from every timber. All the while the wind-blown voice from aloft was setting Tom Cocklyn frantic; and he screamed and yelled his orders till I thought his gullet must rip apart.

Suddenly I saw our chase—first her topsail, over the seaward dunes in the sound; then, very soon, hull, spar, and sail, as she headed out the inlet where we were racing to bottle her and take her. She was a sloop and carried a vast cloud of canvas white as snow.

Tom Cocklyn ran screeching about the poop; and I never shall know what he yelled, so thick flew his curses. But I saw our black flag hoisted and streaming wildly, showing the bones and death's-head to the stranger. Instantly our foreport thirty-two exploded, banking our bows in smoke.

Now, straining my eyes to see what our chase might do, what was my amazement to discover that another sloop was chasing her, and was coming out of the inlet and showing a black ensign like our own.

At the sight of another sea-rogue, Tom Cocklyn went stark mad, cursing, bellowing, and shouting that it was Ike Ferritt in his sloop tender a-chasing of our proper quarry.

IF Ferritt guessed who we were, I know not; but, when Tom Cocklyn seized the helm and bore down on him, Ike Ferritt tacked, sheering off to avoid us. But so close to the bar was he that he could not escape us, and grounded the next moment.

As we ran by him we gave him our starboard broadside, then our after guns; then, tacking, came alongside with only the inlet width between us, and gave him our larboard battery, so that his deck went up in splinters.

Down crashed his mast, carrying with it everything aloft. We hove to and lay abeam, cannonading him where he heeled helplessly to leeward, his starboard guns under and our shot tearing him to the keel.

Now came to us the piteous howling of Ferritt's sea-rogues; and I saw Ike Ferritt mount his taffrail and bawl to us that he had struck and asked only for good quarters.

Then Tom Cocklyn took a musket and hailed Ferritt from the poop.

" You spat your spittle upon me! " he shouted. " But I spit lead; and how do you like it, Ike? "

Then he fired upon Ferritt, who let go the rail and rolled down the inclining deck, jerking and twitching and squealing like a crippled rat; and there he lay in the scuppers, striving to get up.

Then Tom Cocklyn, roaring with laughter, vowed he'd have sport with him; and ran to a carronade and laid it himself.

" Ike! " he cried, " turn your head and look upon me to see what I am a-doing of! "

I saw the dying pirate turn his head and look into the black muzzle of the carronade. As he shrieked, Tom Cocklyn fired; and the air was filled with fragments of men and ship, which even spattered aboard us, so near we lay.

Now Ferritt's sloop was all afire, and nobody alive aboard, save only here and there a poor, wounded wretch calling pitifully to us for quarters. Cocklyn shot two of these, and, as the fire spread and burned hotter, left the others to roast alive.

And very soon we were in full chase of the other sloop, crowding her ever landward and hedging, and bearing down on her, so that at

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

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The Four-Point Route to the Crossroads of Commerce

THIRTY-FIVE thousand, three hundred and thirty-three dollars and sixteen cents was the amount of direct orders which a book publisher received from three insertions in LIBERTY. In telling of his experience with LIBERTY, this advertiser said: "An insertion in LIBERTY will more than 'pay out' within the first three weeks. LIBERTY always 'pulls' regularly for nearly 90 days and then drops down for another month or so."

1. *This *Advertiser selected LIBERTY because of its 99% news-dealer circulation. People who buy a magazine voluntarily over the counter are actuated by a desire to read the magazine.*

A MANUFACTURER of ladies' hosiery used a color page in March. This ad produced 17,000 replies the first ten days. Three thousand additional replies were received in the two following weeks.

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A CAR manufacturer wanted quick action in the primary markets to help solve an unusual situation. He used newspapers and LIBERTY exclusively. Advertising began in LIBERTY last January on an every-other-week schedule. On February 28, the advertiser wrote that he was moving twice the volume of cars that he did a year ago; and that the advertising in LIBERTY had borne fruit both directly and indirectly.

4. *This *Advertiser came into LIBERTY largely because 77% of its circulation is concentrated in the urban areas which have 74% of the nation's wealth in bank deposits and 77.6% of the wage-earning power of the nation. Primary markets where the advertiser can, through LIBERTY, economically intensify and densify sales.*

EACH of these four advertisers (**names on request to any interested advertiser*) was largely influenced by some one of LIBERTY'S "Four Points of Advertising Difference." But *all* four Points influenced reader-response for them.

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Handy on your dash—just pull out—a red hot glow lights cigar, cigarette or pipe. The current cuts off automatically on release.

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"ELECTRIC MATCH"
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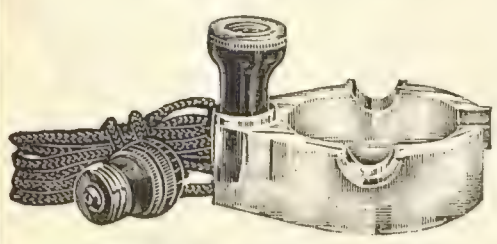

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Agents—Write For Special Proposition

The CUNO ENGINEERING CORP.
MERIDEN, CONN.

[THE CRAZY JADE Continued from Page Thirty-six]

last she bore away on a starboard tack. We thought she meant to drive ashore; and we fired our bow gun at her, and then our starboard battery.

But no; there was a creek hidden by high dunes; and into this she flew, and was gone from view in a trice, while we fired upon her with our stern chaser.

After her tumbled The Crazy Jade, our blood-maddened crew howling and cheering, and Tom Cocklyn gone to masthead to spy out what he might view.

Oh, Lord! he discovered a plenty inside the sound, and near fell to the deck with fright and astonishment. For before he could give an order I saw a topsail and St. George's cross a-whipping in the wind above the dunes; and out upon us like a falcon rushed a station ship of the Royal Navy—a topsail schooner—which swooped upon us with her bow guns roaring and every swivel and musket aboard sweeping The Crazy Jade, bow, stern, waist, from forecastle to poop.

I heard Mr. Dane call out that a shot had smashed our sternpost and he could not steer.

TOM COCKLYN rushed aft and began to shove and jerk the whipstaff, but to no purpose; and he seemed in a panic of sudden fright.

Now the King's ship gave us her larboard guns all together—oh, God, what an uproar!—and our rotten timbers and standing rigging collapsed. Down crashed fore and mizzen topmasts, carrying away yards and stays and a frightful confusion of wreckage.

Another blast, and our starboard battery was smashed, dismounted, scattered. Our mizzenmast, cut through, fell upon the poop and crushed it and the roundhouse, whither I was attempting to creep away to hide me in the cabin.

Then Tom Cocklyn turned sheer coward. I saw him dragging his drummer lad to the poop to beat a parley; and crying out all the while that he had struck; and for Mr. Shere to strike his colours.

A musket ball hit the drummer, and he and his drum fell from the poop and went a-rolling through an open port into the sea a-splash!

Mr. Dane snatched a cutlass and severed the halliards, so that the death's-head fell just as a broadside from the King's ship enveloped us with flame and smoke and shook our hull into a floating ruin.

Through the stifling obscurity I saw the schooner lay us aboard; and her men come leaping over our rail, where our dead and wounded sprawled, and where our scared rogues stood trembling and empty-handed, and all a-roaring lustily for good quarters.

We had made a shameful fight of it, and I think the station ship held us in deep contempt; for her people did us no violence, but took our weapons and drove us below with kicks and jeers.

And thus it was that I was taken in piracy aboard a known pirate, and under black colours, and by a King's ship. And, for all I knew, must hang with the others, who could hope for no other fate. For there was no escaping the gallows, save only a death release by their own hand; and all knew it. But not one laid hands upon himself to escape the death of shame reserved.

It was horrible below hatches; and a deathly stillness among these wretches.

From the deck we could hear a great trampling; noises of axe and hammer where they were clearing away wreckage and patching up, so that we should not sink where we lay rudderless.

For, despite her battering, the hagboat The Crazy Jade still swam like a doused witch, and it seemed a miracle that plank and timber held.

Nobody came near us. We had no food, no water. In darkness the hours dragged on. Finally I slept. But what time passed I could not know or guess when I awoke; and only knew that I was perishing of thirst and that The Crazy Jade was in motion—no doubt in tow of her conqueror, or perhaps, with jury mast and trysail, floundering toward port with a prize crew on deck.

On the second day they opened the hatches and lowered water to us and a sack of hard bread.

On the third day we came to an anchor.

When the hatches were removed, they summoned us; and we shambled forth, filthy, starving, blinking like foul night birds surprised by daylight.

AS I climbed wearily to the deck and set foot upon it, somebody took hold of my arm and pulled me aside.

I peered at him out of sun-blinded eyes, but could not see clearly, or know him until I heard his voice:

"Are you not my young friend Freckles of Edenton?"

"Oh, heavenly angels!" I whispered. "Is it Colonel Rhett who speaks to me?"

And now, clearing my eyes with trembling hands, I saw that he was Colonel Rhett, who gazed at me very strangely, still holding to my arm. But suddenly I forgot I was in danger of hanging, but remembered only what a filthy and squalid figure I cut under the eyes of this elegant young man.

Less from fear and grief than from sheer vexation, womanlike I hid my face in my dirty hands and began to cry.

"Rhett!" came a gay voice that startled me. "Shove that lad into line to go ashore!"

I dropped my hands and gazed up at the poop deck, out of streaming eyes, upon a face and form I never forgot, awake or in my dreams.

"Mr. Ross!" I sobbed.

He started as though shot at, caught my eye, sprang down the stairs, and took hold of both my hands.

"Tom Cocklyn pressed me for The Crazy Jade," I wailed, "and we were in battle with Ike Ferritt, who had spat upon Tom Cocklyn; and we sank him, and chased a sloop; and so were taken by a King's ship; and —o-oh—oh!" I sobbed— "I am like to hang for it on Eden Sands—"

Mr. Ross gathered me into his arms, and gave Mr. Rhett a strange yet hardy look.

Then, holding me, he kissed my soiled face, and cast another look at Mr. Rhett, who seemed astonished.

I peered fearfully from one to the other. Suddenly Mr. Ross blushed.

"My God!" said Mr. Rhett. "Is *that* the case?"

He gave me an amazed glance, then he also reddened.

"I might have guessed," said he.

Then he came close to me, smiling that charming smile I knew.

"You are too pretty for a boy," said he. "I might have known, that day in Edenton when we rode the same horse together—"

He looked impudently at Mr. Ross. "And I wish I *had* known," said he. And then, laughing at me:

"Prisoner," says he, "fall out for special punishment. . . . Mr. Ross, take your prisoner. . . . And God have mercy on you both!"

Follow Nancy Topsfield in a strange search for hidden pirates' gold. You'll find her further adventures in The Golden Moon, in next week's issue.

Poems You Ought to Know

PATRIOTISM

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771. He began his writing by translating Bürger and Goethe, but left this work to take up the Border Minstrelsy of his own country. He died in 1832.]

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

U. S. Official photos

A German aviator just after he was brought down by anti-aircraft fire. Corporal R. L. Ray (holding pistol in right hand) dragged the flier from the machine when it landed.

Leaves *from my* WAR DIARY

by GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

The Argonne Push from the Air—Battle and Bombs at Damvillers —We Bag a Balloon

(Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE Chemin des Dames advance, the repulse of the German attack of July, 1918, by the Third Division, A. E. F., and the counterattack of the First and Second divisions on July 16 near Soissons were described by the author in previous installments. Last week he dealt with St. Mihiel.

PART SIX

Sept., 1918 (Continued).

OUR whole front on the ground is about fifty miles long. Our straight-line distance in the air, however, is a little over thirty miles from one side to the other. This is a tremendous battle front, however, for a single attack.

Our Army has ready to put into the line more than half a million troops and 4,200 pieces of artillery—the greatest mass of artillery ever brought together under one single direction for a battle.

The ground in front of us is very bad, chopped up with hills, woods, brush, and streams. The French have been able to make virtually no headway against the Germans in this area since the beginning of the war. The Germans have it remarkably well organized, with trenches and machine-gun nests. They have always held this part of the front with comparatively few men, so as to release more men for operations elsewhere.

In addition to our own aviation, I am getting considerable assistance from the French, two Italian bombardment squadrons, and General Trenchard, whose British Independent Air Force co-operates with us in bombarding the German airdromes and supply points.

General Pershing decided that the initial attack should take place on September 26. Accordingly, I assembled the officers of the various aviation units in the afternoon of September 24, to give them their instructions.

I had previously asked General Pershing if he would come up to meet the air officers when they were assembled, and he told me that he would be very glad to. I went down to his headquarters to get him, and he immediately dropped the work he was doing and accompanied me with his aide, Major Bowditch, up the little street of Souilly. I had given instructions that the automobiles and motor cycles of the visiting officers should be carefully concealed from overhead view, knowing that a hostile airplane might come over us, take photographs, and thereby disclose our position.

We arrived at my headquarters, where the foreign officers and our own were now assembled for orders. General Pershing gave them a very nice talk and told them how much he appreciated the work we had done at St. Mihiel and that he relied on the Air Service to be the eyes of the Army and to lead us forward to victory again in the Argonne. I walked back with him to his headquarters and then quickly returned to my own.

I had hardly sat down before Colonel Dodd, my information officer, came in with a report that a German Rumpler two-seater airplane had been detected crossing from the direction of Verdun toward the northwest, 21,000 feet up, and had been shot down in our own territory by a patrol from the First Pursuit Group.

SOME of the plates had been captured intact and were being developed. This was the airplane that had passed over us when I brought General Pershing up. The development of the plates revealed a perfect picture of Souilly, with the motor cars grouped around my headquarters.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Cont'd from P. 39

Our attack was launched in the early morning of September 26. The artillery bombardment was terrific. How much good it did I do not know—I don't think very much. I had put a small advance airdrome just outside of Verdun, which was only about three and one-half miles from the front lines, and had placed a flight of planes there to be constantly on the alert to attack any German low flying planes that came in opposite our right flank. It was commanded by Lieutenant Vasconcelles.

A close-up of the fighting in the Argonne. Photograph shows doughboys throw

WHEN the artillery preparation opened in the early morning, the cannonade was so terrific and the reverberation in the air was so great that the metal gasoline tanks on the Spad airplanes of Vasconcelles' flight were sprung and made to leak.

There was a little mist on the morning of September 26, but the rest of the day proved fair and rather warmer than the day before. The visibility was quite good. Our airplanes left the ground before the break of day and were well out on the German side when the battle got in full swing.

Again we dominated the air, but not to the extent that we had at St. Mihiel. Not only had the Germans more airplanes in the vicinity, but the shape of the front was such that it was extremely difficult to keep the German planes out from one flank or the other.

Our bombardment aviation, acting well into the enemy's country, kept them pretty busy and, although many incursions were made on our side of the line, we kept the air fighting, generally speaking, well away from our ground troops.

General Hunter Liggett.

Late in the afternoon of the day of the attack, when flying over the central part of our line, I noticed a terrible congestion of motor traffic at Avocourt.

Columns of our transportation stood several miles long on three roads running into Avocourt, where they all came together. Not a wheel could be turned, either to the front or to the rear, because the trucks were in no man's land and if they did not stick to the roads they would immediately mire down for good.

If the German Aviation had been able to attack this column, it certainly would have destroyed it. This would have put the whole central army corps, the Fifth, out of ammunition and supplies. A counterattack then by a small organization of Germans would have broken a hole right straight through the center of our line, and nothing could have stopped it, because we could not have moved troops up along the roads to help the Fifth Corps.

We had received many reports that the German Aviation had received armored airplanes that could resist machine-gun fire with which to attack our organizations on the front. Here in this great congestion of motor trucks was the target for which they had been waiting.

I IMMEDIATELY concentrated all our bombardment aviation against Romagne and Dun-sur-Meuse, so as to keep the fighting in the back areas and make the German pursuit aviation remain twenty or thirty kilometers away from the line to defend these important places.

I assigned the First Pursuit Group under Hartney to keep up a constant patrol at an altitude of only about 300 feet—in fact, almost down among the infantry—so as to prevent the hostile airplanes from getting in there. Had we not done this instantly, I believe that this whole mass of transportation would have been destroyed and burned up by the German Air Service.

As we were pushing in the air so strongly, fifteen or twenty miles the other side of the infantry, the Germans could send no pursuit airplanes with their battle flights to protect them. The result was that our pursuit airplanes shot down great numbers of the enemy's attack aviation which was attempting to destroy our truck trains.

Reports came in from the front lines at this time that the German aviators kept constantly over them and that our planes would not attack them; so I sent Colonel Dodd up there on the ground. He went as far as he could in a motor cycle, and then got out and walked for miles around the stalled transport. He reported to me that all the trucks of three divisions had been routed through the one center of Avocourt, and that it would take three days for the engineers to make roads for them to move away.

General R. L. Bullard.

Dodd also reported that he saw no German aircraft over our front at low altitude, and that he observed six combats on the enemy's side of the line. He met the general of our forces who had complained that German airplanes were constantly near them. When

ing hand grenades into German positions.

Dodd asked him how he knew they were German airplanes, he replied, "When we fire machine guns at them they retire into Germany"—that is, on the German side of the line.

As a matter of fact, they were the airplanes of Hartney's pursuit group, flying low and watching every part of the line to guard against the low flying enemy attack, and our troops not only did not know them, but kept shooting at them.

THE Germans have painted their airplanes so that they look just like the ground when seen from above. The German airmen get down to within 100 feet or so of the earth, or even lower at times, fly up ravines or behind forests, and pounce on infantry columns or wagon trains, surprising them before they can conceal themselves.

We had a couple of engineer companies lined up for mess that were attacked in this way by a flight of German attack aviation. They killed eighty-seven men and wounded a couple of hundred before the engineers could get to cover.

Fortunately, by the last day of the month this terrible mess of motor trucks in the center of our line was straightened out. The commanding general of the corps was relieved and another one put in command of it.

Our troops kept attacking the German position and getting terrific losses from a comparatively small number of Germans, in proportion to the ground that we gained. All of the ground in front of the German position was very well organized and defended by German machine-gun troops, excellently trained and well protected.

The Argonne Battle was not a particularly interesting one from an air standpoint. The infantry on the ground just knocked its head against a stone wall. It was terrible for us to look down from the air and see theunco-ordinated, not to say disorganized, nature of the combat which resulted from not using the airplanes for reconnaissance sufficiently.

At one place infantry attacked all alone without artillery helping them. A little way off an entirely separate combat was taking place; then again a little farther on there was no fighting. In another place the artillery was firing with terrific speed against nothing, and the infantry was waiting word to occupy the ground supposed to be held by the enemy when really there was no enemy within a long way of it.

The troops nearly always completely lose contact with the enemy. Then when they do come up they are surprised by the German machine-gun nests in prepared positions and suffer terrific casualties.

There is one thing to be said, however, and that is, in spite of the losses, General Pershing has never faltered in pushing the offensive.

Our pilots have to fly right down and almost shake hands with the infantry on the ground to find out where they are. Many of the infantry and artillery officers leave the handling of the wireless stations to the first sergeants. The sergeants say that they get tired of seeing wireless operators sitting in a hole in the ground, safe from the enemy's fire, doing nothing as they suppose, and assign them to kitchen police or some other duty of that kind.

Colonel J. F. Dodd.

As a result there are no communications at a critical time. It is practically impossible to impress the men in the ranks, through their

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Forty-one

own officers, as to the value of aviation. They do not even know what the insignia on our planes is in many cases.

I have had Colonel Dodd prepare the following which we throw down from our airplanes to all the infantry positions:

FROM THE AMERICAN SCRAPPERS IN THE AIR TO AMERICAN SCRAPPERS ON THE GROUND

DOUGHBOYS:

While you are giving the Boche hell on the ground, we are helping you to the limit in the air.

The artillery is behind you, anxious to help with their shells.

Headquarters is trying through us to keep in close touch with you and to render aid whenever you are checked or outnumbered.

Keep us posted at all times as to where your front lines are, either with Bengal lights, panels, or—if nothing else is available—wave a white towel or any white cloth.

Your signals enable us:

To take news of your location to the rear.

To report if the attack is successful.

To call for help if needed.

To enable the artillery to put their shells over your head into the enemy.

We prevent the enemy planes from telling the enemy artillery where you are; we bomb and machine-gun enemy troops whenever the chance offers.

If you are out of ammunition and tell us, we will report it and have it sent up.

If you are surrounded, we will deliver the ammunition by airplane.

We do not hike through the mud with you, but there are discomforts in our work as bad as mud. We won't let rain, storms, Archies, nor Boche planes prevent our getting there with the goods.

Do not think that we are not on the job when you cannot see us—most of our planes work so far in front that they cannot be seen from the lines.

Some enemy planes may break through our airplane barrage in front of you, and may sometimes bomb and machine-gun you, but in the last month we have dropped ten tons of bombs for every one the Boche has dropped. For every Boche plane that you see over you, the Boche sees ten Allied planes over him. For every balloon that he burns, we burn eight.

Our losses of aviators correspond to your losses; but for every one that we lose the Boche has to pay with heavy interest.

Whenever a Boche plane is brought down in your sector, do not collect souvenirs from it; you may remove an article or marking that would give valuable information to us. If Boche aviators are not dead when they land, wait ten minutes before approaching within one hundred feet of the plane after they have left it; sometimes they start a bomb. *Do not touch anything in a Boche plane*—they sometimes carry innocent looking infernal machines.

Use us to the limit, show your panels, burn the signal lights, wave a cloth; anything to tell us where you are and what you need.

The French sent 322 planes. They had numerous combats with the Germ twelve enemy fliers and returned to our lines witho

After reading this, pass it on to your Buddie, and—remember to show your signals.

YOUR AVIATOR.

October, 1918.

A GOOD many visitors came up during October. Colonel Arthur Woods of New York visited me and I took him up for a flight over the front. John T. McCutcheon of Chicago, the eminent cartoonist and writer, I took up also. Mr. John D. Ryan, the Assistant Secretary of War in charge of Aviation, was also here.

We had a conference in my battle headquarters at Souilly at which I explained the situation of the air forces in Europe to Mr. Ryan. He seemed to understand what was going on better than any other of the department heads I have seen.

Our air fighting is continuous and of a very intense character. The morale of our men in the air has kept going up all of the time in spite of their heavy losses, as they feel more and more that the tide of victory is dependent on air supremacy if the war lasts much longer. On the ground I believe that the morale of the men is going down, due to the terrific losses.

Some rather foolish orders have been issued from the headquarters of the First Army. These orders directed that attacks be made on positions that are really impregnable against the means that we have of advancing. Our forces would be ordered to advance eight or ten kilometers, whereas all the fighting troops on the front know that it is impossible to advance more than two or three kilometers without bringing up supplies and supports.

Many of them consequently did

Picture by Clayton Knight

as a result of which they shot down single casualty.

not try to comply with the orders, knowing full well that they could not execute them without getting away out of supporting distance of the troops on each side of them. The result is that our line is not uniform in any way.

THE organization of our Second American Army is now being pushed. This army is to be located in the Toul area, to act on the right of the First American Army and to attack the great city of Metz, fortified by the Germans to the limit of their ability.

It was therefore decided that we should assign a certain amount of aviation to each army and then assemble all of the pursuit and bombardment aviation that we could and mass it into a great force with which to strike deep into Germany.

General Pershing informed me that I would command the whole air force; that is, the aviation of both the armies and in addition the general reserve of aviation which would be assigned to the group of armies.

General Pershing is to give up the command of the First Army and turn it over to General Liggett. Then he will assume command of the group of armies as soon as the Second Army becomes capable of functioning. General Bullard is to assume command of the Second Army.

THE days wear on with constant hammering by the infantry against the German positions. The flying in support of the First Army has become more or less routine matter. There was one day, however, October 9, when the enemy had assembled a considerable force of infantry and artillery on the east bank of the Meuse, opposite the right flank of our Third Corps, commanded by General Bullard.

These German troops were being concentrated in the woods near a place called Damvillers. If they could creep in against our right flank and make a surprise attack, they would cause a great deal of damage. If we could smash up their concentration, blow up their ammunition dumps, and burn their supplies by an attack from the air, the whole German maneuver might be stopped.

Accordingly I asked the French Air Division if they could assist me in such an operation. They replied immediately by sending 322 airplanes in a single formation carrying thirty-nine tons of bombs to attack this place.

Our Aviation redoubled its efforts along the front of our troops and against the German supply points that we had been attacking before.

The great air formation flew right over our whole army on this beautiful clear day. I had to act so quickly that I had no time to inform General Pershing or the staff of this attack; so when it approached I ran over to the General's headquarters and showed him and his staff officers this marvelous picture as the airplanes passed over. I then went back to the airdrome and got in my airplane to see the effect of the air attack against Damvillers, and also to look over the position of our own air forces along our front.

The French had thrown down thirty-nine tons of bombs on the Damvillers area, causing numerous fires and the destruction of some of the roads and railways in that vicinity. They blew up several ammunition dumps, hit a troop concentration in a wood, and caused heavy losses to the Germans.

They had numerous air combats with the Germans, as a result of which they shot down twelve German airplanes in flames and returned to our side of the line without the loss of a single ship.

A view of this attack is impossible to describe. Squadron after squadron of Bréguet bombers flying in V formation at about 12,000 feet went straight to their objective. On each side of them and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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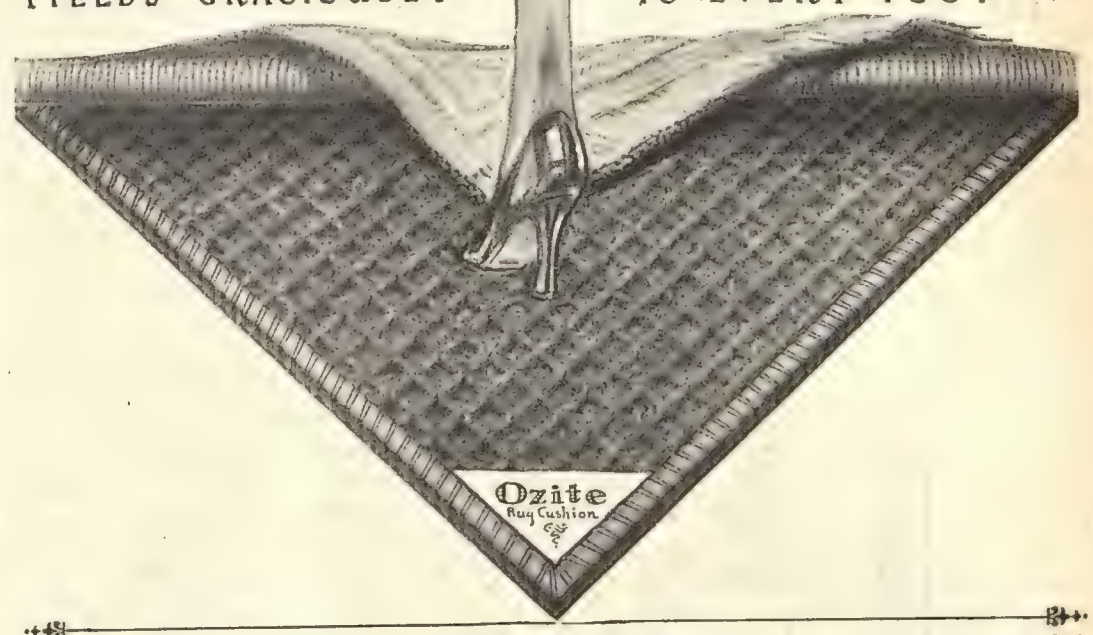

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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY Continued from Page Forty-three]

above and below hovered small single-seater airplanes for their protection.

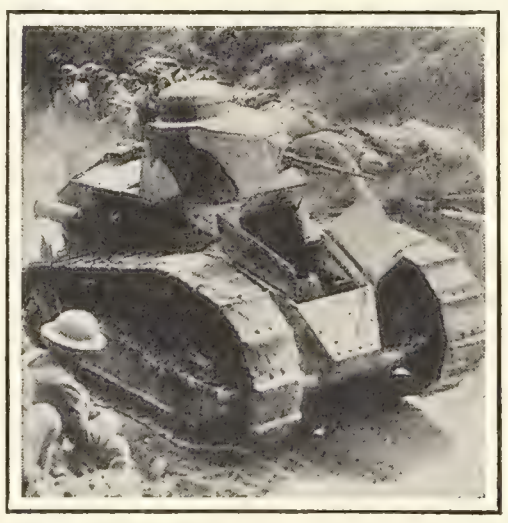
As they arrived over the target the leading squadron of from fifteen to eighteen airplanes dropped all of its bombs at once. As each airplane carried about ten bombs, this meant 150 bombs to each discharge. As the bombs struck the ground terrific explosions and detonations took place which we could easily hear up in the air. Within a minute after the first squadron attacked, the second one attacked, and so on until twelve squadrons had delivered their bombs.

While this was going on, sixty German pursuit planes were attempting in every way to get at the bombers. They came down from the direction of the sun in a succession of groups of from ten to fifteen airplanes each; the French pursuit aviation handled them beautifully. Whenever they came within reach they were set upon by about three French airplanes to one of the Germans'.

Individual combats were taking place all around the bombardment ships, above, below, and on each side of them, but not one bombardment plane was shot down, nor was a pursuit plane lost on the enemy side of the lines; whereas we received official credit for twelve enemy planes shot down.

DURING the night of October 9 the British Aviation threw down forty-two tons of bombs, which gave a grand total of eighty-one tons of bombs thrown down within twenty-four hours on the enemy's side of the line.

All of this hammering was having a great effect on the Germans. Reports were coming in from prisoners which showed that we were destroying numbers of their airplanes and making such holes in their airdromes that they constantly had to make new ones. After each of our attacks the German machines returning at night would find holes big enough to smash their planes directly in the middle of their supposedly good flying fields.



One of the famous whippet tanks on its way to the front.

One day I wandered into General Bullard's headquarters. He was very busy, as usual. I explained to him that his troops were not using their air service sufficiently: that the artillery would not ask for an airplane before they began a certain shoot, but would wait until after they got into position and be ready to shoot, and then would think an airplane ought to appear by divine providence. General Bullard called in his aide and directed him to send out a very strong message on this subject to all commanders.

My old friend General Brewster, the Inspector General, was present,

A. E. F. artillery in action during the Argonne fighting.

and was chuckling at our conversation. At the end of it General Bullard said, "Mitchell, there is an enemy balloon right opposite me which sees everything we are doing and I wish you would shoot it down." I replied that I would do so at once.

AS a matter of fact, I already had ordered an attack on this balloon some hours before and I knew that the airplanes would be there within a few minutes. I called up the First Pursuit Group and asked Hartney when the attack would begin and he said that they were about to start.

An attack against a balloon requires considerable preparation and cannot be done on the spur of the moment. The balloon has to be located, has to be approached from different directions, several feints have to be made so as to draw off the hostile pursuit aviation, and then the main attack is launched from an unexpected direction so as to surprise them.

I did not tell General Bullard about these preparations, but I did tell him to watch in the direction of the balloon in about one-half hour and he would see a big column of smoke appear. I left his headquarters, and had hardly gone back a mile along the road when over us came the flights of the First Pursuit Group on the balloon mission. Within a few minutes afterward the German balloon was in flames and a great column of smoke was ascending into the sky.

I had hardly reached my headquarters when General Bullard called me up and congratulated me. I told my staff and the First Pursuit Group about what had happened and we laughed heartily about it. General Bullard to this day thinks that we organized the attack and shot down the balloon after he requested it.

A day or two after this, Martin Egan, the veteran newspaper correspondent, came to my headquarters, and I took him around with me to the various pursuit and bombardment groups as I inspected them. I am always glad to take men of his caliber with me. He

has great breadth of view and not only observes things but reasons out what it is all about.

It is strange how very few officers of the ground army ever come near our airdromes. Even the chiefs of staff and commanding generals are seldom seen upon them. When they do come they know almost nothing about them and do not seem to want to learn. The whole flying game is so far beyond them that they know it is impossible for them to learn it, and therefore attempt to hide their ignorance by a lot of bombastic talk and bluff to cover it up.

I had a long conference with General Pershing on October 17. We discussed the formation of aviation for the group of armies. I also proposed to him that in the spring of 1919, when I would have a great force of bombardment airplanes, he assign one of the infantry divisions permanently to the Air Service, preferably the First Division; that we arm the men with a great number of machine guns and train them to go over the front in our large airplanes, which would carry ten or fifteen of these soldiers each.

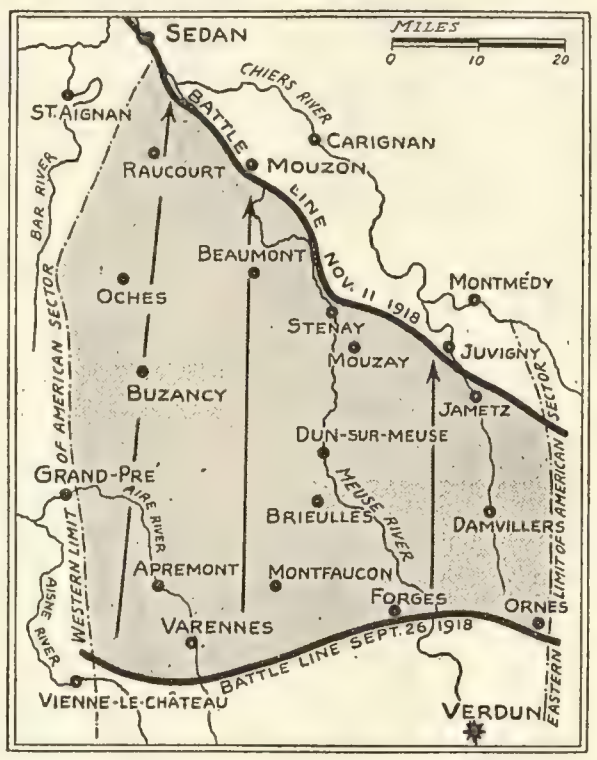
We could equip each man with a parachute, so that when we desired to make a rear attack on the enemy we could carry these men over the lines and drop them off in parachutes behind the German position. They could assemble at a prearranged strong point and fortify it. We could supply them by aircraft with food and ammunition.

Our low flying attack aviation would then cover every road in their vicinity, both day and night, so as to prevent the Germans falling on them until they could thoroughly organize the position.

Then we could attack the Germans from the rear, aided by an attack from our army on the front, and support the whole maneuver with our great air force.

Tanks have proved themselves to be the instrument par excellence in advancing over the ground, and I want to see just as great a development of this arm by the army as it is possible to make.

If we can get well to the rear of the enemy with our air forces and have tanks jump on them in front, we will come pretty near to destroying the German Army.



Map shows the Meuse-Argonne battle fronts September 26 to November 11, 1918. The shaded area shows the ground gained by the A. E. F. in its greatest battle of the World War.

ONE of the battalions of the Seventy-seventh Division became detached from it and was surrounded by Germans in the Argonne Forest. It was commanded by Major Whittlesey. I ordered chocolate and concentrated food and ammunition dropped off to it. Our pilots thought they had located it from the panels that it showed, and they dropped off considerable supplies.

The battalion held out and rejoined its command, but I found that they had received none of the supplies we had dropped off, but that the Germans had made up a panel like theirs and our men had calmly dropped off the food to the Germans.

In his article next week General Mitchell describes the final fighting before the Armistice and also pictures the way Paris received the news that peace had come.

The PAUPER

Millions are reduced to poverty of health by a condition that can usually be prevented

EVEN though he have the wealth of King Midas himself, the man is a pauper who has lost his health.

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"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Answers will be found on page eighty

1—What is the birth stone for May?

2—What is the Sejm?

3—Who was called the Good Gray Poet?

4—With what peoples are the following musical instruments chiefly associated: balalaika, marimba, samisen?

5—What is a palindrome?

6—Locate the following universities by States: Vanderbilt, Notre Dame, Baylor, Washington and Lee, Lehigh.

7—From what is the following quoted: "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread"?

8—What is an anchoret?

9—What is the capital of Persia?

10—To what country does Java belong?

11—What is the Rosetta Stone?

12—Where are the Selkirk Mountains?

13—What wedding anniversary is celebrated as the Crystal Wedding?

14—What is solmization?

15—What bone is called the patella?

16—Does any part of Asia extend south of the equator?

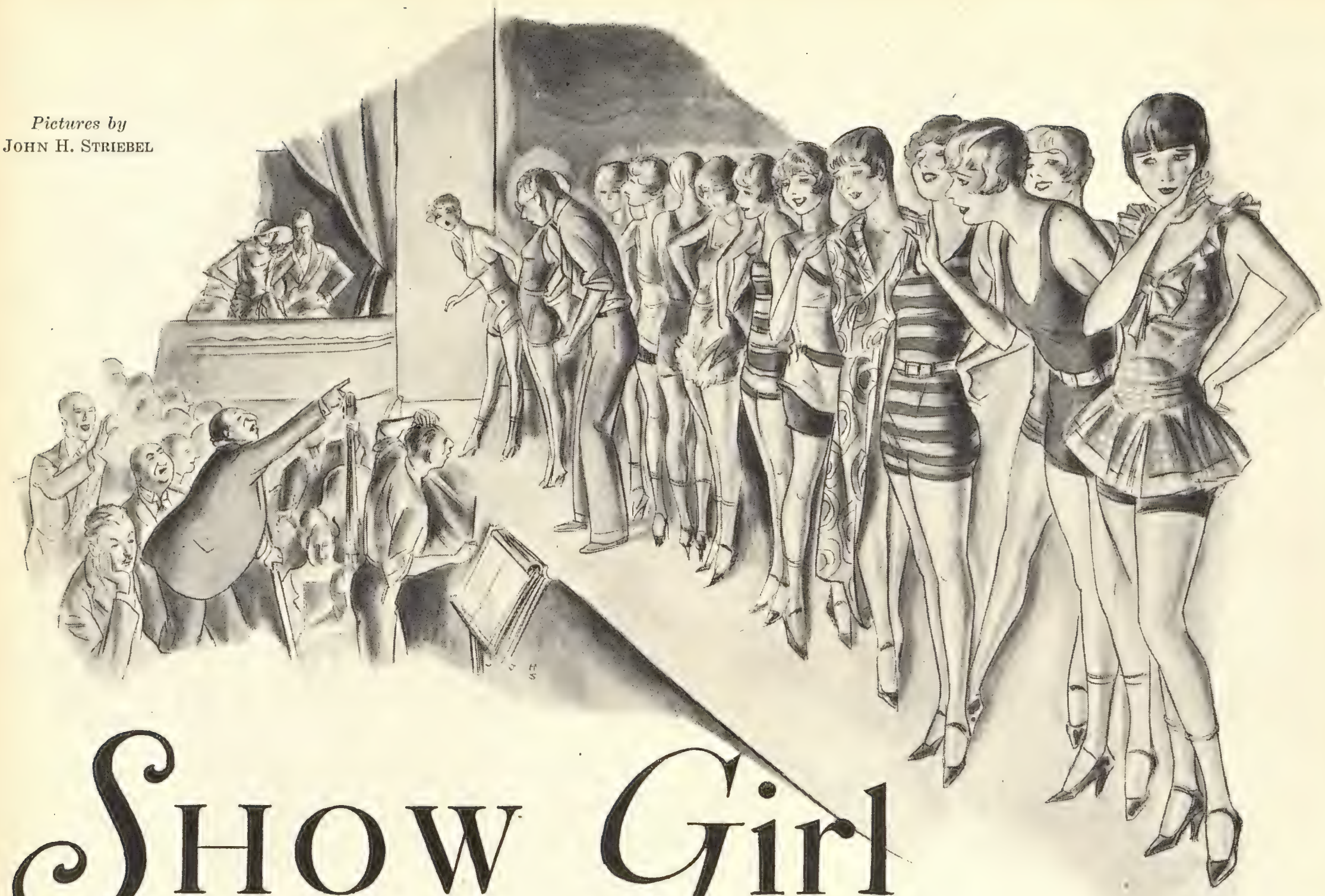
17—Which of the following States extends farthest north: Utah, Nebraska, Nevada?

18—What is the unit of currency of Siam?

19—What is the cantle of a saddle?

20—What is the usual nickname for the State of Delaware?

Pictures by
JOHN H. STRIEBEL



SHOW GIRL

Dixie's Dress Rehearsal Is a Panic

By J. P. McEVOY

(Reading time: 15 minutes 27 seconds.)

[WHO'S WHO, AND WHY: We're now let in on the dress rehearsal of Get Your Girl, a musical comedy starring Dixie Dugan. Dixie was a New York night-club dancer until she got mixed up in a stabbing affray wherein Jack Milton, wealthy broker, was the victim. Then she flew into fame on the wings of notoriety. Milton, who loves her, is financing the piece. Jimmy Doyle, a reporter who ditto, wrote it. Messrs. Kibbitzer and Eppus are the producers. Ready? Let's go.]

PART NINE
DRESS REHEARSAL

SCENE: Apollo Theater, Boardwalk, Atlantic City. (It is 8:30 P. M., and the stage is full of electricians, carpenters, property men, scenery, props, and advisers. Every member of the company had been individually notified that he, she, or it, as the case might be, could not bring anyone to the rehearsal, positively and absolutely. In consequence, there is no one sitting out in front except each girl's mother, her girl friend, her boy friend, her girl friend's boy friend, and her girl friend's boy friend's uncle from Des Moines.

Also there are performers from the night clubs who don't go on until midnight; representatives of the music publisher who is stuck for the orchestrations unless there is a hit; scouts from the ticket agencies; performers week-ending in Atlantic City, full of good wishes and conflicting advice; and, lost somewhere in this shuffle, the author, the composer, the scenic designer, the book director, the dance director, three backers, and the producers, Kibbitzer and Eppus. We're off!

KIBBITZER: (*Yelling from first row.*) Hey! You up there on the stage. Hey, there! Mike! Joe! Jumping Judas—where is that stage manager? Joe!

VOICES: (*Taking it up.*) Joe! . . . Oh, Joe! . . . Where's Joe? Hey, Pete, seen Joe?

KIBBITZER: Well, get Mike for me.

MIKE (*Assistant Stage Manager*): Yes, Mr. Kibbitzer?

KIBBITZER: What's the matter up there? Why aren't you set and ready?

MIKE: We're doing the best we can, Mr. Kibbitzer. We've been trying to fix that pink baby spot.

EPPUS: To hell with the pink baby spot. Get that stage clear. Set the opening and let's start. We'll be here all night!

JOE (*Stage Manager*): Somebody looking for me?

KIBBITZER: Now, look here, Joe. Stand by there so we'll have you when we need you. Are the girls ready for the opening?

JOE: The girls are all ready, but the costumes haven't come yet.

"What's the matter up there? Why aren't you set and ready?"

EPPUS: Well, where the devil are they? Go and find out who is taking care of that.

KIBBITZER: Come back here. Get that stage clear and we'll do the opening without costumes. Call all the girls on the stage.

JOE: (*Shouting off stage.*) Everybody on stage for the opening number. Come as you are.

VOICES: Opening number. . . . Everybody on the stage. . . . On the stage. . . . Opening number. . . . Come as you are. . . . Hurry up!

(*Crowd of pretty young things in kimonos, bath robes, bathing suits, and pink underwear struggles through mob of carpenters, electricians, and property men.*)

KIBBITZER: Come on, come on! We'll be here all night. Hurry up. Line up in your positions. . . . Who's missing?

EPPUS: That isn't all the girls. Where's the rest of them?

JOE: Well, some of them haven't shown up yet. They missed the train.

LITTLE BLONDE: (*Stepping forward.*) Lorraine called up, Mr. Kibbitzer, and said she would be on the next train. She was awfully sorry.

EPPUS: She'll be a damn sight sorrier when she gets here. Who's next to you over there? . . . (*No answer.*) . . . You with the black hair!

FIFTEEN VOICES: Yes, sir?

EPPUS: Hey, you over there. You! What's your name? Joe! Who the devil's missing over there?

JOE: That's Irene's place, Mr. Eppus. She's lying down.

EPPUS: The hell you say! Looks to me like

you're all lying down tonight. I suppose we better let everybody sit down and take it easy until she's had a rest. What the devil do you think we're paying a thousand dollars an hour here for?

JOE: Yes, sir.

KIBBITZER: Stop that hammering back there!

STAGE CARPENTER: (*Advancing slowly and menacingly.*) What did you say?

JOE: Mr. Kibbitzer wants you to stop that hammering.

STAGE CARPENTER: Yeh, and who is Mr. Kibbitzer?

JOE: Why, he's the owner of this show.

STAGE CARPENTER: Yeh, well, he don't own much. Of all the cheap, lousy building I ever saw! Every time you touch a flat it falls apart.

JOE: Well, stop that hammering.

KIBBITZER: Hurry up and get your work done and get off the stage. We'll be here all night!

STAGE CARPENTER: *(Peering over footlights to locate direction of voice.)* And who are you?

KIBBITZER: I'm Mr. Kibbitzer.

STAGE CARPENTER: Listen, big boy. If you think you can do this job any better than I can, come up here and do it.

EPPUS: You're through. Get your money.

STAGE CARPENTER: Boys, did you hear that? We're through. Come on.

(All work stops like magic, as entire crew starts to walk out.)

JOE: Hey! Wait a minute. Wait a minute!

KIBBITZER: Hey, my God, you can't do that. Stop them, Joe.

(Joe patches it up after an hour's parley, during which entire cast stands around in full make-up, waiting patiently.)

EPPUS: *(Running up and down the aisle.)* Can't we be doing something?

KIBBITZER: Looks to me like we did. If you want to bawl someone out, bawl out the cast and lay off that union labor.

JIMMY DOYLE *(the Author, no less):* Oh, Mr. Kibbitzer, have you got a minute?

KIBBITZER: No. What is it? Hey, you girls up there—go and sit down some place. No, you can't come out here.

EPPUS: Yes, you can. Get off that stage.

KIBBITZER: Stay where you are a minute. Walk that opening number. Let's have some music.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: I haven't got the opening number. The orchestration hasn't come yet.

COMPOSER: You told me you were bringing it with you.

"Cut out that apartment scene."

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: What are you talking about? You didn't write it until the day before yesterday.

COMPOSER: Well, the first one I wrote was good enough. If you hadn't bellyached so much, we'd have that.

EPPUS: Well, now that you boys have that all settled, what are we going to use for music in the opening?

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: Search me! I've got the old opening here. Come on, boys. The first opening. Let's go!

DANCE DIRECTOR: Hey, wait a minute. Stop —stop that music! What's the big idea?

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: What's the big idea yourself?

"Gee, I'm dead! . . . Oh, boy, What a bed!"

DANCE DIRECTOR: You can't use that music. I did a whole new routine for that new opening.

KIBBITZER: Well, we're going back to the old routine!

JIMMY DOYLE: Say, you can't use that old routine. We went all over that yesterday. It finishes full stage. How am I going to get into that apartment scene from a full stage without that time in front?

DANCE DIRECTOR: Who the hell cares how you get into your apartment scene? It's no good anyway.

KIBBITZER: Cut out that apartment scene.

JOE: Strike the apartment!

(And that is the cue for Dixie Dugan to come to life. The little apartment scene is one of her pet numbers. She has rehearsed it for four weeks.)

DIXIE: Oh, Mr. Kibbitzer. The apartment scene isn't out, is it?

KIBBITZER: Yes; we can't make the change. We'll put something else in that spot for you. Hey, Jimmy! Write another scene for this spot. Something in one.

DIXIE: Aren't you going to leave it in for the dress rehearsal even?

KIBBITZER: Didn't you hear me say it was out?

JIMMY DOYLE: Well, I'm not going to write a new scene for that spot!

DIXIE: Well, if I can't have that scene I don't want to be in the show. You can have my notice right now.

KIBBITZER: Joe, take Miss Dugan's notice.

DIXIE: And, what's more, I'm catching the train back to New York tonight.

EPPUS: Hey, wait a minute. You can't do that! You can't walk out on a dress rehearsal like that.

DIXIE: Well, if you're cutting out everything I do, what's the use of me staying here? Just to be near the ocean?

KIBBITZER: Let her quit if she wants to.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Can this machine *read minds?*

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SHOW GIRL

[Continued from Page Forty-seven]

EPPUS: (*Pulling Kibbitzer down close to him.*) Don't be a fool. If she walks out, Jack Milton won't kick in another nickel. And we're going to take it on the chin for five thousand down here this week.

KIBBITZER: We gotta hit. If you had any sense you'd freeze Milton out now.

EPPUS: Well, I think we got a flop, and it isn't honest to freeze Milton out of it.

KIBBITZER: Where is he? I thought he was coming down here.

EPPUS: He's over at the Ritz. He'll be here any minute, and you know as well as I do if you get gay with Dixie he'll walk right out and take our other backers with him.

KIBBITZER: Maybe you're right.

EPPUS: Oh, Miss Dugan. You don't care where the apartment scene is, so long as it's in, do you?

DIXIE: You can throw it in the alley, for all I care.

KIBBITZER: Oh, we all like it, and we like you in it; but it's too early in the show.

DIXIE: It isn't too early if it's out, is it?

KIBBITZER: Who said it was out? We're just moving it, that's all. It's out of the first act. That's what I meant. See? You misunderstood me.

JIMMY DOYLE: Well, I'd just like to know where you're going to put it in the second act!

EPPUS: Just stick around; I'll show you.

JOE: The costumes are here for the opening.

EPPUS: Go on, girls; hurry up. Get ready for the opening.

JOE: Hurry up, kids; step on it.

KIBBITZER: For the time being, we'll leave the apartment scene where it was.

DANCE DIRECTOR: Well, then, I have to change the routine again.

KIBBITZER: Is that all right with you, Miss Dugan?

DIXIE: All I want to know is whether it's in or out.

KIBBITZER: It's in.

DIXIE: Okay.

EPPUS: Say, are we going to have a rehearsal tonight? Come on with those lights. Who's lighting this show anyway?

DESIGNER: I'm supposed to be lighting it.

EPPUS: Well, get busy! Light it.

DESIGNER: Well, set it first. Get all those people off the stage so you can see what the scenery looks like.

EPPUS: I can tell without clearing the stage. Looks cheesy.

DESIGNER: (*Defensively.*) Well, you'll see it will look different with the lights on.

KIBBITZER: It's the damnedest looking scenery I ever saw.

EPPUS: Give us a pink flood and take the blues out of the foots.

JOE: (*Shouting to spotlight men.*) A pink flood!

VOICE: What?

JOE: A pink flood. . . . No, not blue—Pink. . . . P-i-n-k—Pink!

DESIGNER: Terrible.

KIBBITZER: More pink. Can't we have more pink? Where's your borders?

DESIGNER: My God, you don't want pink on the set!

EPPUS: Well, let's try the blue again. Give us all the blues you got.

JOE: Bring up your blues. . . . Hey—A blue flood. . . . Blue!

ELECTRICIAN: What?

JOE: A blue flood—B-l-u-e.

ELECTRICIAN: You said pink.

JOE: I know I did.

ELECTRICIAN: Well, make up your mind. What is it? Blue or pink?

JOE: Blue!

DESIGNER: Swell.

EPPUS: I like the pink better. Change it back to pink.

KIBBITZER: The way you had it before, Joe.

JOE: Kill the blues . . . bring up the pinks. . . . Hey—change that flood to pink. . . . Come on, come on! . . . What are you waiting for?

ELECTRICIAN: Waiting for you to make up your mind.

KIBBITZER: Come on, come on! Let's get started on this rehearsal. We'll be here all night!

VOICES: Heads up. . . . Look out for that drop. . . . Move it yourself. . . . It's not in my department. . . . Give us a working light here. . . . Get those trunks out of these wings or we'll throw them in the alley. . . . Joe. . . . Mike. . . . More pink in the borders. . . . Oh, Mr. Kibbitzer. . . . Oh, Mr. Eppus. . . . Everybody stand by for the opening number. . . . Opening number. . . . Bring down that house curtain. . . . Take it up. . . . Bring it down. . . . Leave it there. . . . Say, what the blankety-blank plup—plup—plup—

. . . . .

IT is 7 A. M. the following morning, and Dixie Dugan has just staggered in from the dress rehearsal. Her sister Nita, who has come down to Atlantic City to be with her for the week, is drowsing in the other bed. Dixie is pacing up and down, wild eyed, overwrought, and hysterical from excitement and fatigue.

DIXIE: Do you really think it's going to be all right? . . . Do you really? . . . I'm so frightened. . . .

Gee, I'm dead! . . . If I could only sleep! . . . Seven o'clock in the morning, and rehearsing since eight last night, and there's a call for eleven o'clock. . . . Four hours' sleep—if I *can* sleep! . . . Milton wants to give me a party tonight after the opening. . . . I bet I fall asleep at the table. . . . Am I dead! . . . He left about two. . . . Said I was going to be great. . . . Do you think I am? . . . I'm so panicked. . . . Oh, if I don't go over I'll just die! . . . And they keep changing the numbers and switching things around. . . . Was that a madhouse? . . . You should have heard Jimmy and Eppus go to it this morning. . . . About three or four—I don't know. . . . Gee, you'da popped. . . . Eppus wanted to put some ducks in the show. . . . Said they'd look like swans from out front. . . . Nobody'd know the difference. . . . Wanted to tie their legs together

and anchor them in a real pool of water in the garden scene. . . . Well, you'da died! . . . The ducks didn't know what it was all about. . . . The minute the orchestra started up they got panicked and started flapping their wings. . . . In three minutes that stage was so wet a fish would have drowned. . . . Then I was supposed to come out and lead that hot number. . . . On a wet stage, mind you. . . . Well, we all landed on our ears. . . . One of the girls turned her ankle. . . . She'll be out tonight. . . . What a break! . . . Gee, I'm dead. . . . You wouldn't mind working; but the sitting around and standing and waiting while Eppus argues with Kibbitzer, and the musical director fights with the composer. . . . And everybody else yelling and the girls weeping and fainting. . . . Poor Jimmy! . . . They sure did swarm all over him. . . . What's the use of my going to bed? I can't sleep. . . . If I only had a drink! . . . Milton gave me a couple of drinks early in the evening out of his

"If I can't have that scene I don't want to be in the show. You can have my notice right now."

flask, and Jimmy hit the roof. . . . He's all right now. . . . He walked back here with me. . . . Gee, he's a sweet kid! . . . I hope it goes over, for his sake. . . . Do you think I'll be all right in it? . . . I'm so worried. . . . And that pink dress I'm wearing in the first-act finale. . . . Well, I cried when I saw what they had done with it. . . . I looked that big around in it. . . . What's the use of my going to bed? I got to be at the theater at eleven. . . . At five o'clock this morning we were all staggering around in our sleep. . . . And Kibbitzer yelling "Come on, come on, we'll be here all night!" . . . Milton's giving me a party tonight after the show. . . . I haven't told Jimmy yet. . . . Gee, I don't know what to do! . . . After all, if it wasn't for Milton I wouldn't have this chance. . . . Maybe Jimmy won't care. . . . Sometimes I can't figure him out. . . . Guess I'm falling in love or something. . . . Isn't that dumb? . . . Gee, I'm dead! . . . Oh, boy, what a bed! . . . I'll just sleep like this. . . . Take my slippers off—that's a good kid. . . . Gee, it's swell to have a sister like you. . . . Where have you been all my life? . . . Guess I will slip off this dress. . . . Help me with it, will you? . . . Oh—oh, my feet hurt! . . . Yeh, they were going to stretch my shoes. . . . Promised faithfully. . . . They're always going to do something for you in this outfit. . . . "Yes, Miss Dugan." . . . "Sure, Miss Dugan." . . . "Don't you worry about it—everything's going to be all right." . . . They yes you to death. . . . Gee, the sun is shining in the window! . . . What time is it, anyway? . . . Can't you stop that darn ocean outside? . . . I think I'll get up and go out and swim. . . . Gee, I'm dead! . . . You know what Milton said? . . . Said I was so sweet he could eat me. . . . I'd give him the darnedest case of indigestion. . . . I can't stand him. . . . Sometimes he's all right. . . . But I got to be nice to him, I guess. . . . I wish Jimmy would say that to me. . . . You know what he said? . . . He said, "Some day I'll break your damn neck." . . . Gee, it was sweet to hear him say that. . . . I wish he would. . . . He can break my neck any day. . . . Gee, I'm dead! . . . And I got to be at that theater in a couple of hours. . . . Jimmy's going to take me down there. . . . Said I could eat breakfast with him at Child's. . . . I could eat a horse with Jimmy. . . . Gee, he's a sweet kid! . . . Gee, I'm tired! . . . . . "I'll break your damn neck." . . . . . Jimmy. . . . . Sweet boy. . . . . Sweet . . . . . .

We now approach the big night—the crowded hour in Dixie Dugan's life. But before that—remember Denny? Well, watch what he does in the next installment.

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a WARNING to WOMEN who wear Tight Hats

BOBBED hair has created a vogue of close fitting hats—and physicians say that tight hats are probably responsible for much of the baldness among men.

HERE are two simple rules for keeping your hair vigorously healthy in spite of the injurious effect of tight hats.

1. Keep the scalp clean! Shampoo regularly with Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. Made from pure crude and pine tar oils, it cleanses deep down to the hair roots yet does not leave the hair harsh or dry.

2. Massage and brush the hair vigorously every day. Once or twice a week saturate the scalp with Wildroot Hair Tonic. This reliable tonic stops dandruff, invigorates the hair roots and leaves the scalp antiseptically clean. The most widely used hair tonic in the world.

YOU can't start these treatments too soon. Invest in these two bottles today. Wildroot hair preparations may be obtained at drug stores, barber shops and hair dressers' everywhere.

WILDROOT

HAIR TONIC TAROLEUM SHAMPOO

The Doctor Calls

Spending the Morning with Lil's Oldest Friend

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

DR. HOWARD, the Morse family's doctor, was out making his morning professional calls.

It was exactly 10:30, and he was stalled in the center of Main Street's traffic. The kindly man, who always varied between green, red, and white neckties, and usually carried around a food spot or two upon his lapel, had been the last person in town to give up his horse and buggy. So it was quite natural that traffic should send him into periodic panics.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear!" he smiled at the traffic cop. Then a car behind gave him a push—and off he went!

Dr. Howard had retained his old habit of tongue-and-teeth clucks to make the horse go, and still carried an old whip tucked in back of an emergency can of gas! But most of the neighborhood still felt that mumps wouldn't be mumps or children wouldn't be born unless Dr. Howard was on hand.

Being Saturday, he was giving his grandson a free ride about town. This eight-year-old imp usually celebrated Saturdays with cut fingers, a black eye, or a knocked-out front tooth. So it was safer for Dr. Howard to take him riding.

"Stop to buy me a baseball, grampa?" he was asking.

"Don't tease, Pete," the doctor said. "Here's a horehound drop!" And he spun around a corner, just missing a pushcart.

Waiting for traffic, he examined his little black book: There were colds at 105 State Street and 64 Garden Place. Jaundice had invaded 17 Elm Court, and 78 Clinton Street had pink eye. There was a broken leg at 22 Park Street, and fevers at four different addresses. A two-day-old infant was gracing a two-by-four flat with the colic, and the minister's cook had high blood pressure.

Then, too, Mrs. Sandford Jenkins had sent for him.

"Take me to the baseball game this afternoon, grampa?" Pete coaxed, nearly choking on his horehound candy.

"Yes, yes, yes!" he answered absent-mindedly, forgetting he wasn't at home agreeing with his wife for the sake of domestic peace. "If I can get the crocus bulbs transplanted in time to go," he added.

He left licorice root at the colds, and a-glass-of-water-every-thirty-minutes order. The jaundice got a prescription; so did the pink eye. A new bandage and a joke book pepped up the broken leg; and rock candy helped out two of the fevers; the others were given castor oil with sarsaparilla.

It was now 11:30—more than an hour before lunch. So Dr. Howard treated his grandson to a chocolate ice-cream soda and had one himself—with a helpful dash of peppermint.

He then called upon the two-day-old baby and gave its mother some advice. The minister's cook was fixed up with a vial of little white pills.

Lil was spending the day at her mother's. She'd just made up her mind to call up the doctor again, when his 1924 model jerked up at the front gate. He was her oldest friend, having first met her when she weighed eight pounds.

"Now, just stop your worrying," he told her after an old-fashioned chat. "Everything is going to turn out beautifully."

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Wanted—A Diplomat

One morning the two little daughters of a friend of ours were slow about dressing for breakfast. Finally the father spoke to them in a stern voice, admonishing them to get dressed at once. The older child obeyed him, but the smaller one went on with her play. The older one asked:

"Martha, didn't you hear what daddy said?"

Six-year-old Martha answered, "Yes, but I don't understand bear talk."—Helen L. Perea, 124 Cynisca St., Waxahachie, Tex.

A Slave Driver

Mildred, who is just learning to count, began quite proudly counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on up to 39, and stopped. Her father, thinking she needed a little prompting, suggested 40. On she went to 49 and stopped again. "Fifty," prompted her father. Wearily she counted on to 59 and, with a long sigh, said, "I want to stop!"

"Well, why don't you, then?" smiled her mother.

"I can't," she wailed. "Daddy won't let me."—Mrs. R. L. Fulk, 2216 Casey Ave., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Next Week—

An adventurous writer's thrilling experiences while cruising and diving in a submarine. Don't miss

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By NORMAN S. HALL

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By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

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Does Beauty Pay?

The Business of Being a Show Girl as One of Them Sees It

By Grace Robinson

(Reading time: 13 minutes 27 seconds.)

BEAUTY may not be essential to a stage career, but it's a mighty handy attribute if the silver feet of your hopes are set toward Broadway and stardom.

For Ruth Katherine Patterson it meant a job, fame, a large salary at a single bound. No going wearily from one producer to another while one's rouge deadens on one's cheeks and one's lip paint slowly but surely dissolves into the luncheon soda.

Ruth rose from a litter of schoolbooks and French verbs into the dazzle of Broadway as suddenly and as gorgeously as Aphrodite rose from the sea. One day she was a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl, studying with the black-habited nuns in the Blessed Sacrament Academy in New York City.

The next day she was the winner in a beauty contest conducted by the New York *Daily News*. A few days after that Florenz Ziegfeld made her an offer to go into one of his productions.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Russell Patterson, were delighted. But they were hard-headed, sensible persons. The stage was all very well, and their daughter, they admitted, was a lovely creature. But, after all, they had to live with this young Venus, and these parents weren't going to have a blonde moron on their hands.

So they insisted that she struggle along with theorems and English statesmen and French verbs until she finished her work at the academy. The contest was in August, 1926. She was graduated the following February, and immediately took the entrance examinations for Barnard College, which she passed creditably. This was the plan of action she had mapped out for herself long before she realized that she was the most beautiful girl in Greater New York.

Having shown that she wasn't a moron—because a girl with a one-cylinder mental equipment can't possibly matriculate at Barnard—Ruth abandoned her college plans for Broadway.

And now she is a full-fledged show girl. A super-show girl, in fact, since last summer at Atlantic City she was also named loveliest of the professional beauties that paraded in connection with the amateur Miss America Contest.

Alfred Cheney Johnston photo

WEARING one of her show-girl costumes.

Achille Volpe photo

THE blonde Ruth Katherine Patterson, whose beauty won her fame and a career.

THE pick of Broadway was there; all the big girl shows and the more important supper clubs having sent their best specimens of feminine pulchritude in competition for the diamond and sapphire wrist watch and the vaunted title of premier professional beauty.

Ruth's exquisite proportions provide part of the feast of beauty which Ziegfeld nightly offers New York in Marilyn Miller's show, Rosalie, at the New Amsterdam Theater. Ruth has been in the theatrical business only a year, and the wonder of it is still in her eyes.

After watching her for an evening in her dressing room, with frequent glimpses of the form that won top prize for figure in her first national competition, you wish that Heaven and your parents had made you a painter.

At other times you wish only for a supreme command of words that you might wax lyrical over this beauty. Again, you fancy the girl

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

At home too— Eyes should be Charming

IT'S the impression of you he takes with him when he leaves in the morning, which either hurries him home at the end of day—or sends him "to the club" for the evening.

Eyes made into lovely shadowy pools of mystery, by a subtle fringe of long, dark, curling lashes, give just the right impression. *They fascinate and invite.*

Lashes are instantly made to appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, and eyes are made to appear *larger* and more brilliant—by an easily applied touch of Maybelline. Millions of women know the magic of this delightful, harmless preparation. Do you?

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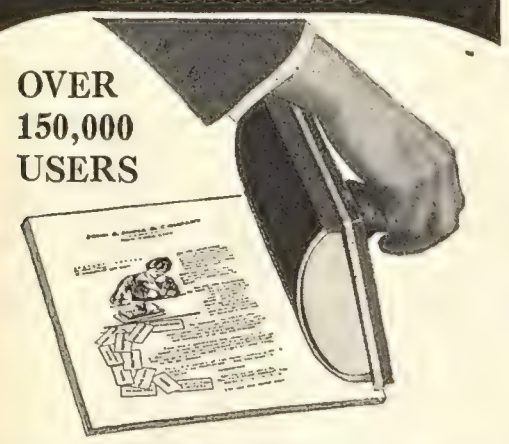

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[DOES BEAUTY PAY? Continued from Page Fifty-one]

should be expressed in music—in light, thin, golden arabesques of sound.

Then you gaze on the lean thighs and the perfect shoulders and the great width just below the temples, and you feel that only a sculptor could portray this goddess adequately.

But mostly you want to paint her, so as to catch the pale gold of the hair that curls without iron or permanent wave; the natural rose tint of the cheek; the blue eyes that reflect nothing but simplicity and goodness; the fine whiteness of the slim, fresh body.

Many artists have desired to re-create her on canvas. One wants to paint her as a marquise, with a white wig and silken bouffant skirts. Another says that she would be heavenly as *Elaine*—

> Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
> Elaine the lily maid of Astolat.

And what a *Juliet* she would make, with her yellow curls under a little cap, and her sweetly ardent eyes!

No, she should be a *Brünhilde*, with her fine blonde coloring and her splendid height—she stands 5 feet 9½ inches. Ruth must daily deny insistent assertions of her viking origin. She hasn't a drop of that Northern blood in her veins, so far as she knows.

"I pray to God that we will have a chance to paint a portrait of you!" cried one artist, who had waited several evenings to catch her as she left the theater.

AND so they clamor, these men who pass their lives in the quest of beauty, and to whom it is acute pain to be deprived of the chance to capture in pigments this youthful loveliness ere Broadway and its age-old point of view mar the perfection.

It is the point of view against which Father and Mother Patterson wage an hourly battle.

The point of view that says the girl should be permitted to accept invitations to late parties: "Why, young Mr. So-and-so will be there—his father is president of a railroad," urge Ruth's theatrical friends to Ruth's mother.

The point of view that ridicules Ruth for her lack of worldliness. "You know these show girls—they're out for money," Ruth confided, as she removed her make-up. "They often say to me: 'O-oo-oo, he's got a wonderful car. You're awfully dumb to refuse, Ruth.'"

The point of view that says every girl in this sophisticated age looks silly refusing a highball and a cigarette.

The point of view that asks what real harm can come of a little flirtation with one of the dapper men who wait at the stage door after the show.

Either her mother or father calls for her at 11:25 o'clock each night of the six which demand her presence at the theater. They escort her to their home in West Fifty-fifth Street.

As for men, the girl continues to go out with the boys her mother knows, those who were her friends before beauty contests made her famous. Bank clerks, young lawyers, youthful salesmen—taking out the famous Ruth Patterson, most beautiful show girl in New York. Envied by young bloods with expensive automobiles, and by their fathers, who are millionaires!

Alfred Cheney Johnston photo

Miss Patterson's tall, slender figure has been pronounced the perfect type.

WHEN Ruth was two and one-half years old she crossed the Atlantic on the maiden trip of the Olympic. While in Paris her mother took her to the Louvre. An artist who saw her there was enraptured with her wide face and her high cheek bones, and begged permission to paint her as the typical American child. The exigencies of travel prevented the making of the portrait.

When the *News* in 1926 started its annual contest to discover Greater New York's most beautiful girl and send her to the national competition at Atlantic City, Ruth's father slyly sent in his daughter's photograph. A few days later Ruth received a request to appear in the parade at Coney Island.

"On the morning of the appointed day," Ruth narrates, "I tried to back out. I told mother I didn't want to go—I was afraid it might be embarrassing."

She went, with her mother and a friend. Fifteen thousand rooting, cheering bathing-beauty fans went also, more wildly excited than any mad assemblage that ever watched a gridiron battle.

One hundred and fifty beautiful girls, wearing one-piece bathing suits and grouped on a raised platform, withstood the scrutiny of the judges. Ruth blushed and wanted to cry and run away from the wildly cheering throngs. On the side lines she saw her dad, flushed and hot under the August Coney Island sun.

He was cheering his daughter—in her scanty attire—as enthusiastically as though she were winning high honors in a Latin oratorical contest.

A committee representing the *News*, and two well known artists, Leslie Thrasher and W. T. Benda, declared Ruth the winner.

A tired, sunburned beauty returned to her parents' home that night, proudly displaying on her

soft wrist a hammered silver bracelet engraved, "Miss Greater New York."

But the Coney Island experience was as nothing compared to the mammoth festivities at Atlantic City, where she now represented the metropolis. These lasted a week. Seventy-three girls participated.

Three hundred thousand persons flocked to Atlantic City to see the beauties on parade, riding on floats, attending supper parties, dancing at balls and in all-night restaurants. Ruth saw the inside of a night club for the first time in her life. It was wonderful; a new world to the childish eyes that looked only to admire.

She was up until six in the morning—also for the first time in her life—and the chaperon advised her not to tell her mother. But she did, with the frankness that has characterized all her relations at home.

The girls were observed at all times. Their manners when conversing with men, their deportment at table, their behavior in the presence of older persons, all were noted. Finally the competition narrowed to fifteen.

Ballots were tossed into the golden apple, which was opened at midnight on the famous Million Dollar Pier, amid extravagant festivities. Ruth was third in the running.

SHE returned home with four cups awarded for various qualities, including the beautiful gold cup bestowed for the supreme merit of figure. This prize is almost as much coveted as the general first award carrying the title of Miss America.

Her bobbed hair had been against her, the judges informed her afterward. A short-haired girl had never been chosen for first place.

Then came the deluge of theatrical and movie offers, of proposals of marriage, of requests for posing, of notes from men seeking dates. For a time she received $300 a week from the Rivoli Theater in New York for appearing as the American Venus, the central figure in a presentation.

When she was offered $250 a week and all expenses for herself and her mother on the road, she declined.

Letters and telegrams continued to pour in. The one that amused her most was addressed simply to "Miss Patterson, Care of the Mayor of New York City."

Jimmy Walker's office force knew who was meant, and the letter was forwarded. It was from a military academy in Australia. The lads begged her to send them "lots of photos of yourself for our dormitories."

Last summer came her third and greatest triumph. Ziegfeld sent her to Pageant Week at Atlantic City to represent his show, Rio Rita.

Fifty of New York's most beautiful show girls competed against each other, as an added attraction to the annual selection of Miss America from nonprofessional beauties.

Ruth wore her white one-piece bathing attire—her good-luck suit, since it was the garment in which she was selected in the original *News* contest and thus thrust into national fame. Her hair was longer now, and she won first place; with Gladys Glad, another Ziegfeld girl, second; and Phyllis Loft, of the Earl Carroll Vanities, third.

THE young woman has kept her head despite all adulation. She is dipping light-heartedly into the profession that, besides joy, holds much of heartache and tears. But she appears to realize she can't always be a show girl. She must be more if she wishes to continue on the stage.

There have been plenty to warn her.

First of all there was Minna, veteran of the theater, now too tired and worn for the decorative rôles in the profession.

She worked as dresser to Ruth and the two beauties who shared her dressing room in Rio Rita, which was the young girl's real initiation into the glamorous life.

Let us shift back to the recent Rio Rita days.

As the pulchritudinous Ruth tells of her rosy hopes and high ambitions, Minna's lined face and sallow complexion form a grotesque contrast to the youthful beauty she serves. Minna is a plaintive overtone to the gay melody of these girls, exuberant in their consciousness of youth and beauty.

"Oh," bubbles Ruth, "I want to be a musical-comedy star. Marilyn Miller is my ideal."

Outside they are calling the first-act number. Ruth sweeps out, resplendent in a pink ruffled dress and a white mantilla.

"But it's hard work and lots of it—becoming a musical-comedy star," says Minna in her tired voice. "Three or four years' training is none too much. There is one time to start, and that's now. The career of a show girl is short. At twenty-eight she is done for, as a rule."

Faintly from downstairs comes the sweet music of violins, the shrill whistle of flutes. From the concrete corridor outside comes the laughter of chorus girls, their smart retorts to the jests of chorus men; all of them painted, gorgeously costumed, bantering, gay.

No wonder the soul of a youngster fresh from a convent, raised in a middle-class home, vibrates to this exotic new life.

Ruth is back. She must change now to the gorgeous silver lace

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HERE are the measurements that won Ruth Katherine Patterson many coveted beauty prizes and launched her on a stage career:

Neck, twelve inches; bust, thirty-four inches; upper arm, ten inches; forearm, nine inches; wrist, six inches; waist, twenty-six inches; hips, thirty-seven inches; thigh, twenty-one inches; calf, thirteen and one-half inches; ankle, eight and one-half inches; weight, 126½ pounds; height, in stocking feet, five feet nine and one-half inches.

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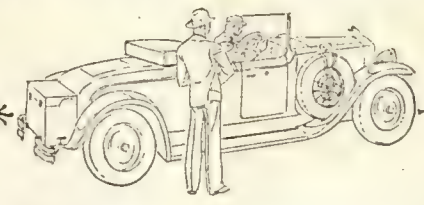

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[DOES BEAUTY PAY? Continued from Page Fifty-three]

gown, cut to her knees in front, with a long train behind. Under it goes a pair of silk trunks.

The skirt is form tight and transparent almost to the hips. Only a superb figure could wear it. Ruth is superb—and slender.

"But they don't keep their figures," laments Minna in her hollow tones. "They get fat. Did you see me squeezing Mariette into her gown? I could hardly hook her up. She eats a quart of ice cream a day and pays ten dollars twice a week for reducing exercises."

Ruth's last costume is a glittering affair consisting of a little white net garment resembling a one-piece bathing suit, with an enormous headdress of sapphire blue ostrich feathers, and a train yards and yards long. As she whitens her legs she relates her first troubles—the troubles that beset many delicately skinned blondes—make-up troubles.

"Even now the powder shrivels my skin. But at first I had make-up poisoning. My eyes were half closed. Little broken veins came in my face.

"I gave up grease paint and substituted a thin liquid powder. The footlights burn my eyes even now, and make them bloodshot. I have to take great care of them."

The skin, the eyes, the slimness—they are everything. They must be made to last.

But Ruth is harkening to the warning voices. She has adopted the stage for her permanent love, she says, and in her spare time is cultivating a naturally strong soprano voice. She has also had considerable dancing instruction since her footlight début.

On the street she uses no make-up except rice powder. No corselet, no brassière alter those exquisite proportions. She has no ugliness at the elbows, none of the grooming worries that vex other girls. She washes her hair herself—once a week, with Castile soap—and brushes it when she thinks of it.

A little swimming—not too much—has made her figure taut. She rides horseback and plays tennis, or did before she became a show girl and renounced the pleasures of the country.

RUTH has never been engaged or even seriously interested in a man. At present her attitude toward the sex is one of amusement at its idolatry of her, and astonishment at male tactics.

"Why, mamma," she remarked recently, "they seem to think a girl should go out with them just because they ask her. Aren't they conceited?"

Her mother sees that Ruth gets to bed not later than 1 A. M. In the morning there is no sluggish oversleeping. Ruth rises at 9 o'clock by preference.

Her breakfast is simple: orange juice, oatmeal, toasted protein bread, and cocoa or milk. Around 1:30 P. M. she lunches on a fruit salad, a scrambled egg, and a glass of milk, or some other simple combination. If she is not hungry enough for lunch, she drinks a large glass of orange juice.

At night she partakes liberally of broiled steak, baked potatoes, spinach or string beans, a salad, and rice pudding or ice cream. This menu is varied slightly, but always includes a hearty meat course.

This girl with the prize-winning complexion has never tasted a particle of fried food. She never eats fish, and never touches pie or French pastry. She has never smoked a cigarette.

As a child she had stomach trouble, which her mother corrected by meticulous supervision of her diet.

WE have an idea of the physical composition of this beauteous creature. Now, biologically, racially, what is she? Henceforth believe that beauty is the out-and-out gift of the gods. Observing Ruth's parents, one finds no explanation of this girl's viking loveliness. She is like neither.

Her father is a former United States army captain, and is one and one-half inches shorter than his daughter. He has blue eyes, light-brown hair, florid complexion, and high cheek bones.

Her mother is a plump, pleasant looking woman, pretty in a matronly way, with fluffy brown hair, blue eyes, and pink cheeks. She is shorter than her husband.

Achilie Volpe photo

The smile that completes her charm.

Patterson was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, the product of several generations of Pattersons from Newburyport. Mrs. Patterson was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, of parents who came from northern Ireland.

If the face and figure of this prize beauty may be explained scientifically at all, we may say that Ruth is the product of remoter ancestors. Her grandparents on both sides were tall and blond.

She is the epitome of youth. There is no Mona Lisa mystery about her; none of the lure that suggests an interesting past. And why should there be? She is only eighteen.

She still knows how to blush—a great rarity on Broadway and highly amusing to her stage friends.

The average show girl earns sixty or sixty-five dollars a week. Ruth's salary is far in excess of that. Owing to the wide publicity she has had, she is a real drawing card.

She receives many mash notes, and after the show she and her mother laugh over them.

THE END

The nurse's career will be pictured by Miss Robinson in an early issue.

She Who Sleeps

Barry Solves the Riddle of His Princess from the Tomb

Concluding a Serial by

SAX ROHMER

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

A hundred times he had run like a madman to overtake some girl seen in the distance—only to alarm a stranger.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 35 seconds.)

PART TEN

NO doubt the world went on as usual during the next hour, and Paris lived and loved and laughed as Paris has done from time immemorial; but to Barry the interval afterward appeared to have been a blank—a hiatus in existence. Four o'clock came at last. . . .

The girl who was the living image of Zalithea was seated in a cane chair before a little round table set for tea. She stood up as he crossed to her.

"It was nice of you, Mr. Cumberland," he heard her saying in Zalithea's unforgettable voice!

He found himself seated beside her. A waiter was serving English tea and handing little dishes of cakes, biscuits, and sweetmeats. This, Barry saw and heard through a sort of fog. Everything was muffled.

His sensations were almost identical with those he had known toward the close of his farewell college supper.

Presently, in a voice not unlike his own:

"You have not told me," someone said, "if my guess was right. Are you related to Mme. Devina?"

"Devina was my mother."

The fog was cleared away by that definite, simple statement. The merciful numbness which alone had enabled Barry to behave himself rationally thus far, left him. He looked into long, dark eyes.

"You know that we have met before?" he said.

Marguerite Devina watched him unflinchingly.

"You had an accident some months ago right outside my door," she replied. "But I didn't know that you saw me. You were unconscious when we found you."

BARRY clenched his teeth. An insane desire to laugh came to him.

"You are referring to my crash in New Jersey?" he said evenly, tonelessly.

"Yes. You must have wondered why we behaved so oddly afterward. The fact is that my guardian and I were booked to sail for Europe, and we realized that if we appeared in the matter it would almost certainly mean delay. We couldn't afford that, you see."

"Your guardian? Mr. Brown?"

"Oh, no!" she laughed—Zalithea's beloved laughter!—"Mr. Brown was the man who drove you to the hospital and took care of your car. We were tenants of his."

She hesitated, bit her lip, and: "When did you see me," she asked—"before or after the accident?"

"Before," said Barry. "On the balcony."

"Yes," murmured the girl, bending to pour out tea; "it's a queer thing to admit, but I'm fascinated by lightning. Do you think—it was seeing me there that—caused you to crash?"

"No," Barry replied promptly. He was watching the slim hands, the turn of her wrists, the line, seen below a smart little hat, of her creamy neck. "You were dressed very oddly."

She stooped forward over the sugar bowl.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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For that wonderful woman . . .

Your Mother

ONLY thoughtful fellows do thoughtful things. To such chaps we venture a very timely suggestion: This Mothers' Day, surprise that wonderful woman—Your Mother—with one of those startlingly new packages of Almond Roca. Thousands have tried to describe this confection—without success. Hundreds have tried to imitate it—and failed. It is neither cream, chocolate nor hard candy. Exquisite! Nothing else exactly like it! The amazing new process under which it is packed—the greatest advance in years and years of candy packaging—places this original creation in the hands of the one whom you favor with a package, in perfect condition. The package price (NEVER sold in bulk) remains a dollar and a half—with the understanding that you get your money back if you know another confection its equal. If no near-at-hand dealer has it, we will ship direct, prepaid. Brown & Haley, *Confectioners to the Elect*, Tacoma, Washington.

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

In Plain & Process Packed Packages

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

"Yes; I was—trying on a fancy costume." She glanced up quickly. "Two lumps?"

"One, please." He watched her dazedly. "It's amazing to think that my father knew your mother. I have heard him speak of her singing Thaïs."

"The critics said she did not merely *sing* Thaïs; she *was* Thaïs."

"Is she—?"

"She died when I was a baby," the girl replied simply. "Here in Paris."

"You were born in Paris?"

"Yes."

"How did you come to live in America?"

"My foster father is an American. He was once engaged to marry my mother, you see. But she changed her mind—unfortunately."

As she spoke the final word, an expression of such implacable hatred crept over her beautiful face that Barry flinched.

It was so that he remembered her on that night in the *wadi!*

"IT'S dreadful to say and dreadful to hear," she went on; "but my father ruined my mother, in every sense of the word. She would have died in a paupers' hospital but for Paul Ahmes."

"Who is Paul Ahmes?" Barry asked, a sort of new awe in his voice.

Marguerite Devina glanced up at him, and her eyes were very bright.

"He is the greatest hearted soul in the world," she answered in a queer tone of challenge. "My mother brought him nothing but sorrow. Yet he spent all he had to try to make her happy—at the end. And he took the place of my father—afterward."

"And is he, also, an operatic artist?"

She gave a little choking laugh.

"No," she replied. "He is, or used to be, a vaudeville artist! He retired years ago. He was known throughout Europe as the Great Ahmes. He was an illusionist. Not so famous as Houdini, but equally clever in his own way."

Watching her closely and trying to steady his voice:

"Ahmes is surely an Egyptian name?" said Barry.

"Yes," she replied composedly. "He used to work as an Egyptian. There is Arab blood on his father's side. He was always billed as The Wizard of the Sphinx."

With a curious eagerness she poured out these confidences. Obviously she wanted to do so. She watched Barry with those long, lovely eyes as if inviting further and closer cross-examination; as if challenging him to put her upon trial.

"Is — your guardian — in Paris?"

"I expect him today."

"Did you expect *me?*" he asked.

The abruptness of the thrust startled her, Barry decided. But if it were so, her defense remained impregnable.

"No," she replied, laughing; "how could I?"

And even as she lowered her dark lashes and looked in her bag for a cigarette, sanity whispered:

"*How* could she? This girl, whose every movement, every expression, every feature, and every mannerism are familiar, yet is not, cannot be, Zalithea!"

MEMORY plays odd tricks at times, and as Barry struck a match to light their cigarettes, a hitherto forgotten remark of Professor Blackwell's flashed, intact, through his mind. It had been made on the evening that the Professor had examined Zalithea: "There is a small scar under the hair, just above the right ear, which suggests that the theory—now generally accepted, I believe—that surgery was practiced by the ancients is not without foundation."

"Have you a small scar under your hair above the right ear?" he asked suddenly.

At this, Marguerite Devina unmistakably grew pale.

"Yes," she answered, and looked at him with half-veiled alarm. "How strange you should know that!"

"Professor Blackwell told me."

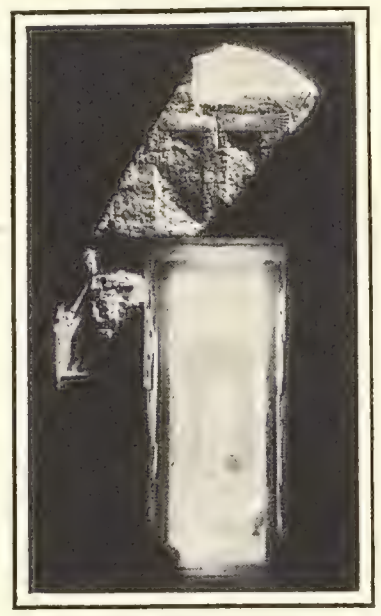
"Is he a clairvoyant?"

"No," said Barry, and laughed without mirth. He met the glance of the dark eyes. "I once thought *I* was, though. Now—I don't know what to think. But there's something I must tell you. Perhaps I should have told you right away. You are the living image, a miraculous double, of someone—"

"Someone?"

"Someone I love very dearly. There! I've told you! I came here, to Paris, to find her. And when I saw *you*—"

His voice failed him. He turned his head aside miserably.



Burton Holmes photo

The girl was silent for a time; then, very gently:

"Do you mean," she asked, "that you have come from America to—look for her?"

Barry nodded.

"What made you think you would find her in Paris?"

"I don't know. We were—very happy in Paris. But I'm on my way to Egypt."

"To Egypt!"

"Yes. That was where—we met."

"And you really expect to meet her again, in Egypt?"

"I don't dare to expect. But if I left off hoping—"

He did not complete the sentence. Marguerite Devina had abruptly stood up. Her head was averted.

"Please forgive me," said Barry; "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Even as the words left his lips, he remembered where he had last

uttered them—and to whom. She turned to him impulsively, and the memory was complete. Her lashes were wet with tears.

"You haven't!" she said. "But I must go."

Barry reached out a detaining hand.

"Please," he pleaded, "let me see you again!"

She averted her head once more, and:

"If I can," she murmured. "I'm sorry—but I must hurry away now."

And, stumbling in her haste, she walked around the little table and ran across the lobby.

Back to his room Barry went in a state of mind which he found himself incapable of analyzing.

Was it possible, in the natural order of things, for two human beings to be so absolutely alike?

As well ask himself if it were possible for a girl to live three thousand years! One being possible, why not the other?

He was curiously reluctant to leave the hotel. Therefore Jim dined with him in the grillroom whose chef has been preserved for posterity by Orpen's brush. Of Marguerite Devina they saw nothing.

At the end of dinner:

"If I don't stop thinking about this muddle," Jim declared, "I'll go completely cuckoo. It's the Folies-Bergères or a lunatic asylum for mine. Make your selection."

The selection was made. And it was at a late hour (Paris time) that Barry returned to the Chatham. The night porter handed him a letter.

In his room he tore open the envelope. He began to read. Then, rushing to the telephone, he banged the lever up and down in a frenzy of impatience. At last:

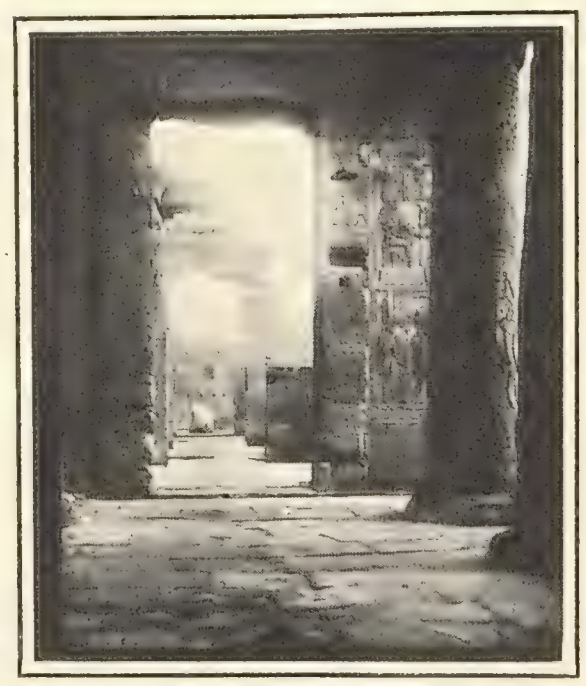
"Hullo! Hullo!" he called, in a high, unnatural voice. "Ring Miss Marguerite Devina!"

"Miss Devina left this evening, *m'sieur*."

And when dawn came it found Barry, haggard, wild-eyed, pacing the room, ever and anon taking up a crumpled letter and reading and rereading it:

"BARRY dear—I don't ask you to forgive me. I never meant to see you again. But when Jim spoke to me today I realized, somehow, that *you* were here. And I knew you would come. And I knew I would have to see you. I didn't know how hard it would be—because I never believed you cared—like that.

"I don't know how to tell you what I see now I *must* tell. It all began, really, many years ago, when I was a baby, and when Paul Ahmes was giving up everything to make my mother's last days bearable. She had never loved him, but they had one thing in common. It was their passion for Egypt. She made her great success in an Egyptian opera and he as an Egyptian performer. He used to buy Egyptian antiques with all he could save. He knew more about these things than any dealer in Europe. Most of his stage properties were real. They inspired him.



Burton Holmes photo

"One day my mother read that a ring which had been the property of the real Thaïs was being auctioned at Sotheby's in London. This ring had once belonged to her. She never sang Thaïs without wearing it. But poverty had forced her to sell it.

"Paul Ahmes, knowing what happiness the recovery of this ring would give her, went to London to buy it. This was like him. He did not bid, himself, as all the auctioneers knew him. He sent someone.

"Barry—your father was at that auction—and he has the ring today! When Ahmes heard that John Cumberland had secured it, he wrote to him and, without mentioning my mother's name, told him all the circumstances. Your father did not believe him.

"MY mother died the night after Ahmes returned.

"Soon after that, before I can remember, we left Paris and went to live in America. I grew up to look upon Ahmes as my father. I was always surrounded by things belonging to Egypt. For my guardian had left the stage and become a professional dealer in antiques. He was sometimes away for months together in Egypt, where he had agents now that his business had grown so big. He had changed his name. John Cumberland was one of his clients.

"But, Barry, very few of the wonderful and beautiful things he received from Egypt ever left Ahmes' possession. They went into his own collection—which is priceless; for this was his ruling passion now that my mother was dead.

"He sold copies or restored originals, mostly, to his wealthy customers. Some of the most famous museums in the world contain his work! His love of everything belonging to Egypt simply wouldn't allow him to sell a genuine piece. His genius for making duplicates (for he is, truly, a genius) made it easy for him to keep them. And all the money he earned in this way was spent acquiring more and more rarities for his private museum.

"Then—this was years ago—he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THIS Gladstone bag and women's hat box have all the smart design and staunch construction of luggage usually costing twice as much.

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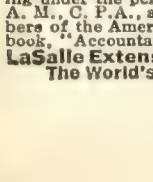

Screen doors lose their effectiveness all too soon. Thoughtless children and adults push against the screen cloth with hands, elbows or knees to open the door. Result—screen pulls away from door frame or becomes full of holes. Such doors are unsightly and do not keep out flies and insects. You can make your screen doors 100% efficient, improve their appearance and more than double their life by protecting them with

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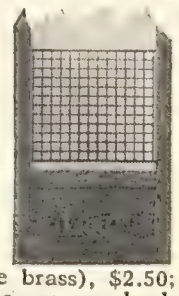
May be set across face of door, or inside frame against the screen cloth. Anyone can attach in a few minutes.



Ask Your Dealer

Good hardware and building supply dealers everywhere sell Meyco Screen Door Guards. If your dealer does not have them, order direct from us. Postpaid at following prices: Black finish, $2.00; Brassine (looks like brass), $2.50; Bronze finish, $3.00. Guarantee—money back if not satisfied. Write for FREE circular.

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

stumbled upon the tomb of Zalithea. He reached it through a long, narrow passage cut at some time by Arab robbers.

"He found there the great stone sarcophagus, and he raised and wedged the lid. The sarcophagus was empty.

"Thinking that one day this discovery might profit him, he reclosed and concealed the opening. This opening, I must tell you, came out in another valley, *behind the tomb*, and it led, through a hole in the roof, into the *shaft* between the first and second portcullis. You remember where the roof had fallen? This second portcullis the thieves had broken and also the door of the chamber where the sarcophagus was.

"I unknowingly inspired him to what followed—I and his wish to score over John Cumberland, whom he had taught me to detest. He said I had the true Egyptian profile. The showman in him came to life—this part of his strange nature was only sleeping; and he thought of the wildest plot which surely any man ever attempted to carry out.

"He said to me, 'I will sell *you* to John Cumberland! And if you play your cards properly you will marry a millionaire!' I was completely under his influence, Barry. I had never known any other kind of life but this commercial use of Ahmes' genius as an illusionist. I don't want to excuse myself. I prepared for the thing with enthusiasm!

"This was when we came secretly to New Jersey. Mr. Brown, who took the house, was formerly Ahmes' stage manager. His wife acted as cook.

"There were other members of my guardian's old company there as well. For no one who had ever worked for Ahmes wanted to leave him.

"HERE for a long time I lived like a nun. No one outside our small household ever saw me. When I went anywhere I was always heavily veiled.

"Ahmes taught me to speak *Coptic*. This was the mysterious language of Zalithea! Arabic I knew, because I had had an Arab nurse from childhood—an old member of Ahmes' company—Safiyeh!

"A year before the papyrus was brought to your father, Ahmes went to Egypt. He erected the screen, as you know—his agent, Hassan es-Sugra, having traced the real, or front, entrance to the tomb. He broke through as far as the first portcullis—which he knew was intact. Then he reclosed and hid the entrance as you found it.

"The hieroglyphic of She Who Sleeps he himself carved into the solid rock wall of the tomb.

"By the other tunnel, the one he first discovered, he took in lifting gear and swung up the stone sarcophagus lid. The painted sarcophagus—which he had made in New Jersey and shipped out—he put inside. Then he lowered the stone lid again.

"The tables, lamps, couch, and other things he set in place. Some of these were genuine. Some he had made. He also added the cartouche of She Who Sleeps to the ancient inscriptions painted on the wall.

"He cemented the door and, from the tunnel above, blocked the secret entrance. Then he came back to America.

"The stage was set for his last and greatest illusion.

"The Zalithea papyrus and the formula, Ahmes had been at work upon for two years. They were the biggest achievements of his career! The materials had cost him no end of research. But no other man in Europe or America could have written them—to pass Horace Pain and Dr. Rittenburg!

"Yes, Barry! I'm proud of him! Until you came, it never occurred to me to question his way of life. Besides, he had taught me to hate the name of Cumberland. It was a mania with him. I believe for a long time he held John Cumberland responsible for my mother's death.

"The Zalithea dress, the strange ingredients mentioned in the formula, and all the other things, he got from many sources, working patiently for months and months. He put his whole soul into the affair.

"THEN, just as we were ready, you had an accident right outside the house!

"We were in an awful panic. But Ahmes is always at his best in an emergency. You know how we managed to keep out of the matter. The household was dispersed. Only Mrs. Brown stayed to clear things up. I was hidden in my guardian's apartment in New York. And I nearly ruined everything one evening by going out to our old garden in New Jersey to get some flowers. Yes! I was there that day when you came!

"As soon as the date of departure was fixed, Safîyeh and another Arab—called Omar—were sent to Egypt. Soon afterward I went also.

"I sailed on the same ship, to Cherbourg, as Professor Blackwell! But it didn't matter, because we had arranged that I should stay in my stateroom all the way.

"I remained hidden with Safîyeh in Luxor until the night before the tomb was opened. That night I was smuggled across—and you heard my voice as I stumbled in the little valley where Omar was waiting for me! Omar you saw once. He is tall and thin and you thought he was a ghost!

"In a ruined tomb in that little valley I was dressed for the part of Zalithea. Safîyeh was there with me. But she went back to Luxor in the early morning.

BARRY faced Marguerite. She stood watching him with her long, dark eyes.

"YOU understand, now, that when you first discovered the painted sarcophagus, I was not in it? Ahmes carried me up to the tomb during *the second watch* on the night before the lid was raised! I was placed inside. Then the lid was fastened down! I was frightened, although the gold mask allowed me to breathe freely and there were lots of air holes in the sarcophagus.

"I had to lie there for nearly three hours! But I had been training to do this for months before.

"Never shall I forget my relief when you came at last to unwrap me! Of course I had been prepared in all sorts of ways for the ordeal. And you will remember, Barry, that none of you had a chance to touch me, or even see me properly, up to the time that I opened my eyes.

"Yes! You were in the hands of a master illusionist!

"As for the rest—I was prepared to hate you! But on the night you came to my tent and said, 'Forgive me; I didn't mean to hurt you,' I couldn't hate you, somehow.

"Ahmes, too, had changed his mind about John Cumberland. He had learned to respect him; in fact, to love him. But he had to go on then! So did I!

"Sometimes it was good fun. Sometimes, when your father talked to me, not knowing I understood, I couldn't bear it. But we didn't know how to end it!

"*You* ended it! The night when you found me with that pig, Edwards, I knew it must finish. While you were asleep, I went to Ahmes and told him.

"He was sorry—for me; but glad that we were through. Safîyeh went to Montreal and sailed under her own name for England three days later. I was here in Paris before you allowed the news of my disappearance to be published.

"Ahmes wrote the hieroglyphic letter to relieve your mind. It was delivered by the same messenger who brought another letter. He is here, now, with the others. That is why you never succeeded in finding any trace of him.

"That's all, Barry dear. We have a house in Paris. It had been closed, though, and so I stayed at the Chatham for a short time. But Ahmes arrived today and I am going to join him. He knows I have told you.

"Do what you like. But I shall be punished enough.

"You see—I love you—

"MARGUERITE."

"JIM," said Barry miserably, "what else can I do?"

"Well," Jim replied, thoughtfully rapping on the café table to attract the waiter's attention, "you can order another half bottle of this very good wine, and then perhaps ideas may come."

The order given:

"It's Kismet," Barry went on. "If she had confessed to murder I should still have wanted her! In fact, mad as it may seem, I love her better now, knowing her to be what she is, than I did before."

"Not mad in the least," Jim commented. "Taking into consideration the way she was brought up, I myself, harsh though my judgments of frail humanity notoriously are, should feel the same. I could both love and respect the Marguerite who wrote that brave letter. I don't think I could ever have worked up any real enthusiasm for a living mummy."

"I *know*," said Barry emphatically, "that one day I shall find her again. When I do, I'm going to marry her if she'll have me!"

"Strong, sound sentiments," Jim replied. "It is men such as you who make men such as I love men such as you! But the old problem arises—your father."

"I have made up my mind on that point," Barry declared. "He must not know—yet. It's hateful, but I mustn't shatter his illusion. I shall write and tell him I have met the girl of the balcony, and that she is the double of Zalithea—and the daughter of Devina. Those who knew Zalithea will soon forget the resemblance when they hear Marguerite speak. Then, one day, he shall know the truth. Nobody else must ever know."

"We shall have to lie like the Brothers Ananias," said Jim sadly, "for a time. This prospect appalls my proudly virtuous spirit. But it's up to you. What you say goes. Meanwhile, a full week has elapsed and our patient inquiries have merely yielded 'No, sir.' Shall you go on advertising in the Paris papers?"

"Yes," was the answer. "My advertisement means nothing to anyone else. It might as well stand. Who knows?"

"Nobody knows," Jim murmured. "It is ignorance and not knowledge which makes us lose faith in Santa Claus. And this

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ends Gray Hair!

If you don't want gray hair, *don't have it.* Any man or woman can easily end grayness. Not with dangerous dyes, but by a perfectly natural process. Kolor-Bak can't harm the finest hair; nor hurt the most tender scalp. It *does* bring color back—no matter what color the hair used to be—blonde, auburn, or brunette. Why grow gray — or stay that way — when there's such an innocent way to end it? With no worry over shade —for the one bottle of this colorless liquid is right for all. Lots of people you know may use it—you can't detect it! Easily applied — no uncertainty—results guaranteed.

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"IT" . . . that magnetic something which attracts others . . . usually lies in the eyes. Don't be discouraged if your own eyes are dull, lifeless and unattractive. A few drops of harmless *Murine* will brighten them up and cause them to radiate "IT."

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Please PRINT your name and address in pencil

"Put it over," says Loren Arenz of Illinois, "and I'll wallop it out with this prize bat."

Gardner Shumaker of Missouri (upper right) is shown with his collection of free prizes.

Another eager and happy prize collector is Franklyn Wheeler of Massachusetts. Follow his lead.

Oh Boys! dandy prizes free!

BOYS! Here's your chance to get some wonderful prizes free! Send the coupon below and we will mail you our big catalog showing more than 350 great prizes. Thousands of boys all over the United States and Canada are winning bicycles, baseball suits, mits, balls, tennis rackets, golf equipment, games, and many other things every regular fellow wants to own. It's easy. Just look at those three happy fellows shown above with those wonderful prizes! Those bicycles, the sporting equipment 'n everything didn't cost them a penny!

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In addition we will show you how to earn money every week. We supply full instructions. You don't need to leave your own neighborhood. Work in your spare time—a few hours after school one day a week or more—just as you choose. Send the coupon today. Remember it costs you nothing. Don't delay! Don't miss this opportunity to make money and win prizes.

Mail today

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247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

afternoon? Shall I scour the district in and about Batignolles, as you so kindly suggest?"

"Jim, you're a brick! This 'scouring' is no sort of way to enjoy a holiday in Paris. Just say you're tired and I'll do that part myself tomorrow."

"No, no, Horatio. Batignolles appeals to me because I can't pronounce it. And have I not said many times that I long for the life of a detective? 'All forms of shadowing undertaken. Your pay

roll closely guarded by machine-gun experts (in uniform). Missing relatives traced by our special staff of lady searchers. Our watchword—'"

"Jim! I love you, but—"

"Guilty! Dismiss the jury. We reassemble at the Chatham at six for cocktails."

And so the quest went on.

Barry had in mind a neighborhood he had noted during a drive on the outskirts near the old fortifications. Here were discreet villas sheltering behind little gardens which, like the *yashmak* of a Turkish beauty, merely provoked without concealing.

He felt sure that the house he sought would have a garden.

Barry had considered the idea of engaging a detective agency to trace Zalithea, so strangely found only to be lost again. But, in the circumstances, he had decided that to do so would be unwise.

MARGUERITE'S letter he almost knew by heart. At first the shock of it had stunned him. The readjustment of perspectives which it entailed appalled his brain. But out of all the chaos one fact emerged—fact brooking no denial. He loved her. He could not imagine life without her.

His eagerness was eternally conjuring up mirages. A group at a café table would suddenly come into view—and *she* was there. As he drew nearer, all resemblance would disappear. He hated those unconscious mimics, some of whom were astoundingly unlike Marguerite at close quarters.

Perfumery stores he unfailingly explored. And a hundred times he had run like a madman to overtake some girl seen in the distance—only to alarm a stranger.

More than one gendarme had eyed him with suspicion. A tall, distinguished looking old gentleman, wearing the ribbon of the Legion, and escorting a very pretty

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$351.00 CLEARED IN ONE DAY

So writes W. H. Adams of Ohio. Letter from California man reports **$11275** sales in three months; New Jersey **$4000** profits in two months; Pennsylvania **$3000** profits in four months. Ira Shook **$365** sales in one day. Bram bought one outfit April 5, and **7 more** by August. Iwata bought one outfit and **10 more** within a year. J. R. Bert says "only thing I ever bought that equaled advertisement." John Culp says: "Everything going lovely. Crispette wrappers all over town. It's a good old world after all." Kellog, **$700** ahead end of second week.

Wholesale or retail. Big profits either way. No town too small. Business is pleasant, fascinating and dignified. You manufacture a food product.

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Furnish secret formulas, raw material and equipment. Little capital required; no experience needed.

Build a Business of Your Own

No limit to the sale of Crispettes. Everybody likes them. It's a delicious food confection. Write for facts about a business that will make you independent. Start now, in your own town.

Profits $1000 a Month Easily Possible

Send postal for illustrated book of facts. It contains enthusiastic letters from others—shows their places of business, tells how and when to start, and all information needed. Free. Write now!

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EASY HOME WORK

$2 to $10 An Hour In Your Spare Time—AT HOME!

No experience necessary. Start earning money the first day. Amazing new discovery enables you to beautifully hand-tint photographs—and the profits are surprising! You do not have to know anything about drawing. The simple instructions we send you show you how to start immediately.

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Go in to your dealer and ask him for a Doo-Klip Grass Shear. Take it in your hand. What a wonderful idea (patented). No more blisters, skinned knuckles or tired wrists. Handles work up and down—blades flat. Just what you have always wanted. Thousands being sold. We know you'll like it. You'll gladly give the dealer a dollar and a half right on the spot. Doo-Klip fits the hand and works smooth and easy. You must get one at once. Money back guarantee. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and $1.50, for Shears—postpaid.

ALLIANCE TOY & SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. 50, Alliance, Ohio

MYSTERIOUS NEW AUTO GLARE SHIELD

Becomes Rear-View Mirror By Day

AGENTS $100 A WEEK

It's easy when you show motorists this amazing device! New kind of mirror glass, semi-transparent at night, filters headlight glare, makes night driving safe! Becomes perfect rear-view mirror in daylight! Swings instantly to either position—always ready—never in the way. A handsome, **permanent** accessory. Sells on astonishing 10-second demonstration. Ballance made $40 in a day. New 2-way selling plan, with bonus and extra commissions. Write quick for details and sample offer.

LEE-SEE CO., Dept. 105, Kewaunee, Wisconsin

Touch a Corn

With this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

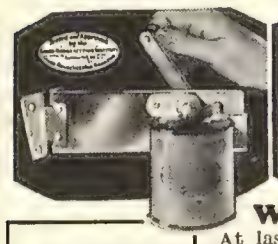
INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*



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AGENTS

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NEW DISCOVERY
Grows Hair Quickly!

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With Itching Rashes
Use Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

girl whose figure and carriage certainly resembled those of Marguerite, demanded the name of his hotel and promised to send his seconds to Barry in the morning.

And now he was on the outskirts of the woods. Just ahead lay the group of villas which had attracted his attention on the previous day. He proposed to pursue a plan adopted on other occasions—viz.: to call at a likely house and ask if Miss Devina and her father were at home. Being assured that he had come to the wrong address, he could inquire if two Americans resided anywhere in the vicinity.

FOLLOWING an unseasonably hot morning, clouds had begun to gather shortly after noon. Now it was growing very dark. The woods, on his right, were haunted by ghostly shadows. From somewhere beyond the western outskirts of Paris echoed ominous rumblings, to remind good Parisians of that black day when Von Kluck's Prussians came hammering at their gates.

Then, suddenly, the downpour started. In sight of a charming little villa whose green shutters and green balconies were visible above a guardian row of dwarf acacias, Barry darted to cover.

His back against the trunk of a tree the dense foliage of which promised shelter, he stood, looking up.

A black thunder pall hung directly above. Except for the sound of falling rain, a profound stillness had come. Then, blindingly, lightning flicked its venomous fang from the heart of the cloud. The house opposite was illuminated ice blue, eerily. Every leaf upon the trees was lent a momentary hard, individual existence. Every nail in the woodwork of the villa gate,

every piece of gravel on the garden paths, summoned attention vividly, alone, aloof from the rest.

And a window directly facing the tree beneath which Barry stood was thrown open.

Marguerite came out on to the green balcony!

Her lips were parted in a half-frightened smile. Exultant, like a roll of Titanic war drums, thunder crashed and boomed and beat out its fury in dying echoes.

Across the feathery crests of the acacias their glances met.

Barry uttered an involuntary cry. The storm was forgotten. The world was forgotten. Out into

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

We Absolutely Guarantee You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the natural mineral salts that makes it as effective as are the waters of the hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

Fayro, Inc. Lib. 5-5-28
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

You can put over the fast ones with the Kent *Eagle* Tennis Racket.

Kent Eagle has a bevelled frame of selected second-growth white ash, white holly center reinforced with black walnut, and white ash. Its shoulders are trimmed with blue pearl fibreloid, cedar handle with a band of fibreloid at top to match shoulders and the shoulders and handle are trimmed with silk enamelled line.

Strung with white waterproof gut of the finest quality.

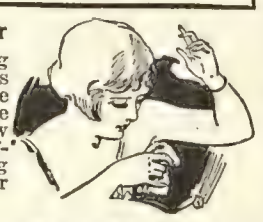
Ask your Sporting Goods Dealer.

Kent RACKETS

Write E. Kent Estate, Pawtucket, R. I., for free catalog of Kent Rackets, priced up to $15.00, and Rules of the Game.

Please Accept 10c Package **FREE**

You Women Are Clever



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FREE TRIAL In U. S. only

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To mend picture frames-Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 11c size sent by mail. Tubes, Bottles.
McCORMICK & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Sixty-one]

the drenching downpour he ran, across to the gate and on, up the graveled path, to the discreet glazed door. She had fled at sight of him. The balcony above was empty; but the window remained open.

He rang, but without result. He rang again—and again—and again. He rang continuously.

The door was opened.

And he found himself looking into a wrinkled Arab face.

"Safîyeh!" he exclaimed.

She smiled unsurprisedly, and stood aside to allow him to enter.

BARRY discovered himself in a little lobby furnished throughout in Egyptian fashion. There were antique tables and figures of the gods of the Nile. There was a fresco of subjects from Der el Bahari. A perforated silver lamp hung from the ceiling. And the air was laden with a faint perfume—the indescribable smell of Egypt.

Safîyeh raised a tapestry curtain and again stood aside.

Barry went into the room beyond.

This apartment was littered with every imaginable kind of relic, from exquisite enamel necklaces to mummied cats. At sight of the treasures contained there, Barry was transported in spirit to a similar room, high above the turmoil of New York, where once he had sat in conference with Horace Pain, Dr. Rittenburg, and others.

Leaning upon a mantelpiece composed of carved red granite fragments adapted to the purpose, was a tall man, the collar of whose white shirt fell open at the neck, while the sleeves were rolled up on muscular arms. One elbow rested on the ledge; the clenched fist supported a handsome, leonine head. A scarab ring glittered on his finger, as, raising the other hand to remove a cigar which he was smoking, he bowed in courteous greeting.

"Danbazzar!" cried Barry.

A roll of distant thunder from the moving storm echoed and re-echoed over Paris.

"Paul Ahmes, at your service, sir!" Danbazzar corrected him. "But the former if you prefer it. One's as much mine as the other! Sit down and let's talk this thing over."

Fascinated against his will, as he had always been fascinated by this man's extraordinary personality, Barry dropped on to a divan, silenced—stupefied—by the entire self-possession of the speaker.

Here was no recognition of wrongdoing; this was not a detected impostor; this was the masterful man to whom obstacles were merely stepping-stones, who was fearless as he was unscrupulous.

This was Danbazzar.

"Margot told me what she had said in her letter," he went on. "I agreed. Get that clear. She did nothing behind my back. What she wants goes with me, and she wanted you to know the truth. You'd never have known if you hadn't followed her to Paris. But I'm not sorry, anyway. I have retired from business. Zalithea was my last deal. I regretted it long before the end came, because I found out that John Cumberland was white clean through. So, listen. Tell him if you like. I'll hand you a complete list of all the stuff he's got that isn't right, and, if he wants to, he can sell it back to me for just what he paid. I'm not playing tin angels—I've got a market for it at a big profit!"

"Paul Ahmes, at your service, sir!" said Danbazzar.

Barry was unable to restrain a smile.

"If you ask me," Danbazzar added, "he'd be happier left alone. But do as you damn' please. There's no committee of experts in the world would say any piece from my workshop was faked—and you can lay your last dollar *I'm* not going to say it!

"As for the job at the tomb—we're all in the dock together. Pirates can't afford to quarrel! And now I'm going to talk to you about Margot. I'm going to talk to you straight, and I expect you to talk straight."

HE talked, and talked straight, for the better part of an hour. He displayed a side of his complex, twisted character which Barry Cumberland had never suspected to exist. And at one point, when he spoke of Marguerite's remorse for the devious part she had played, the words of Hassan es-Sugra recurred to Barry: "Be not angry with her."

Finally:

"Now we've got it all set," said Danbazzar. "I've quit the United States for keeps. You know where I stand. We're agreed about the bunch in New York. And I know where you stand. Settle the rest with the kid."

He walked out of the room, stately, unperturbed; the Great Ahmes, completely master of the situation.

Barry stood up.

Suddenly he had grown appallingly nervous.

He paced up and down once or twice, among those priceless relics of an age whose loves and hates were forgotten before Paris arose from the forests.

On one long, low wall, Pharaohs, gods, and goddesses made mysterious signs to one another, signaling: It was so in our day; it is so in this.

The rustle of the tapestry portières told him to turn.

He faced Marguerite.

She stood on the threshold watching him. Her long, dark eyes held the same expression as on that night when, unseen by Barry, she had stolen to the library door to take her last look at him.

Yet something else was there, and slowly she came forward to where he stood. When she was close to him:

"My darling!" he whispered.

His arms went around her very tightly but very gently—not as in that first fierce embrace in the Cumberland home.

And when he kissed her it was a lingering, tender kiss.

THE END

Ed passed out—overcome by gas—and it required some fast work with a pulmotor to save him.

"Prominent business and club man dies from gas," reads the headline in a local paper. "Found dead in car with motor still warm."

"Society girl overcome by gas in service station."

And so it goes — odorless, colorless, tasteless carbon monoxide gas is always present when automobile motors are running. Unless diluted with air quickly, this gas is fatal to anyone it strikes.

Other gases, damaging but not deadly, are also present in garages, causing headaches, dizziness, and even dangerous disorders such as anemia and respiratory diseases, resulting in careless, inefficient workmanship and costly mistakes and loss of time.

Despite constant warnings of health authorities, insurance companies and the medical profession, an alarmingly large number are killed annually by carbon monoxide gas poisoning.

Electric ventilation is the one and only satisfactory means for eliminating gases and bad air from garages.

There is a style and type of American Blower Electric Ventilating equipment for every garage, priced within the reach of all and available from ventilating contractors everywhere.

For complete information on installing American Blower Electric Ventilating equipment, get in touch with your electrical or ventilating contractor, or write direct to the factory and we will send you the name and address of a reliable American Blower contractor in your locality.

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American Blower

"Sirocco" TRADE MARK VENTILATING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING, DRYING, MECHANICAL DRAFT

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

Monkey BUSINESS

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Picture by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

BUT I guess I don't want to be a monkey, after all.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 54 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I had a ask-a-dent. A ask-a-dent is what happens to you. It happens sudden. And you get bumps. And you cry. And the bumps get smelly stuff rubbed on them. And you wiggle. And you're told next time maybe you'll have more sense.

It was when I came home from the Zoo. The Zoo is a place where the animals go. Mary and I went Monday. The animals live in houses. Only they're funny houses. There aren't any beds. And all they have to sit on are trees and swings and their—selves.

I thought the bears slept in beds. They did in Goldilocks. But the Big Bear and the Middle Bear and the Little Bear at the Zoo didn't have any beds. They rolled over on their backs and slept on them.

The Big Bear was sleeping with one eye open. He saw me with it when I said, "Hello, Big Bear." He rolled over and walked right over to me.

I guess no one ever told him he shouldn't walk pigeon-toed. I didn't tell him either, because he seemed to be getting bigger and bigger the closer he got to me. So, instead, I said, "Hello, Big Bear," again. "Is that your bathtub?"

He didn't answer me. He was looking up and down with his nose. I guess he was trying to see where I was. Anyway, he found me. So I told him I wasn't Goldilocks. I was a vis-i-ter. I came to see him es-pech-illy, and the elem-phunts, and the gir-afts.

But he didn't wait to hear. He turned around so I could see his tail. It wasn't worth mention-ing. He went over to his bathtub. And he slid into the water with his bathrobe on. I yelled at him to take it off.

Mary said that isn't a bathrobe, silly. That's his fur coat.

So then I said, "Oh, Big Bear, take your fur coat off. You'll get it all wet in your bathtub." And Mary said that's not a bathtub, silly. It's a swim-ming pool. And I said, "Where's your bath towel, Big Bear, to dry you with?"

Lazarnick photo

But he didn't answer. He climbed up on a rock for the sun to dry him.

So then we heard somebody calling out, Hook! Hook! Hook! And we ran over to see who it was. And there was an animal that had airplanes for feet. Its head was bobbed just like Zelda's. Zelda's hair is pulled back tight, so you think at first she hasn't any. Only she wears earrings.

The Hook! Hook! doesn't. It had a long neck. And it carried its head up high. And it could swim faster than the Big Bear. It was a sea lion. And every time it came out of the water it yelled Hook! Hook! Hook!

But we didn't run like we did when the big elem-phunt wanted its dinner. I was looking at the baby elem-phunt. The baby elem-phunt is an orphan. It hasn't any mother or father. It never had any, I guess. Anyway, a man found it in the jungle crying because it was an orphan. So he packed up its trunk and brought it to the Zoo.

There was a momma elem-phunt there that wanted to adopt all the baby elem-phunts that came along. But when this little baby came she wouldn't have anything to do with it. Nobody knew why. So the keeper felt awfully sorry for the baby. And he mixed up some dried milk for her with something else, and he fed her and he petted her, and now she is as tall as me. Only she weighs nearly 500 pounds.

The big elem-phunt's name is Kar-toum. He is tall as the ceiling, most. He can't get weighed because he is too heavy. His ears are terrible. And so is he. He's bad. He's nasty to the baby orphan. He is ter-ribly de-struct-ive, his keeper says. He tries to break the steel and the stone so he can get out.

He bent the bars of a gate one day. And that day he was only playing mad. One day when he was real mad he smashed steel beams and rails to pieces.

Only, two little birds didn't know this. And they built a nest in the corner of his cage. And Kar-toum didn't harm them, which everybody said was very strange. In the nest some tiny birds were born. Kar-toum could stretch his trunk up over the nest. And when he breathed, the feathers on the little birds flut-ter-ed. But he never touched any of them.

I didn't hear any more about the birds, because just when the keeper got this far telling me about them the elem-phunt let out a noise that shook the building, and me too. And the peanuts and popcorn fell out of my hands. But I never went back for them.

We went to another house. And what do you think was there? Mommy's fur coat collar running around with a head on! I said how did you get here? But it just kept running around and around. When I got back and looked at her coat, the fur was still on, so Mom said she guessed it was a rac-coon cousin I saw.

Then we went to see the monkeys. They're the most fun of all. Only one big one I didn't like. He was sitting down in a corner. I said, what are you eating, man? He only gave me a nasty look. And he went on eating his banana.

But the monkeys that aren't so big have swings. They knock each other off them. And they laugh and they talk. And they hang on by their tails and swing fast, like I like.

One little monkey cried and cried. I said what's the matter? He kept on howling. He cries all the time. And there isn't anything the matter. That's the kind of monkey he is. Cry-baby monkey. Only they call it a Howler.

AND how they can climb! They climb up the wall. They climb on the ceiling. And on the bars of the cage. And up on to their swings. But I guess I don't want to be a monkey, after all. Not since the ask-a-dent. I won't be able to climb for a lot of days. And if the bumps don't heal maybe I never can climb any more.

But I wanted to show Mary when I got home that I could climb, too. She said I couldn't like a monkey. I said I could. So I got the little step ladder from the kitchen. She helped me lift it into the bathtub. Then I climbed up. I caught the bar above the tub with one hand to show Mary how I could swing. But I guess you have to have a tail to stop you from coming down. And I didn't have any.

And that's how I had the ask-a-dent.

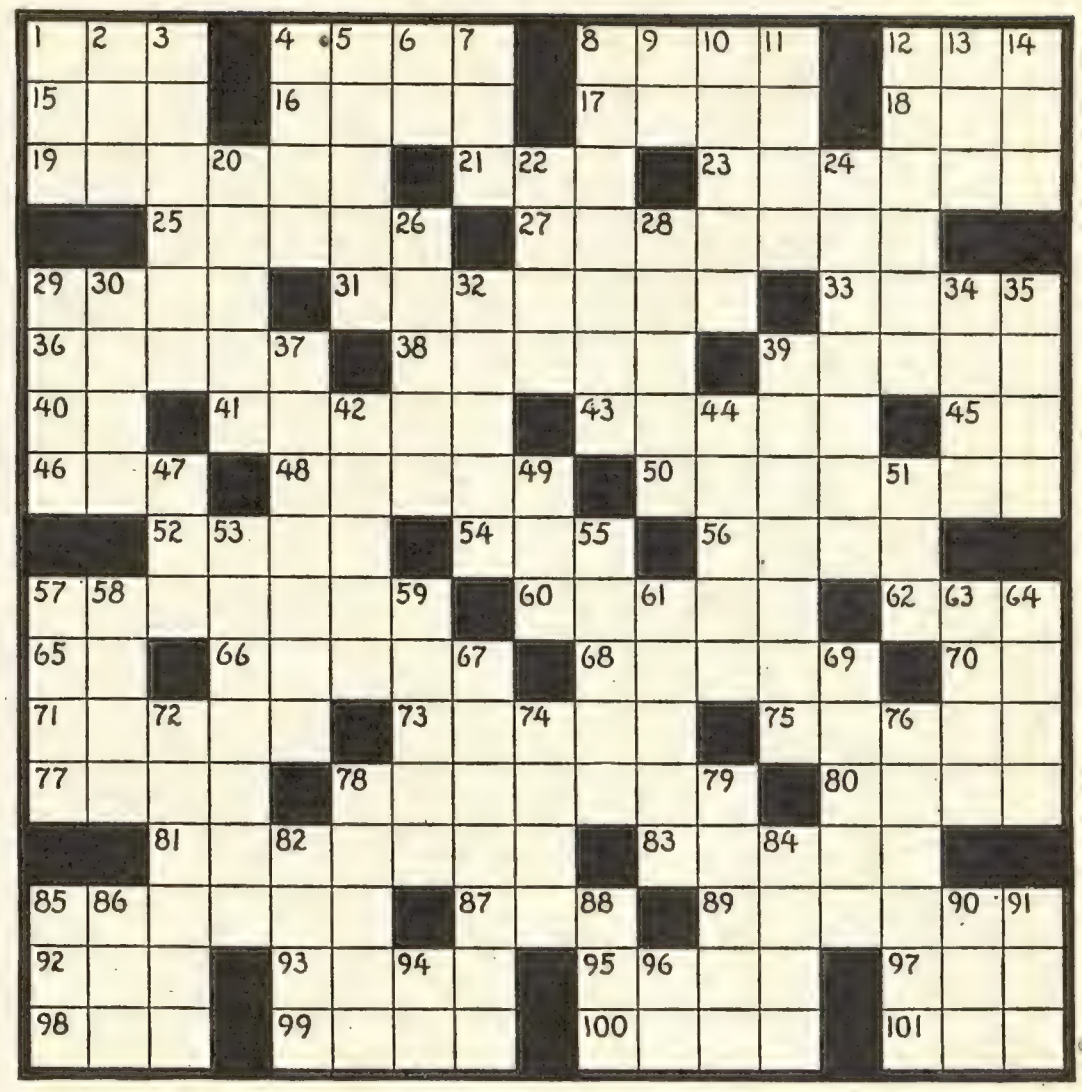
And why I'm soak-en-ed in lin-iment.

And why I don't want to be a monkey any more!

Another amusing episode in our young friend Toni's adventurous life will appear in Liberty next week.

One-Two-Three PUZZLE

PUZZLERS continue to ask what is meant by an "unkeyed" letter. It is one that contributes to the formation of a word, but which, by reason of the arrangement of black squares, has no place in an adjoining word.

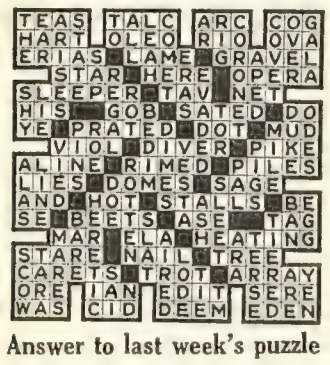


HORIZONTAL

1 Moist
4 Measure of area
8 East Indian plant
12 Turf
15 To be incorrect
16 Crosspiece of a wicket in cricket
17 Egyptian goddess
18 Beverage
19 A trader
21 Old Dutch liquid measure
23 Recollection
25 A tree
27 Generous
29 Liberate
31 Preparation of Indian corn, meat, and pepper (plural)
33 Third son of Jacob
36 Dares
38 Flowers
39 Erased
40 While
41 Disjoin
43 A drain
45 Depart
46 Yes
48 A fish
50 Relating to a theme
52 A lure
54 Beat
56 Rend
57 Colorer
60 Sacred book of the Mohammedans
62 Yonder
65 3.1416
66 Municipality in Porto Rico
68 Temporary shelters
70 Act
71 Mohammedan ruler
73 Tolerated
75 Country in Europe
77 Close by
78 A line drawing
80 Eagle
81 Fictitious tale
83 Not at all
85 Tannic acid
87 Cognizance
89 Passengers
92 American Indian
93 Armhole of garment
95 Simians
97 Entreat
98 Couch
99 Ovule
100 An attitude
101 Cardinal number

VERTICAL

1 Espouse
2 Prior
3 Part of a harness (plural)
4 In bed
5 Unit of weight
6 Japanese measure of length
7 Note of Guido's scale
8 Figures of speech
9 A bone
10 Citrous fruit (plural)
11 Another name for Jacob's eighth son
12 Fur garment for the neck and shoulders (plural)
13 Over
14 Division of time
20 Herb of the onion kind (plural)
22 Exclamation of regret
24 A fever
26 Scarcer
28 Harass
29 Mêlée
30 Ascend
32 Ethical
34 A star
35 Image of worship
37 Group of students
39 Experiences regret
42 Elector
44 Deity in Teutonic mythology
47 Sleeveless garment of Arabs
49 Asiatic beast of burden
51 Shout
53 Wing tip on an airplane
55 Engine
57 Reach across
58 Duration
59 Gum
61 Type of fortification
63 Equivalent of 44 Vertical
64 Not any
67 Piled
69 Haste
72 Gained through effort
74 A molding
76 Detain
78 Series of rhythmic steps
79 Lakes or pools
82 Fail to attain
84 Clamping device
85 Broad open-topped vessel
86 Consumed
88 Sleep
90 Regret
91 Coin of Japan
94 You
96 River in Italy



Answer to last week's puzzle

Your face should be fitted

as well as your head!

Every man's face is an individual problem. The hat that fits *your* face might be completely out of tune with that of your neighbor.

Townsend-Grace Straw Hats embrace a variety of shapes and proportions that will permit any man to appear his best in straw hats.

Go to the dealer who features Townsend-Grace Straw Hats. He will fit your face—your head, and your pocketbook. Our reputation as makers, and your dealer's reputation for better-than-standard merchandise assure you of complete satisfaction.

Cushion Flex Corners make TOWNSEND-GRACE Straw Hats as comfortable as a cap

"Look at your hat—everyone else does"

Townsend-Grace
Straw Hats

STANDARD AMERICAN QUALITY BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

ABSOLUTELY different from any other sole you ever saw—that's GRO-CORD, the patented sole with genuine twisted cord-tire cords fused on end in live, buoyant rubber.

for **Safety** The sure-footed, non-skid surface of GRO-CORD Soles prevents dangerous falls on wet sidewalks, icy pavements, and oily factory floors.

for **Comfort** They keep feet snug and dry in wet weather. Yet the fabric backing and cotton cords make them light and cool to wear in summer.

for **Long Wear** GRO-CORD Soles outwear leather every time. The cords, set on end, meet wear across the grain, instead of with it. Millions of users have proved it.

When you buy sport shoes, work shoes, or street shoes, ask for

GRO-CORD SOLES

THE LIMA CORD SOLE & HEEL CO., LIMA, OHIO

Cord Tire Wear in Every Pair

Folks Do Lose Fat

without hard work or starving

It is evident on every hand that people do lose fat in these days without starving. Look about you—note how slenderness prevails. Abnormal figures have largely disappeared.

One great reason lies in a discovery made by leading scientists. They found a cause for excess fat in a certain gland deficiency. In a gland which assists nutrition. Thousands of tests proved that fat reduction came by correcting that lack.

A great medical laboratory then embodied that factor in Marmola prescription tablets. They have now been used for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. In every circle you can see the results. Almost anyone has friends who can tell them.

The users of Marmola have told others, and the use has grown. Now people are using some 5,000,000 tablets a month. And excess fat is fast becoming an affliction of the past.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised. One simply takes four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

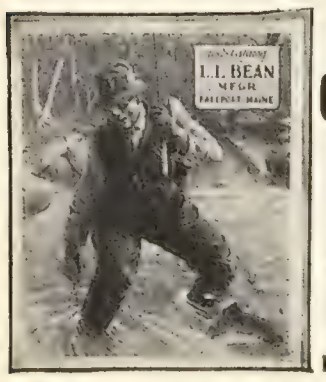
The Marmola prescription is not secret. The full formula is given in every box, and a book states the reasons for all good effects. You will know that you are taking what modern physicians prescribe, and why the effects are natural and helpful.

Don't suffer longer from abnormal fat. It blights beauty, health and vitality. Learn how Marmola corrects the conditions, and why. Go get a box today, and this day may be a red-letter day in your calendar.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce



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Skin Blemishes Banished Quickly

It is so easy to rid your skin of pimples, blotches and other blemishes. Simply apply pure, cooling liquid D.D.D. Clear and stainless—dries up almost immediately. Its soothing elements penetrate the skin and quickly drive away the irritation. Stops itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle will prove the merits of this famous antiseptic—or your money back. On sale at all drug stores.

D.D.D. *The Healing Skin Lotion*

A Lost ART

THEY are crossing out the Three Rs as they do on a prescription. The R for Readin' is reduced to lower case by the movies and the radio, the R for Ritin' is almost extinct, and the Rithmetic is being left to the adding machine.

The art of writing is disappearing. The shaded Spencerian flourishes, the flying birds with fancy curlicues with which the schoolboys of the Victorian era decorated the blackboards, are gone. University professors gnash teeth and wail over examination papers, and now the dictators of etiquette make it permissible to write social letters of some kinds on the typewriter, provided the signature is in handwriting.

Such concessions are compelled by the fact that it is almost impossible to read modern handwriting, and it is questionable whether most signatures are decipherable at all. It is claimed by many persons that it is not an advantage to write legibly, but that often it is a positive disadvantage.

When a business man scribbles notes illegibly, no one but himself can read them and often he cannot. At the same time no one else can, and this frequently is advantageous in business. It is impossible to steal his ideas.

The old idea that plainly written signatures are easier to forge gets a shock from the handwriting experts, who claim forgeries are easier to detect in simple signatures than in complex.

The chief drawback to handwriting, however, lies in the fact that a letter written by hand no longer receives attention in business.

Typewriting is more easily and rapidly read, and carries the idea more clearly to the brain of the reader. Psychologically a proposition submitted in typewritten form has the advantage because it makes a good first impression.

WATCH any business man opening his mail. The telegrams are always placed on top of the morning mail and are read first; the typewritten letters come next; and those in longhand last.

There was a time when it was considered discourteous to write a social letter on the typewriter, much less to dictate one. Today certain classes of friendly correspondence may be written by machine. Invitations to large gatherings may be printed or written on machines. Although courtesy orders that invitations to small, intimate affairs, notes declining invitations, and strictly friendly communications must be in one's own handwriting, many social leaders merely sign such letters after they are written in longhand by secretaries. The art of handwriting may revert to the exclusive use of secretaries, or perhaps may some day be picked up again as a sort of social fad.

H. F.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Liberty, published weekly at New York, New York, for April 1st, 1928.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. M. Patterson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of Liberty and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Editor, J. M. Patterson, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; Executive Editor, Sheppard Butler, 247 Park Avenue, New York City; General Manager, M. Annenberg, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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The Tribune Company, publisher of The Chicago Tribune, owns and holds all the stock of Liberty Weekly, Incorporated.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

J. M. PATTERSON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1928.

(Seal) F. J. FUCITO

Notary Public, Bronx County. No. 120, Reg. No. 3039
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Form 3526 Ed. 1924.

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Their soft rubber fingers fill natural depressions in side of heel, holding shoe firmly in position without bulging. Very thin at back. Prevents wear on hose. The comfortable, snug way of overcoming slipping heels. At your dealers.

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Spring Odors

At once in the breath

A May-Breath tablet instantly overcomes offensive breath. No matter where it lies—in the mouth or stomach.

Now dainty people, before any close contact, eat a May-Breath tablet. The pocket box is always carried with them.

It instantly overcomes offensive odors.

Before you dance, before you talk with people, always eat a May-Breath.

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An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form.

STOPS SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

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Now Youth Can Be Yours

Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

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In the big hotels—Vul-Cot

In eighty-two per cent of America's great hotels, Vul-Cot is standard equipment. In business offices, waiting rooms, guest rooms—wherever there is a possibility of disorder, is Vul-Cot—an invitation to be neat! . . . Vul-Cot in olive green, maroon, oak, walnut, mahogany—and Naco-lacquered in delicate pastel tones. Solid at sides and bottom—dust or ashes cannot sift through onto the floor. Buy them by the dozen—at stationery, housefurnishing and department stores.

VUL-COT

-the national wastebasket

National Vulcanized Fibre Co.
Wilmington, Del.

Emphasize Your Beauty Assets Says HOUGETTE

By EILEEN BOURNE

Mlle. Hougette, the talented and beautiful French actress.

"I KNOW why American actresses are especially distinguished for their beauty," said a French playwright the other day. "It's because you rate that quality so high. In France we put talent so far ahead of looks that, although we have many fascinating women on our stage, we have very few beauties. Of course, however, there *is* Hougette."

Yes, there is always Hougette. Poor darling! In vain she proves herself a competent and charming actress on both the stage and screen. In vain she achieves a vast popular success. The critics allow her no other title except that of being the greatest beauty possessed by either the legitimate French drama or the French motion pictures. And although to any but a Parisienne this might be quite enough, it is the consciousness of achieving no other claim to prestige which places its one faint shadow of sadness upon Hougette's blonde loveliness.

Never was anyone so blonde. The white pearls against her skin match it exactly, and the pink in her cheeks needs only to be faintly defined by rouge. As for her hair, it has grown out thickly, but it has never grown up. It retains the pale yellow of infancy and the absurd silky texture of down. Dazzling white and regular teeth, and eyes of a rather dark blue add to the tonal effect.

Indeed, were it not for the strength of her straight nose and the more than average height of her well rounded, slender figure, Mlle. Hougette might have been doomed forever to the rôle of ingénue. On the other hand, her smile has the maturity of one who has come out the other side of disillusionment into a comradely understanding. It is more eloquent than speech.

Now, of course, what interests us particularly is whether one so endowed has anything to say to the average woman.

Certainly it is the temptation of every beauty to say, "This is just the way I am. I do nothing about it." Yet Hougette's message is practical. For she says that a woman's first duty is to accentuate every physical asset and her second is to keep those assets intact.

"For example," she elucidated, "I could easily get too fat. Yet, because I am not small-boned, I cannot afford to become thin, and my work requires a great deal of strength and pep. Consequently I'm obliged to eat substantial meals. What I do is to eliminate bread, butter, and pastries almost altogether. Moreover, I've had to accustom myself to satisfy that after-theater appetite—increased because I must eat lightly before playing—with fruit only. I think this régime would work for almost everybody."

EXERCISE is a trying problem for the actress who plays every night, three matinées a week, and spends the summer acting for the movies. Hougette settles it by a few daily setting-up exercises, with strenuous massage and hot and cold douches every week.

"I am careful about facial massage," she declared. "One can easily break the tissues by too much manipulation. Tapping motions around eyes and mouth, a good cold cream and astringent for cleansing, cold water for tonic, plus wholesome diet and sufficient repose—this is my recipe for keeping my skin fresh and unlined."

Moreover, Mlle. Hougette believes the skin should be as free as possible from outside influence. She uses no cream at night, never makes up until ready to go out, and then uses as little rouge as possible. It is interesting to note that even so blonde a person as she mixes rose with ocher to obtain the proper tone for powder. But she uses it sparingly.

The same moderation is applied to repose. She who can never sleep before midnight is up at eight every morning. She believes lines come from sluggishness quite as often as from other causes.

"Of course," concludes Hougette, "I've had to learn to relax. And here's a trick which may be suggestive: I often produce a desire to sleep by brushing and massaging my head. It's awfully good for fine hair like mine.

"I've met so many American women who are like me in leading strenuous lives that my special advice to them is to cultivate every means to complete relaxation. It's the best way to hold fast to one's youth."

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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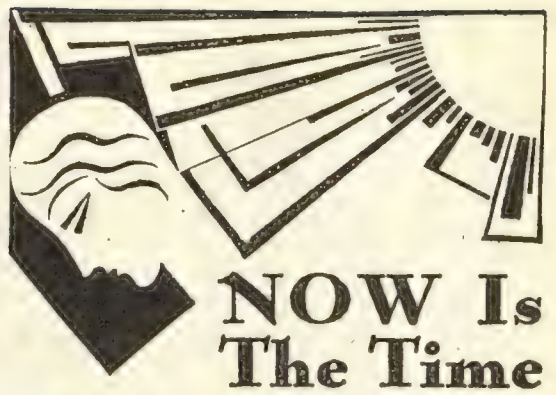

NOW Is The Time

to guard your beauty against freckles, sunburn, tan, coarse pores and "squint" lines!

And the only sane, resultful way to do it, is through the Valaze Scientific Beauty Preparations, created by HELENA RUBINSTEIN, world-renowned beauty scientist, after a lifetime devoted to studying the effects of climate upon the skin.

Preparations which actually *sunproof* the skin . . . unique creams which replenish the youth-giving moisture drained from the pores by warm weather . . . lotions instantly revivifying to fatigued tissue, these and other aids to protecting and prolonging youthful beauty has HELENA RUBINSTEIN devised.

Each of these remarkable preparations answers some vital, individual skin need. You can do no greater service to your beauty than to put them to the test!

Three Steps to Beauty

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—the basis of beauty—cleanses the skin immaculately, molds away the "drawn look"—cools, soothes, protects. Unsurpassed for normal skins, and the only cream cleanser positively beneficial to oily or pimpled skin. 1.00

VALAZE CLEANSING AND MASSAGE CREAM—quickly removes dust and make-up. Recommended for dry, sensitive skins. 75c, 1.25

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN-FOOD—the skin-clearing masterpiece—purifies, refines, bleaches. Unsurpassed for sallowness, light tan and freckles. 1.00

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION—firms tissue, removes fine lines. Freshens. 1.25

VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION SPECIAL—for dry, sensitive skins. 1.25

Squint Lines—Crowsfeet—Wrinkles

VALAZE GRECIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM (ANTHOSOROS)—nourishes, correcting crowsfeet, lines, wrinkles. 1.75, 3.50

"Sunproof"—Protect

VALAZE SUNPROOF CREAM—prevents sunburn, tan and freckles, by neutralizing the actinic or violet rays of the sun. Indispensable for all. Ideal make-up foundation. 1.00

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VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS—actually washes away blackheads, whiteheads and other impurities under the skin. Closes the pores. 1.00

VALAZE LIQUIDINE—instantly corrects "shine," producing a flattering mat finish. 1.50

The Latest Lipstick Sensation—"CUBIST"

In a startlingly chic modernistic case, a Black or Golden oblong. Suitable for every occasion. The lipstick itself is typically Rubinstein. Red Raspberry (medium and light), flattering to all. Red Geranium, youthful, universally becoming for evening. 1.00

VALAZE WATER LILY MAKE-UP—powder, rouge and lipstick containing the youthifying essence of water-lilies. Compact and lipstick cases in Chinese Red, Jade Green, Jet Black.

Powder, 1.50. Lipstick, 1.25. Double Compact, 2.50; Golden, 3.00. Single Compact, 2.00; Golden, 2.50.

VALAZE SUN-TAN POWDER—the ideal summer tint. 1.00 to 5.50

Rubinstein beauty preparations are dispensed by trained and competent advertisers at all the better stores, or may be ordered directly from Dept. Y-5-5

Helena Rubinstein

PARIS 8 East 57th St., New York LONDON
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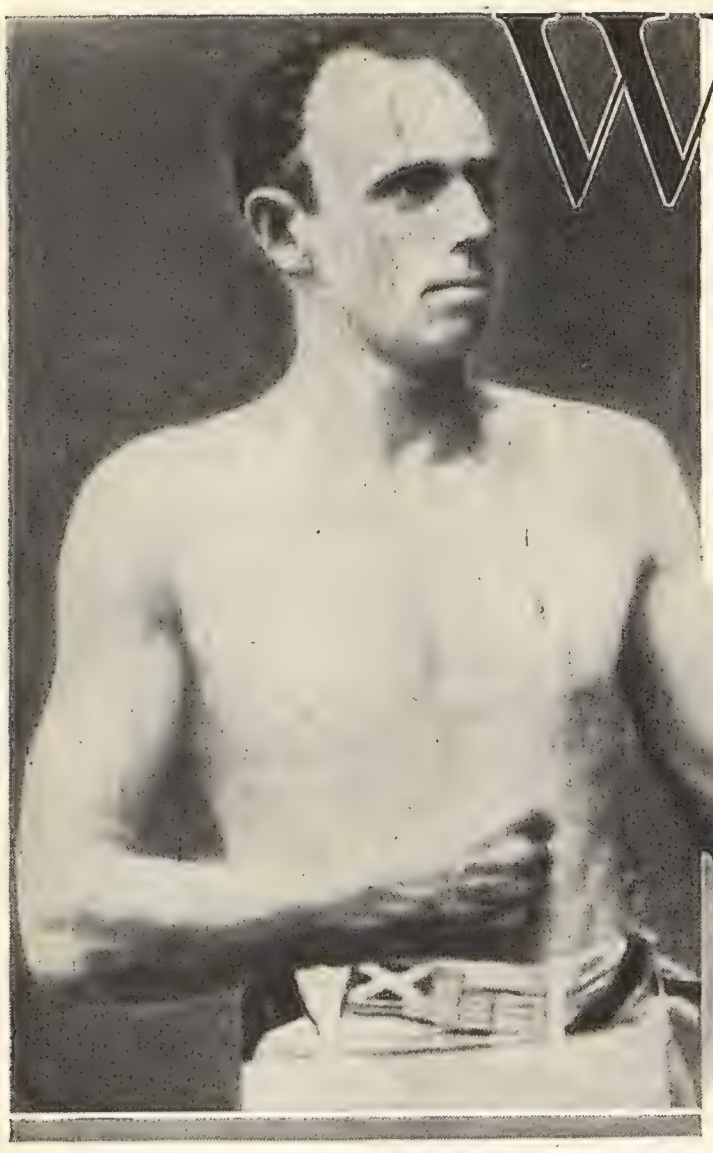
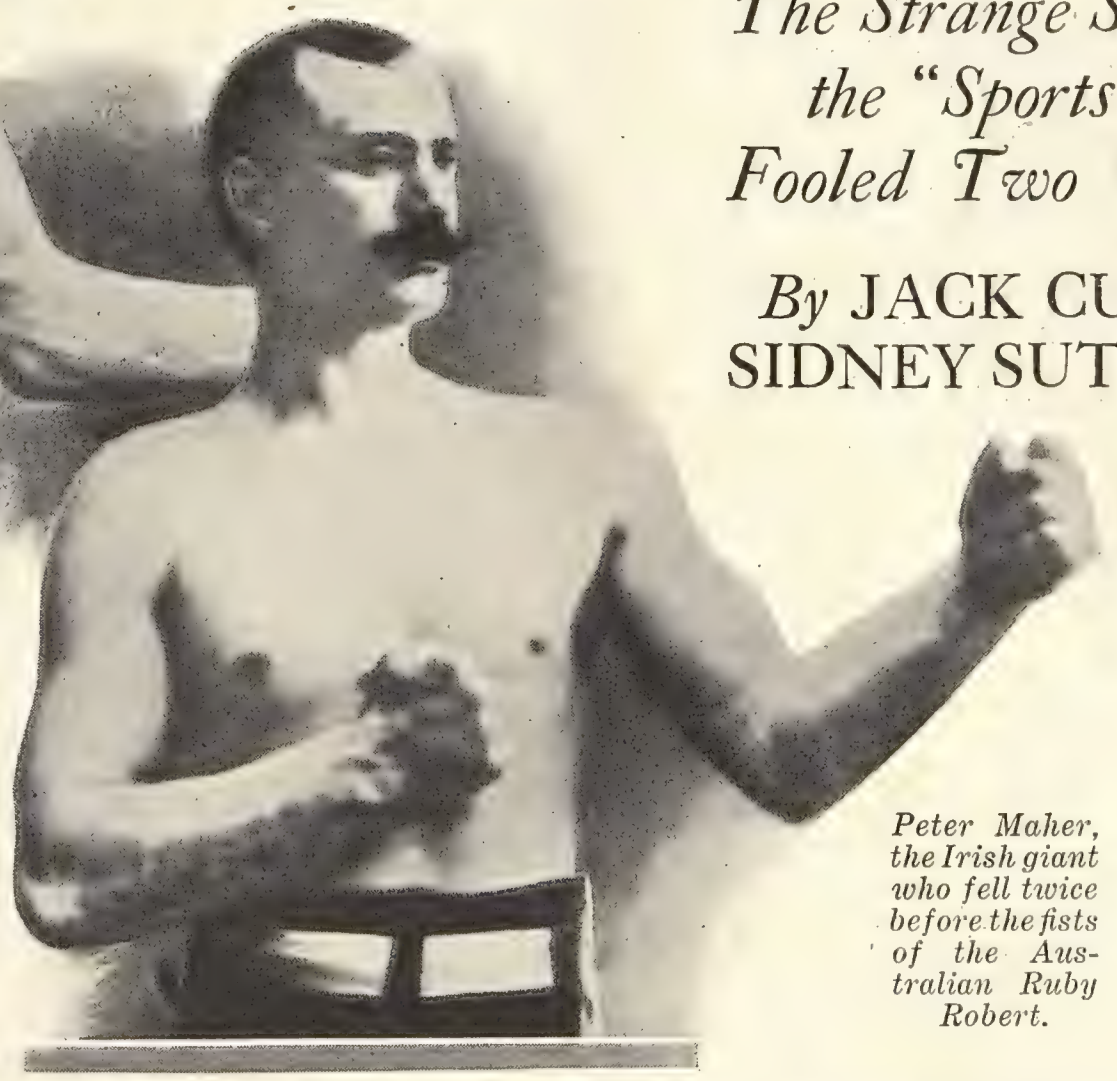
When Fitzsimmons Fought MAHER

The Strange Story of How the "Sports" of 1896 Fooled Two Governments

By JACK CURLEY *and* SIDNEY SUTHERLAND



Bob Fitzsimmons, victor in one of boxing's strangest matches.



Peter Maher, the Irish giant who fell twice before the fists of the Australian Ruby Robert.

Photos by The Ring
Drawings by Frank Boyd

(Reading time: 17 minutes 8 seconds.)

MESQUITE and cactus, rattlesnakes and ground owls, Indians and coyotes, Mexicans and Broadway thugs, Texas Rangers and swarthy *Rurales,* gunmen and pickpockets, scarred pugs and pallid gamblers. Arroyos and a pontoon bridge across the muddy Rio Grande, an amphitheater whose crowded topmost tier was a towering bluff on the American side of the river and whose arena floor was a mud flat hundreds of yards away on the Mexican bank.

Two great fighters striding across a ring toward each other, a flurry of gloves, a whistling left hook, and a knockout. A scurrying back to the special train on the sidetrack at Langtry, Texas, a wild wassail on the long return trip to El Paso, and the fight fans and sportsmen of two-and-thirty years ago laughing at the chagrin confessed in Washington, D. C., and the City of Mexico.

These constitute the scenes and the site and the surroundings and the outcome of one of the most spectacular battles in pugilistic annals.

This is the way it all happened:

James J. Corbett was heavyweight champion of the world. Less than four years before, he had jabbed and danced his clever way to victory in twenty-one rounds over the theretofore invincible John L. Sullivan. Gentleman Jim rode his triumph into national popularity, but the very comportment which won for him that flattering appellation incurred the contempt of the underworld, then so closely identified with the ring; and his arrogance infuriated his most persistent challenger, Bob Fitzsimmons, in many ways the greatest fighter of them all.

Arriving in San Francisco from Australia in 1890, Fitzsimmons had startled the country with a series of unexpected victories. Never weighing more than 165 pounds, he had stopped some of our best heavies, and he had won the middleweight title by knocking out Jack Dempsey, the original Nonpareil, in thirteen rounds in New Orleans.

Shunned by most of the big fellows of that

Maher was out in less than a minute.

day and utterly abhorring the evasive champion, Fitz and Martin Julian, his manager and brother-in-law, had hounded Corbett for several years with insult and challenge. Corbett, of course, didn't fear "Ruby Robert," but he did detest him, and he refused to give him a match.

But public opinion had its pressure in that era, and finally they signed to meet in Dallas, Texas. The Governor chased them out. They proceeded secretly to Hot Springs, Arkansas, there to settle the quarrel; but when Corbett's party crossed the State line at Texarkana, a constable tapped Jim on the shoulder and beckoned.

He was put under an Arkansas peace bond, and the bout fizzled. Corbett was not put in a more amiable mood when Julian and Fitz openly accused him of arranging for his arrest, so that he would have a plausible pretext for not fighting.

Then the two met in Green's Hotel in Philadelphia, and after torrid repartee between Harry Corbett, the champion's brother, and Fitzsimmons, the latter hurled a saltcellar at Jim, and Jim retaliated by pinching Bob's nose. Bob always claimed that at the precise moment of pinching, he, Bob, was pinioned in the arms of Harry and a couple of Corbett sycophants.

Gentleman Jim resumed his theatrical tour and lanky Bob renewed his taunting. Loath to forgo the soft pickings accruing to him from his footlight travels, Corbett engaged a burly heavyweight to act as his sparring partner and bodyguard, one Steve O'Donnell. Corbett found O'Donnell effective in chasing away the lesser rabble aspiring to the title.

A FEW years previous to all this a great figure of a man hove on the scene from Galway, Ireland, and speedily became immensely popular. Indeed, people said that Peter Maher, who could hit with the conclusive finality of a toppling skyscraper, was destined to step into the mighty shoes of John L.

Peter, too, made Corbett the quarry of his persistence. So Jim told Steve to brush him off. Steve tried, but Peter swung once, and they carried O'Donnell back to Corbett feet first. Corbett tried to nominate Peter as his successor, but the fans demanded that the champion give Fitzsimmons a chance.

"Well," quoth Gentleman Jim, "let Maher and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

Sunday *May 13*

Mother's Day

Among all the many words we say, what two express thoughts so closely linked as *Mother* and *Flowers?* Sunday is *her* day.

Say it with Flowers

Say it with Flowers
FELLOW
Society of American Florists

THIS FELLOWSHIP EMBLEM OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FLORISTS IS THE SIGN OF A GOOD FLORIST

Hal Roach's Rascals of "Our Gang" in M-G-M Comedies.

"Our Gang"

of the Movies having some fun and Dressed for the Part

HERE they come—famous youthful movie stars—full of ALL-AMERICAN life, vigor, pep. Supreme in their class, unique in their field, it's no surprise at all to find them at play in Lee Whizit Play Suits.

"Our Gang", every member strong, demands the healthy freedom of these famous garments—so do hundreds of thousands of other American boys and girls not so famous, perhaps, but just as full of life and pep.

Mothers like Lee Whizit Play Suits because "Whizit" means no buttons to bother—to come off—to sew on. Because the famous Lee Fabrics with their special weave mean months longer wear, easier washing and continued good looks throughout their long life.

Put your children—boys and girls—in these popular, practical garments—hear them shout with joy and see them beam with pride. At better dealers everywhere.

Lee dealers are in every city and in almost every town, village and hamlet in the United States.

Lee Union-Alls, Overalls, Play Suits Are Made in Clean, Light, Airy Factories by Hundreds of Union Employes.

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY
Kansas City, Mo. Trenton, N. J. South Bend, Ind.
Minneapolis, Minn. San Francisco, Calif.

"Fatty," of "Our Gang," Does a Stunt.

This Guarantee With Every Garment

If you do not find this to be the most satisfactory and best value-giving play garment you have ever worn, you can get a new one free or your money back.

UNION MADE

Lee WHIZIT

Play Suits - Union-Alls - Overalls

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

Fitzsimmons fight it out and I'll sign to meet the winner—maybe."

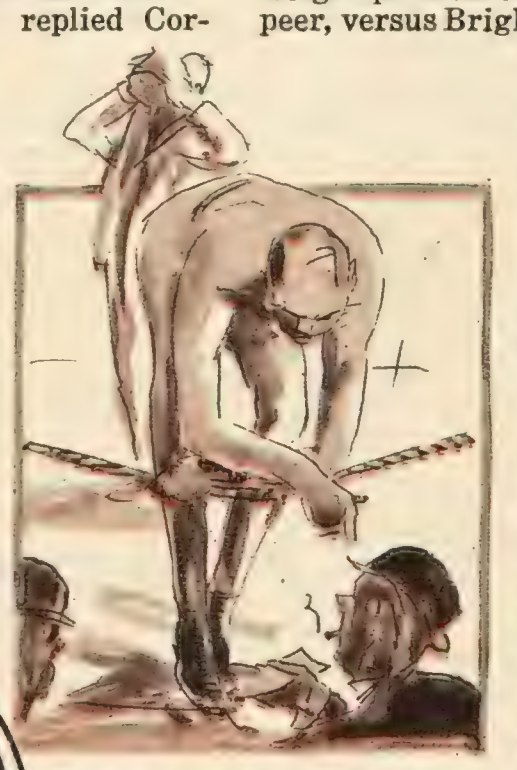
"You bet!" cried Maher.

"But I've already whipped Peter!" cried Fitz. "I stopped him in twelve rounds in New Orleans. Why do it all over?"

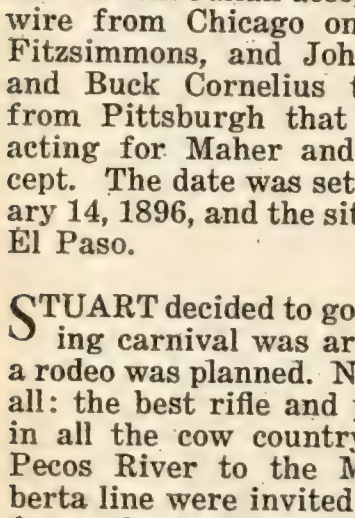
"He's improved," replied Corbett. "Take him on again, or shut up."

"Righto!" sighed Ruby Robert.

The country switched its petulant attention from the coy Corbett to the combat between the huge Hibernian and the freckled middleweight from Australia. Promoters burst into print with offers.



"I told you I wanted cash!" roared Fitzsimmons.



Bat Masterson, two-gun "sergeant at arms."

George Siler, referee.

Tom O'Rourke, stakeholder.

The best proposition came from El Paso, Texas. The wild frontier town was wide open and proud of it. Dan Stuart, renowned in sporting circles throughout the nation, operated the largest gambling hall on Utah Street, the Street of the Sad Sorority.

Stuart offered a purse of $10,000, the winner to take it all. Martin Julian accepted by wire from Chicago on behalf of Fitzsimmons, and Johnny Quinn and Buck Cornelius telegraphed from Pittsburgh that they were acting for Maher and would accept. The date was set for February 14, 1896, and the site was to be El Paso.

STUART decided to go big. A boxing carnival was arranged and a rodeo was planned. Nor was that all: the best rifle and pistol shots in all the cow country from the Pecos River to the Montana-Alberta line were invited to compete for marksmanship prizes; and Dan crossed the Rio Grande and persuaded the polite Mexican authorities to put on a special bullfight. 'Twas to be a great week in old El Paso, brothers!

Joe Vendig, the New York gambler, was commissioned to sign up the world's best fighters for the rest of the card, and presently the newspapers of the country were filled with speculations concerning the following Homeric battlers:

Jimmy Barry, undefeated champion, versus Johnny Murphy, for the bantamweight title.

George Dixon, the immortal Little Chocolate, versus Jerry Marshall, for the featherweight crown.

Joe Walcott, whose welterweight prowess has never known a peer, versus Bright Eyes, a marvelous colored lad.

Jack Everhardt, excellent lightweight, versus Horace Leeds.

This gorgeous pugilistic menu was to be topped off with the clash between Fitzsimmons and Maher.

BEFORE the riotous town had recovered from its Christmas-New Year's hangover, all these pugilists had arrived on the scene with their retinues and established their training camps. About twenty exceedingly hard thugs and gunmen were brought in by Quinn and Cornelius to see that justice was done Maher's interests!

Fight headquarters, in the big hall where Stuart's games ran night and day, were soon thronged with prominent sporting and underworld characters of that period. Correspondents from the big-town newspapers began to pour into El Paso. And the highways along the Rio Grande, and running out to Mount Franklin, were crowded with besweatered pugs and their training aids, all sprinting and trotting and shadow boxing, their cropped skulls and dried-apricot ears adding quaint touches to the west Texas frontier picture.

About the middle of January, when everything was going awfully good, the El Paso Ministerial Association got busy in unison with other reform organizations.

"Stop the fight? Nothing to it!" was the contemptuous retort of the sporting brigade.

But about the 25th of the month, Governor Culberson announced that the contest could not be held in Texas. Dan Stuart countered quickly: he informed the palpitant world that it never had been his intention to stage the fight in Texas.

Everybody wondered what that meant, until the scouts of the reformers reported that a peculiar square platform, with posts at each corner and ropes running between

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

New Way to Serve Fish Fresh from the Ocean

à la RITZ-CARLTON

THEODORE SZARVAS, Maitre d'Hotel of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York, and Louis Diat, Chef de Cuisine of that famous hostelry, have prepared a valuable book.

It explains the fine art of cooking fish so it will be tender, and tells how they prepare and serve 40-Fathom Fish to the guests at the Ritz-Carlton. Send coupon below for your free copy.

40-Fathom Fish is the breast and sides (called fillets) of choice ocean haddock. Fresh from the sea to your dealer by fast express in ice. No heads, tails, scales, backbones or waste. All savory, snowy meat, cleansed and wrapped in clean parchment paper. A meal in each wrapper.

40-Fathom Haddock Fillets are ready to put on the fire and cook. A new, delicious shore delicacy on your table, whether you live near the sea or far inland.

Nothing is so unwise as buying second-grade fillets. Ask your butcher, grocer or fish dealer for 40-Fathom Fish, which is never frozen or preserved but always fresh and sweet—"the cream of the catch."

INSIST ON THIS TRADEMARKED WRAPPER

Fish not in this wrapper is NOT 40-Fathom Fish!

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30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.
Please send me your free Book of Recipes telling how 40 Fathom Fish is prepared and served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York.
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..add LIFE to your shoes!

Why do some shoes always look new?

Heels are one of the biggest factors.

Heels that keep them square with the world—tough, long-wearing heels, that don't let the shoe run over.

Goodrich makes that kind of heels. Tough as Silvertowns. Smart as Zippers. Buoyant heels—that put new life in your step and longer life in your shoes.

There's a shop near you where you can quickly have Goodrich Heels put on. They cost a little and add a lot. On stylish new shoes, you will also find them—a mark of distinction.

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Rubber Heels
FOR MEN AND WOMEN . . . BOYS AND GIRLS

[WHEN FITZSIMMONS FOUGHT MAHER]
Continued from Page Seventy-one

them, was in course of erection at the base of some foothills a few miles northwest of El Paso, just across the boundary line of New Mexico.

The papers reported the promoter's maneuver, and Uncle Sam stepped in. New Mexico was then a Territory, and a Representative named Catron introduced in Congress an anti-prize-fight bill which applied to Federal territory. It was shot through both houses and immediately signed by President Grover Cleveland.

The map shows Langtry, Texas, scene of the fight, to which the principals and spectators went overnight from El Paso.

Had the redoubtable gambler tossed his last card on the table? He had not! He sent a personal representative to the city of Chihuahua, capital of the State of identical name, and offered the Governor a substantial sum for a concession to hold the boxing bouts in the Juarez bull ring, across the river from El Paso.

The record doesn't disclose that Governor Ahumada was averse to the idea. But it does show that Minister Romero, who represented President Porfirio Diaz in Washington, gave out numerous interviews in which he declared that the battle should not take place on Mexican soil.

Dan Stuart laughed and reassured the sports milling around his gambling rooms that there'd be a fight. They took Dan's word.

IT was whispered that Dan had found a way to foil both governments—that a retired army surgeon named Alexander owned a strip of land in the middle of the river bed about four miles from town. There was a dispute between the United States and Mexico as to which nation had jurisdiction over this strip, and since neither could claim it, Dan Stuart did, as the site for his boxing contest!

But the State Department in Washington and the Secretariat of Foreign Relations in Mexico City conferred quickly and agreed to furnish sufficient troops from their respective armies to prevent the fight in either country, letting the courts decide later as to equity and similar questions.

Peter Maher was present in fight headquarters when this information reached the promoter, and when Stuart said they'd go ahead and hold it there anyhow, Peter yelled: "Oi should say not! Oi'll not poke me head into any penitentiar-r-ry!"

Well, it seemed that the bold gambler had about exhausted his resources. Governor Thornton of New Mexico was joined by his adjutant general and they watched Stuart and his men every minute. Governor Culberson of Texas sent Captain MacDonald and Captain Hughes with their companies of Rangers to keep an eye on the fighters and their friends. Troops at Fort Bliss, near El Paso, and at Fort Sam Houston, in San Antonio, were ordered to be ready for instant mobilization and special trains.

President Diaz stretched a cordon of Federal cavalry along the river north and south of Juarez, and instructed his famous Rurales to patrol such sites as might be accessible to the mob of gringo fight fans and sports.

The net was indeed drawn in around Promoter Stuart. But he merely smiled and commanded his ticket sellers to carry on.

"Where's the damn fight gonna be?" roared John L. Sullivan, when he blew into town with Parson Davies and Harry Glikauf.

"You'll be notified in plenty of time, John. Don't worry; you'll see a fight yet," replied Stuart.

Then, about February 10, another crisis arose, and the promoter called a secret meeting in his office. George Siler, from the sporting department of the Chicago *Tribune* and a great referee, was present, as were Al Smith, the celebrated New York café man and stakeholder for some of Sullivan's historic battles, Jim Kennedy, Bat Masterson, Otto Floto of Denver, Jimmy Lawler,

A shaky pontoon bridge led to the arena on the Mexican shore.

and several other noted characters. (Jack Curley was then only nineteen years of age, but he managed to be there too.)

"Gentlemen," said Stuart, when everybody was seated, "I don't mind fighting a couple of governments and a few States on both sides of the river, but I'm afraid the bout is off."

Everybody exclaimed or swore or took another drink.

"I mean, Maher has asked for a postponement of a week," went on the gambler. "Now, my plans are all set to hold it on the fourteenth, a few days from now; but if I have to, I can put it off a week. But I'm afraid Fitz won't stand for a postponement. However, I've sent for both fighters and their managers and a doctor to examine Maher, who says he's sick. We'll see what happens."

The door burst open and in stormed the angry Fitzsimmons.

"What's this about a postponement?" he yelled.

Before they could tell him Peter was sick, that worthy arrived with his pair of guardians, followed by a doctor.

"It's me eyes, Bob," explained Maher. "Something's wrong with 'em, and Oi'd loike to put it off a week if you'll let me."

"Put nothing off!" shouted Fitz. "Here, Otto," he called to the Denver sportsman, "give me a cigar." He gnawed off one end, lit it, and began to puff it furiously. "You see," he cried, "I've broken training! Everything's off."

THE room seethed with dismay and confusion. Julian shouted that he wanted Maher's and Stuart's forfeits. Uncle Bill Naughton of the San Francisco *Examiner* and dean of contemporaneous fight writers; Tom O'Rourke, manager of Walcott and Dixon; and Hugh Fitzgerald, a popular Easterner, jumped to their feet and interceded with everybody that would listen to please be patient. Stuart tried to calm Fitz, at least until the doctor examined Peter's eyes. Finally the man of science turned to the silent throng.

Fitz wanted to buy the mountain lion.

"Maher has ophthalmia. Only a slight attack, caused by the alkali in the soil where he's been doing his road work. I can probably fix him up in a week. But if he tries to fight in his present condition he'll more than likely go blind."

They all turned imploringly to Fitz. He glared around a moment and then hurled his cigar into a spittoon.

"All right, all right!" he shouted. "I won't claim the forfeits. I've given in on everything so far, and I'll give in again. I'll get even when we get in the ring."

Maher went into a dark room and Fitz went back to his punching bag. The reformers, puzzled by the whispered rumors in the underworld, redoubled their vigilance. Then Jim Lowry, official stakeholder, became ill, and there was a hot quarrel until O'Rourke was selected to replace him.

Julian warned everybody that he was tired of all the trouble and delay, and that the $10,000 stake must be at ringside in cash, as he wouldn't accept a check.

After another series of conferences it was decided to call off all the other contests and concentrate on the main event. Each fighter was paid a $500 forfeit and his expenses.

At last everything was ready, and for the first time Stuart told the men he could trust about his secret rendezvous. At 10 o'clock on the night of February 20 they were to proceed on foot or in carriages to a point about a mile east of El Paso, where a Southern Pacific special train would be waiting.

Perhaps 250 sports showed up on time. They clambered into the darkened coaches and the special pulled out. When the lights were turned on, what a train it was! The two companies of Rangers were aboard, and the mob was worried until Dan told them the Rangers would have no jurisdiction where the fight was to be held.

The Rangers watched the fight from the bluffs.

In the middle of the train was a baggage car fitted up as a gambling room with a bar running down one side; and you may be sure the dealers and bartenders were not idle as the train roared through the darkness on its way to a destination known only to the crew and half a dozen men aboard.

All through the night the special raced eastward, and about 11 o'clock in the morning came to a stop at the little speck on the map known as Langtry, named for the famous Jersey Lily. About 400 miles from El Paso, Langtry is at the west end of the great Pecos River bridge and a few hundred yards from the Rio Grande. It was also the home of the renowned Judge Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos, who administered justice, more or less, in his own whimsical way.

WHEN the train pulled into a siding everybody followed Stuart toward the immense bluffs which form the northern bank of the Rio Grande. Rattlesnakes and horned toads fled into the chaparral and prickly pear before the advancing horde.

They reached the narrow winding path that led from the prairie down to the river. Tumbling and skidding and swearing and tearing their clothing, the throng crawled down the steep precipice, reached level ground, and sloshed through another hundred yards of silt and quicksand to the end of a pontoon bridge which swayed on the muddy surface of the stream. Stuart had had men building this crazy span for several days.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You Pick the Point That Fits Your Writing Stroke

Prove it for yourself, money can not buy a better writing pen

There are fourteen different styles of points to choose from—Wahl makes 'em all—and there's *one that writes like you.*

Find that one. See your dealer today and try the range of Wahl graduated, easy-writing points.

For real writing satisfaction, pick your pen by its point. This Wahl is a matchless value at this sensible price, five dollars.

Is this the first step *in a new "fine art"?*

From the laboratory of the scientist and the palette of the painter come amazing new disclosures about color control.

They offer every woman an opportunity to make her home immeasurably more attractive—at scarcely noticeable cost.

PSYCHOLOGISTS and other expert observers of human behavior are paying very earnest attention to the part that certain colors play in governing our moods. It is now known that a room in the wrong color tone can have a bearing even upon physical fitness—can be of disturbing influence on the nerves.

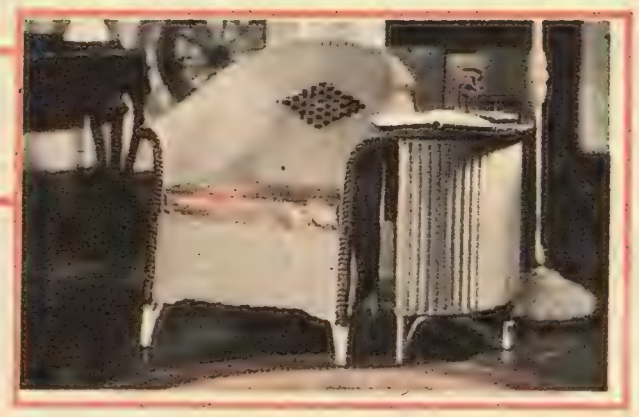
The old way to attempt an improvement was to redecorate the walls, to buy new drapes and rugs, to replace costly furniture with other pieces equally costly. But now comes a solution that many describe as a new "fine art." It consists of using Lloyd loom furniture—*obtainable in virtually endless combinations of color*—to heighten or reduce, *or even suppress*, an objectionable predominating room color.

Established laws of color work the transformation

To use this novel decorating method, you first determine what the prevailing color of the room should be. Then you go to your store and select appropriate Lloyd pieces in finishes that will subdue or emphasize the color in the room you have in mind.

The result will seem little short of magical once the Lloyd designs you choose are placed where they belong in your home. Actually it will be produced by established laws of color that scientists and artists both employ. You'll be simply fascinated with the way the whole character of the room changes.

LLOYD furniture takes color tones beautifully because it is made of a specially prepared, smooth, durable fabric which is woven on marvelous looms invented by Marshall B. Lloyd. In every upright strand an invisible core of tested steel wire insures great strength, long life and permanent shape-holding qualities. By weaving 250 times faster than human hands, the looms achieve such economies that prices for a whole suite are frequently less than you expect to pay for a single piece.



"The Effect of Color on Our Moods" —sent free

Your furniture department or store can show you Lloyd furniture in smart designs that cover the entire range from easy chairs to lamps. And, upon request, we will mail postpaid a very interesting treatise on decoration, "The Effect of Color on Our Moods." This offers suggestions of many kinds—how to make cold rooms *seem warmer*—how to create an *illusion of size* in a small room—how to use *brilliant* colors to *tone down* very vivid effects, etc. Simply address Lloyd Loom Products, Dept. 93 L. B., Menominee, Michigan, or Orillia, Ontario, Canada.

AMONG the selecti of Lloyd furniture and Ll baby carriages availabl most stores are many teresting examples not cluded in the illustrati on these pages. Prices are

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MENOMI

[WHEN FITZSIMMONS FOUGHT MAHER]
Continued from Page Seventy-three

The mob finally reached the mud flats on the Mexican side, a hundred or so sports and all the Rangers staying behind on the summit of the bluffs to watch the battle down below.

The ring was pitched on a little stretch of dry ground inside of a single strand of barbed wire which served as a fence. Joe Vendig and Bat Masterson stood at a turnstile and collected the tickets. There were exactly 132 paid admissions at twenty dollars apiece! And there were forty-nine newspaper reporters admitted free. Imagine a modern fight crowd undergoing all this grief to see a bout! And imagine, also, two great boxers of today fighting under such conditions and for such a stake!

On opposite sides of the ring were two little tents. These were the dressing rooms for the fighters. They quickly stripped, took a rubdown standing up, and hastened to the ring.

The thugs brought along by Maher's managers clustered scowling at one side, and Stuart glanced grimly at them as he climbed into the ring beside Referee Siler and Masterson and lifted his hand for silence.

"Gents," he said ominously, "Bat Masterson, from Dodge City, is hereby appointed sergeant at arms. If anybody wonders what the hell his duties are, just start something!"

Bat nodded his head and turned to Siler. "George, are you heeled?"

"Nope. Just a little pocketknife, that's all," said Siler.

"Don't worry, George," said Bat loudly. "I'll keep my eyes open and I'll pop anybody that gets you."

"Bat," said Siler earnestly, "just pop him before he gets me, will you?"

Siler then announced the officials: For Maher: Cornelius, Quinn, and Jim Hall, a great light heavyweight from Australia whom Fitz had knocked out. Peter's timekeeper was Parson Davies.

For Fitzsimmons: Julian, Ernest Roeber, Jack Everhardt; timekeeper, Hugh Kane.

Official timekeeper, Lou Houseman of Chicago.

FITZ entered the ring first. Maher was only a minute behind. Julian leaned down and addressed O'Rourke: "Tom, have you got the ten-thousand-dollar stake with you?"

"Here it is," said O'Rourke, waving a check.

"I told you I wanted cash!" roared Fitzsimmons.

"This is the first time my honesty was ever questioned," said Tom.

"I don't care anything about your honesty. I want cash or there'll be no fight!"

"You don't suppose I'd pack ten thousand cash along with this mob, do you?" retorted Tom.

Fitz glanced around and began to laugh. "I guess not, Tom," he said. "What a fine bunch of crooks this is! Well, I've given in on

everything so far, so I might as well go on."

After announcing the weights as Fitzsimmons 162 and Maher 190, Siler called them together, spoke a few words, and motioned them to their corners. There was no bell, so when everything was ready Lou Houseman yelled, "Time!"

As they advanced toward each other it was evident that the slighter Fitzsimmons was entirely confident, while Maher seemed nervous.

Maher pawed with his left, landed lightly on Bob's face, and in the clinch that followed shot a stiff right to the stomach. As they stepped back, Siler warned Peter that if he struck again in a clinch he'd give the fight to Bob. Bob grinned, shook his head at Siler as if to say he didn't mind, and broke ground as Peter charged, swinging his massive arms.

BOB backed toward the ropes, then suddenly took one step forward, made his famous shift by deliberately missing a right swing so as to impart momentum to the winging left, and shot his left glove with terrific force to the point of Maher's jaw.

Peter fell forward on his face and lay limp and unconscious while Siler counted ten. The bout had lasted less than one minute.

While the mob was surging around, dazed and speechless, Julian climbed on to the platform and roared out a challenge to Corbett. While he was in the midst of his oration, somebody yelled that the pontoon bridge was giving way, and everybody ran for the river edge. They filed across as quickly as possible, climbed up the cliff, and rejoined the delighted Rangers who had watched the tiny figures in the ring far below. They were so pleased that they jerked their pistols out and fired a salute to Fitzsimmons.

Then everybody got aboard for the return to El Paso, Stuart happy, in spite of his financial losses, because he had successfully defied everybody in North America to stage his battle.

There was just one tense moment as the conductor waited for the last stragglers to get on the train. On the porch of Judge Bean's shack was a cage containing a Mexican mountain lion which some cowboy had roped and dragged in. Fitz was standing in front of the cage yelling that he wanted to buy the lion. Nobody seemed to own it, so he had to depart without a pet.

On the strength of this publicity somebody later gave Fitz a real African lion, which he carried on tours around the country.

Less than thirteen months later Fitzsimmons shifted again, sank his left in Corbett's stomach in a ring in Carson City, Nevada, and became champion of the world, thus owning three titles—the middleweight, the light heavy, and the heavyweight.

We are not likely to look upon his equal again—nor upon the likes of the sports of that period.

THE END

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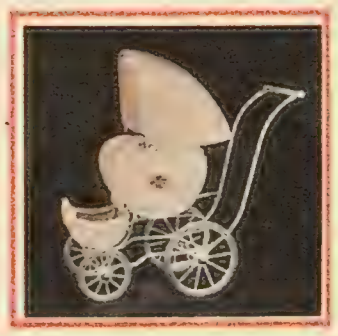


The Crucial five hundred days of BABY'S LIFE

Modern thinking ranks baby's comfort in importance with its food. Every jar or jolt has an effect upon the sensitive little nervous system during the impressionable first seventeen months.

AUTHORITIES on infant welfare have been making some significant studies of nervous, sickly childhood.

It is now believed that many serious disabilities of later life have their beginning—*in jars and jolts received before the child commences to walk!*

These disclosures are having the effect of arousing enlightened parents to look with grave suspicion upon the hard, unyielding, shock-transmitting type of baby carriage as a source of trouble.

Mothers realize that nothing is quite so fragile and easy to injure as a helpless infant's little spine during the crucial first five hundred days of life—the days of baby carriage use.

The Lloyd idea of safeguarding baby

Marshall B. Lloyd, the man who revolutionized the baby carriage industry, was thinking in baby's interest when he invented a process by which the basket-shaped Lloyd bodies are fashioned to scientifically correct contours — on a special loom—in much the same way full fashioned stockings are woven. Inside of each upright strand of body fabric he further incorporated a core of tested steel wire.

THIS construction is not only extra strong, extra durable and extra weatherproof—its advantage to baby is that vibrations which otherwise would be transmitted to the delicate little nervous system are absorbed.

As further protection, the springs that Lloyd uses are extra large and adequate—each one specially tempered in oil to make certain of maximum resiliency. Well-balanced and solid are the frames and the specially designed wood or wire wheels with their durable balloon or regular rubber tires. A priceless experience in providing comfort for millions of babies is behind these safeguards; and, to make assurance doubly sure, seventeen rigorous inspections must be passed before a baby carriage is qualified to bear the Lloyd nameplate. Yet manufacturing efficiency and enormous volume keep prices within the most modest means. No model is expensive.

"What the Doctor Told Young Mrs. Bond" sent free

Before deciding on any baby carriage or stroller, make sure to see the smartly styled, richly lacquered and beautifully upholstered Lloyd models which the stores are showing. And in the meanwhile write us for a copy of an amazing baby carriage treatise, interestingly written and graphically illustrated—something every mother should read. Simply address a request to Lloyd Loom Products, Dept. 94 L. B., Menominee, Michigan, or Orillia, Ontario, Canada.

Build Your CHILD'S HEALTH *in the Kitchen*

By ETHEL SOMERS

SINCE 1924 May Day has taken on a new significance. It is Child Health Day. Its dedication serves to focus national interest upon ways and means for securing more benefits to childhood. All organizations concerned with child welfare join hands to promote a positive health program for American childhood.

Many valuable publications are available to aid in studying and in carrying on good food practice. Many bulletins on child care and feeding may be had from the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, and other helpful food bulletins from the Department of Agriculture, not to mention State agencies and extension services which are willing and ready to help you with your child health problems.

All the agencies agree on the fundamentals of right feeding. Up to two years of age they advise that the diet be prescribed by a nutrition specialist or a competent physician. From two years of age onward children's diet should consist of the five items indicated by the fingers in the chart.

Milk is your child's most complete food. For the average baby it serves as an entirely complete food for the greater part of a year or until the prenatal iron reserve gives out. As the child grows older, more and more additions to the diet are necessary to supplement his quart of milk a day.

The vegetables, like the fruits, are one of Nature's best food tonics. Likewise, they provide roughage, valuable minerals, health-promoting vitamins, and strength and energy. The leafy vegetables are best. Your child should have at least one of these every day, either spinach, Swiss chard, dandelion greens, beet greens, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, kale, or cauliflower leaves; or crispy raw leaves such as lettuce, endive, romaine, water cress, or cabbage. All other vegetables are also very healthful. Your child should eat at least one of these, besides potatoes, daily, in addition to the leafy vegetable: tomatoes, peas, beans, celery, cauliflower, carrots, beets, parsnips, string beans, onions, turnips, squash, salsify, or eggplant.

The fruits are excellent health foods. They are, in fact, often called Nature's best food tonic. They furnish valuable minerals, appreciable measures of roughage, as well as protective and growth-stimulating vitamins. In addition they provide strength and energy, the amount depending on the kind of fruit selected; moreover, their attractive appearance and flavor help us to better enjoy our meals. Fresh raw fruits are best. Clean raw apples, for example, are better than the most elaborately prepared apple pie. Prunes, apples, and oranges are among the popular favorites for young children.

For the very young, the apples are prepared by scraping, and the prunes and oranges are juiced. When oranges are expensive the same benefit can be attained by serving tomato juice rather than orange juice. Some fruits, as bananas, although they are good for children, have become unpopular because they are served too green. Special care should be exercised when cooking fruits in order not to lose flavor and food value. Cook them in a very small quantity of water, tightly covered, and just long enough to make them tender, adding very little sugar just before removal from the fire.

The cereals provide strength and energy cheaply, at the same time encouraging and increasing the amount of milk in the diet. Whole cereals are preferable, as they contain more lime for building bones, more iron to strengthen the blood, more vitamins to provide general good health, and more roughage to prevent constipation. The more refined cereals and white breads may be used for variety. When the appetite lags they are essential. When these are served we must realize that important food elements have been wholly or partly removed in the refining process and larger portions of fruits and vegetables must make up for this shortage.

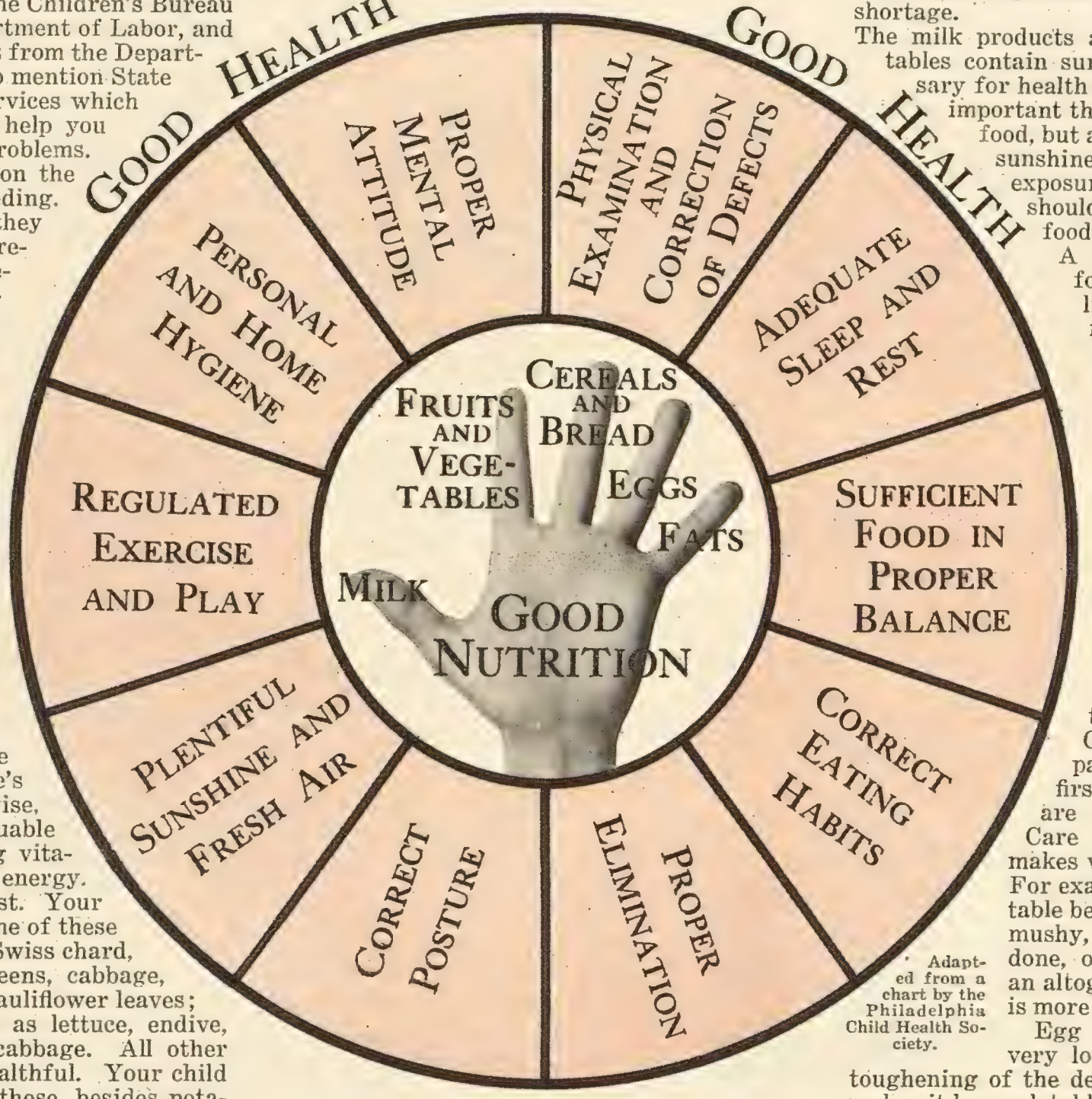
The milk products and green growing vegetables contain sunshine elements so necessary for health protection. It is not only important that your child eat sunshine food, but also that he drink in actual sunshine bodily. The less sunshine exposure he gets the more you should emphasize the sunshine foods in his diet.

A decided dislike for plain foods is frequently established as a result of overflavoring. Too much sugar, salt, or spices causes children to lose appreciation of the bland flavors so common to the wholesome and necessary foods. The result is that foods become generally monotonous.

Children's cereals should be very thoroughly cooked to make them easily digestible. Be sure the foods are tasty. This may often be attained by especial initial care in the cleaning. Gritty spinach is never palatable to anyone, and first impressions in childhood are important and lasting. Care in the cooking always makes vegetables more palatable. For example, an overcooked vegetable becomes strong in flavor and mushy, while one cooked just done, over steaming water, has an altogether different flavor and is more highly enjoyable.

Egg dishes must be cooked at very low temperatures to avoid toughening of the delicate egg protein, which makes it less palatable and harder to digest.

Though the cooking is an important feature, you may find that it takes inexhaustible patience to instill good food habits. All rules agree, however, that one must never give up, for the results are very much worth while.



Adapted from a chart by the Philadelphia Child Health Society.

Good health is built up from the co-operative influence of many good habits, although we stress herein the nutrition factors.

Count off the five elements of good nutrition on your child's fingers, and be sure he gets them daily.

From two years on your child needs, every day of his life:

1—One quart of milk if possible, or at least one pint properly combined with other foods.

2—Fresh vegetable, especially spinach, beet tops, chard, lettuce, etc. Some fruit cooked or raw. If cooked vegetable is used, serve the fruit raw. Prunes, tomatoes, oranges, and apples are good.

3—Cereals and bread, especially those from the whole grain. Potato, though a vegetable, ranks as a starchy food in this group.

4—Eggs or other protein food, such as meats, beans, macaroni, cheese, or cottage cheese.

5—Wholesome, easily digested fats, as cream, butter, bacon, or nuts.

Some foods from these five groups should be hard, to encourage chewing.

TO preserve the nutrient value of your children's meals and give them variety of menus consult LIBERTY'S three handy cookbooks. Here may be found many of the wholesome, health-giving dishes that provide a balanced ration to include milk, fresh vegetables, eggs, meats, cereals, and breads—such as oatmeal, farina, rice pudding, soft custard, blanc mange, and vegetable dinners. Each book costs only 10¢—all three for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

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P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
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5-5-28

On TRIAL

Luckily, This Young Bride Passed Her "In-Law Test"—but It Wasn't All Luck!

"WHEN I married Bob, my own mother warned me. 'Remember, Martha, *all* daughters-in-law are guilty till they prove themselves innocent. You're on trial.'

"On trial! Doesn't that give you a weird, quaky feeling? Really, I could have faced some hard-boiled old judge with more confidence than I had when Bob's mother came to dinner the very first time.

"The worst of it was, I had just about 'steen minutes' notice. Of course, it wasn't Mother Allen's fault. She protested and protested, but Bob had insisted—just like a man! So I was in for it—and I'd never won any cooking medals, either.

"IT seemed *years*, but finally we sat down to dinner, and I could just *feel* Mother Allen preparing to be critical. Not meaning to be, of course—mothers-in-law simply can't *help* it, I suppose.

"Well, luck was with me. The cream of tomato soup hadn't curdled; the chops weren't burnt to a cinder; and the creamed potatoes and carrots weren't scorched even the tiniest bit. And there was a cake I'd baked the day before that I *knew* was all right—it really was 'delish,' if I do say it.

"I was beginning to breathe again, and Bob was exuding husbandly pride from every pore—when the blow fell! 'Martha,' said Mother Allen, 'I don't know when I've tasted a nicer dinner, but really, my dear, aren't you rather extravagant? Your cream and butter bills must be simply frightful! You know, with Bob's salary . . .'

"I COULDN'T help laughing. I hadn't bought a *drop* of cream for weeks, and the last pound of butter from the delicatessen had lasted *ages*. 'Cream and butter!' I exclaimed. 'Mother Allen, you come right out in the kitchen and I'll *show* you how extravagant I am.'

"On the kitchen table were two empty Carnation Milk cans. 'There's my cream and butter supply,' I exulted, 'and here is Mary Blake's cook book, which deserves most of the credit for the dinner you have been praising.'

"Mother Allen slipped an arm around my waist. 'Daughter, you win.' That was all she said. I gave her a hug—she *is* a dear when you get to know her—and then I turned around and there was Bob in the doorway taking in the whole tableau."

* * *

IF *you* are called upon to pass the "in-law" test, or any other test of your ability as a cook, don't forget that Carnation Milk will help you.

Carnation *does* produce finer cooking results. It makes cream soups and sauces smoother and creamier. It gives all baked things a finer, more delicate texture. It makes the best cocoa, ice cream, and candy. And it's so pure, dependable, and economical.

"but really, my dear, aren't you rather extravagant?"

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PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

ROOM rates in the Morrison Tower are a striking illustration of the principle that "the air is free." Each story adds more rooms to the hotel's accommodation, but it adds nothing to the ground rent.

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Notwithstanding the restful silence of the upper guest rooms, there is a distinct metropolitan character at the foot of the tower, where the Boston Oyster House has maintained a classic celebrity for half a century. Here, and in the "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden, the delicious menus and individual surroundings continue to attract travelers from all parts of the world.

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Vox Pop

Stop!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Today I bought my last copy of LIBERTY for a long time to come. That Earl Carroll feature—"Stars and Bars"—was a last straw.

Perhaps my view is that of the minority of readers. For the sake of LIBERTY'S future circulation, I hope so. But it has seemed to me that LIBERTY had not "made itself" yet—was groping around for material to improve the standard.

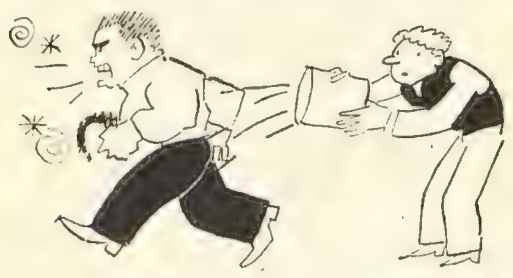
Excellent editorials. Excellent war stories. Good covers. Some inspirational articles. But that Earl Carroll stuff. No!—*F. T. Burke.*

Go!

MARINE HOSPITAL, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I thought Earl Carroll's "Stars and Bars" was exceptionally good. It went right to the heart. Let us have something like it each week.—*James H. Forbush.*

Educating Marmaduke

WINTHROP, MASS.—It is surprising to me that one with a name so fierce as T. Marmaduke Jacobson should be



so easily affected by a few he-man phrases appearing in "The Manassa Mauler."

We recommend the brutal cure of one bucket of ice-cold water, applied frequently, until he is sufficiently toughened so as to be able to quote such expressions of rage as "Piffle!" "Fiddlesticks!" etc., without blushing.

We would like to know if he advocates step-ins for men.—*Two Rufnecs.*

Probably

PRESCOTT, ONT., CANADA—Probably the birds that razzed Dempsey in Vox Pop would like to meet him personally and tell him what they think of him. If they ever do they will probably tell him he is their idol, and always was.—*William Laver.*

Converted

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Some time ago I formed the opinion that Elliott White Springs had a pint of "likker" where an ordinary person has a brain; but after reading "Easy Street—No Parking," I was forced to alter my opinion.

More power to him!—*B. H. Goldsmith.*

Capt. Springs Is a South Carolinian

WELTON, ARIZ.—I have just finished reading Elliott White Springs' latest insult to all girls—especially the Southern girl: "Easy Street—No Parking."

Mr. Springs shows clearly in all his stories published in LIBERTY that his ideas of life are too base and coarse for him to be a gentleman; therefore he does not appreciate Southern people, all of whom are ladies and gentlemen.

I would suggest that Mr. Springs come South and learn the finer things of life from the Southern people.—*A Southern Girl.*

Somebody Told His Fortune

BETHLEHEM, PA.—"Hands Don't Lie," according to your article by Riley Barnes. Neither do they tell the truth. This is one of the many exploded and re-exploded near-sciences.

Ignorant or unscrupulous persons periodically tell us that we can know all from the shape, size, etc., of our heads, our faces, our hands, our handwriting, and what not.

Medieval outcroppings of applesauce!—*R. Lee Strock.*

Bull's-Eye!

ROME, GA.—I have followed with much interest the various "Presidential Possibilities" as portrayed so masterfully by James O'Donnell Bennett.

In his article on Coolidge he outdid himself. He must truly have loved to write about Mr. Coolidge. Really, I felt the same thrill while reading it as when I first saw "The Big Parade."—*E. Bonner.*

Those Glorious Fourths

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your editorial, "April Fool," took me back with a rush to the "good ole days."

Curiously enough, I was able to live over every typical episode you

mentioned. But the thing that intrigued me most was the reference to the fathers—bless their hearts! Mine answered to your accurate description: "Sometimes it was a father shooting off the very biggest cannon crackers. . . ."

Never shall I forget when he placed a "whopper" under a flour barrel in the center of Broadway (of course!). It made a terrific noise, the barrel arose with a "swoosh," and everything would have been lovely had he not placed it directly under one of the three new carbide street lights—the only ones on the street—which had been lighted for the first time that memorable Fourth of July evening!

The end of a perfect day—but only for us kids.—*L. Keyes.*

Yes—Mr. Jenkins Has Mentioned the Matter

CLEVELAND, OHIO—According to William A. Brady's story, "The Terrible Turk," one Tom Jenkins, former heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, never recovered from his bout with the Turk and received injuries that indirectly caused his death some years later.

That seems uncanny to the army. In four years at the United States Military Academy at West Point, I never attempted to pass my hand through Tom Jenkins!

It can be authoritatively stated that the instructor and coach of wrestling at West Point—he who sounds off, "To the mat! Now, gents, the gent what puts another gent's eye out ain't no gent!"—that man, no other than Tom Jenkins himself, is a damnably live ghost!

I know! Isn't that so, Mr. Jenkins?—*H. L. Shafer, Jr. (U. S. M. A., '23).*

WEST POINT, N. Y.—I just read an article in LIBERTY in which William A. Brady states that Youssouf, "The Terrible Turk," wrestled with Tom Jenkins in Cleveland and injured him to such an extent that Tom died some time later.

This same Tom Jenkins is wrestling instructor at West Point, and I want to say that if Mr. Brady thinks that Tom is dead the least bit, he can come up here and test whether there's "life in the old dog yet" by taking him on in wrestling for only one minute.—*(Cadet) Robert L. Roy.*

We're So Sorry, Elsie

LACONIA, N. H.—I had always enjoyed LIBERTY until I read about that terrible torture that was almost inflicted upon that "lad" in "Captain Death," by Robert W. Chambers.

Whoever thought up such a torture ought to be in prison, and such things should not be printed. No wonder this world is full of crime. Too much is suggested in the papers and magazines. It made me ill to read that story. It was low and disgusting.—*Elsie.*

V. P. Critics Never Die

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Lots of your violent Vox Pop critics will be paying for their LIBERTYS with nickels dated 1948—and liking it.—*E. Bernard.*

The British Lion in Canada

SOMEWHERE IN CANADA—You Yanks are certainly keeping up your world-wide rep.—i.e.: "blowing your own horn." All other countries that served the whole four years seem to have forgotten we ever had a World War. Not so Americans. They came in at the fag-end, but—Oh, boy!—are they letting you forget that they won (?) the war?

Your Mitchell fellow takes first prize—for frankness and idiocy. He speaks of the men sent over and in the trenches: "—many of whom didn't even know how to fire a rifle." Read it and weep!

We *know* you were in the war and probably kept up your end, especially with the attractive war nurses—(Mitchell again).

That man talks too much.—*One Honest-to-Goodness Britisher.*

Men Who See Clearly—

SANDUSKY, OHIO—I am glad you started running the "War Diary" of General Mitchell. He is the man with the right idea. If we had more men like him our air forces would amount to something.

I know Mitchell is right. I think nearly everyone else does. It was the truth that hurt.—*Student Aviator and an ex-Gob.—L. S. B.*

—Are Often Prophets

RICHMOND, VA.—Does Colonel William Mitchell desire his readers to believe that "Leaves from My War Diary" were written during the fighting of the World War? If so, he could see further than any man since the Prophets.—*L. B. W.*

Liberty, What Shins . . .

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA—My boys use your magazine for shin pads

when playing hockey. So at last we have found a use for you, LIBERTY!—*C. S. M.*

And He Signs His Name!

MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—Grace Robinson's "Cutting Sex Out of Politics" was a lot of applesauce. Have her write another article telling of one constructive thing that women have done since they were given the franchise, either to better political conditions or to better living conditions. It won't occupy much space.

The only thing organized woman asks of a prospective candidate is: "Are you wet or dry?" Character and ability mean nothing to her. Ask anyone who has been a candidate for an elective office.—*C. N. Porter.*

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Cash Prizes *for* WORD GOLF

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every *original* WORD GOLF hole that it prints, but there is no compensation for solutions.

Perhaps you have not tried your hand at laying out holes. In this case, consult the solutions of last week's WORD GOLF, printed below. They will aid you in developing your technique. Note that they include no obsolete or foreign-language words, nor are there any of the obscure kind. Just reasonably familiar, active English words.

You are invited to submit as many entries as you wish, but unaccepted contributions cannot be returned.

Expert WORD GOLFERS there may be who long to play an unusually sporty hole, and to those ambitious ones we say, take a shot at changing QUIET to NOISE. Therein lies abundant opportunity for the exercise of patience as well as skill, for it's a long way from tee to cup and the hazards are many and varied.

It is not suggested that solutions be sent to LIBERTY, but that they be retained for comparison with our method of playing the hole, which will be printed next week.

Address contributions of *original* holes to

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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

MIND	SCOUR	CURD	SHEEP	SOLO	DUCK
MILD	SCOUT	CARD	CHEEP	SOLE	DOCK
MILL	SHOUT	WARD	CHEEK	ROLE	SOCK
TILL	SHOOT	WART	CHECK	ROSE	SOAK
TOLL	SHORT	WAIT	CHOCK	RUSE	SOAR
TOIL	SHORE	WHIT	CLOCK	RUST	SCAR
SOIL	SHONE	WHET	FLOCK	DUST	SCAN
SOUL	SHINE	WHEY		DUET	SWAN

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 45

1—The emerald.
2—The national legislative body of Poland.
3—Walt Whitman.
4—Gypsies; South Africans and Central Americans; Japanese.
5—A word, verse, or sentence which reads the same in either direction.
6—Tennessee; Indiana; Texas; Virginia; Pennsylvania.
7—Alexander Pope's Essay on Criticism.
8—A hermit.
9—Teheran.
10—The Netherlands.
11—A stone bearing symbols, which was found in Egypt in 1799, and which furnished the key for deciphering hieroglyphics.
12—In southeast British Columbia.
13—The fifteenth.
14—The use of syllables (do, re, mi, etc.) as names for the notes of the scale.
15—The kneecap.
16—No.
17—Nebraska.
18—The tical.
19—The upwardly projecting rear part, opposite the pommel.
20—The Diamond State.

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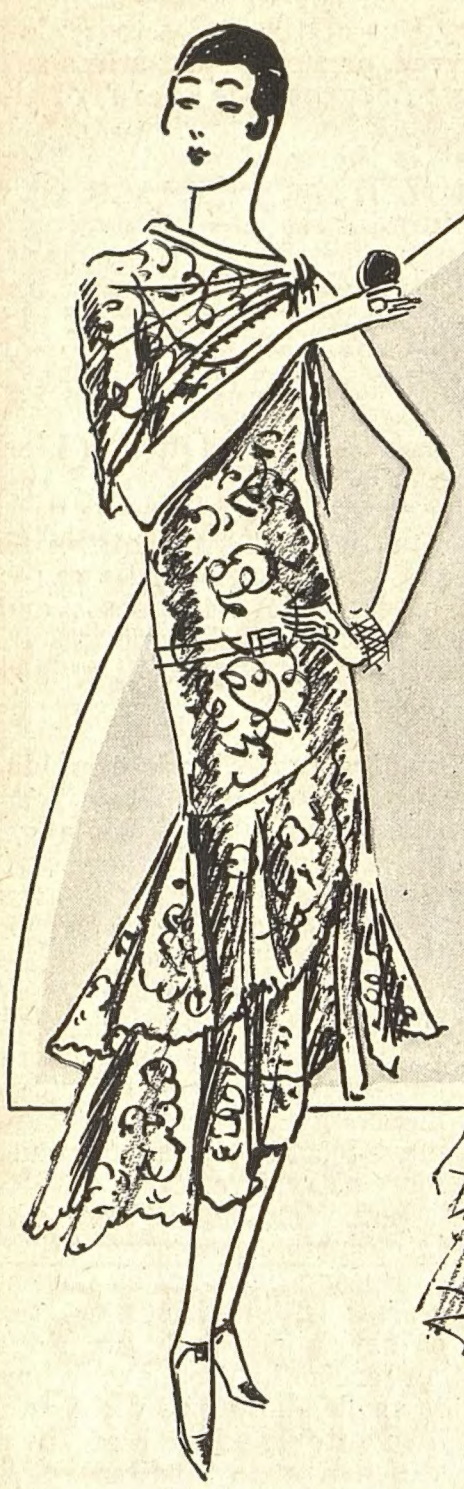
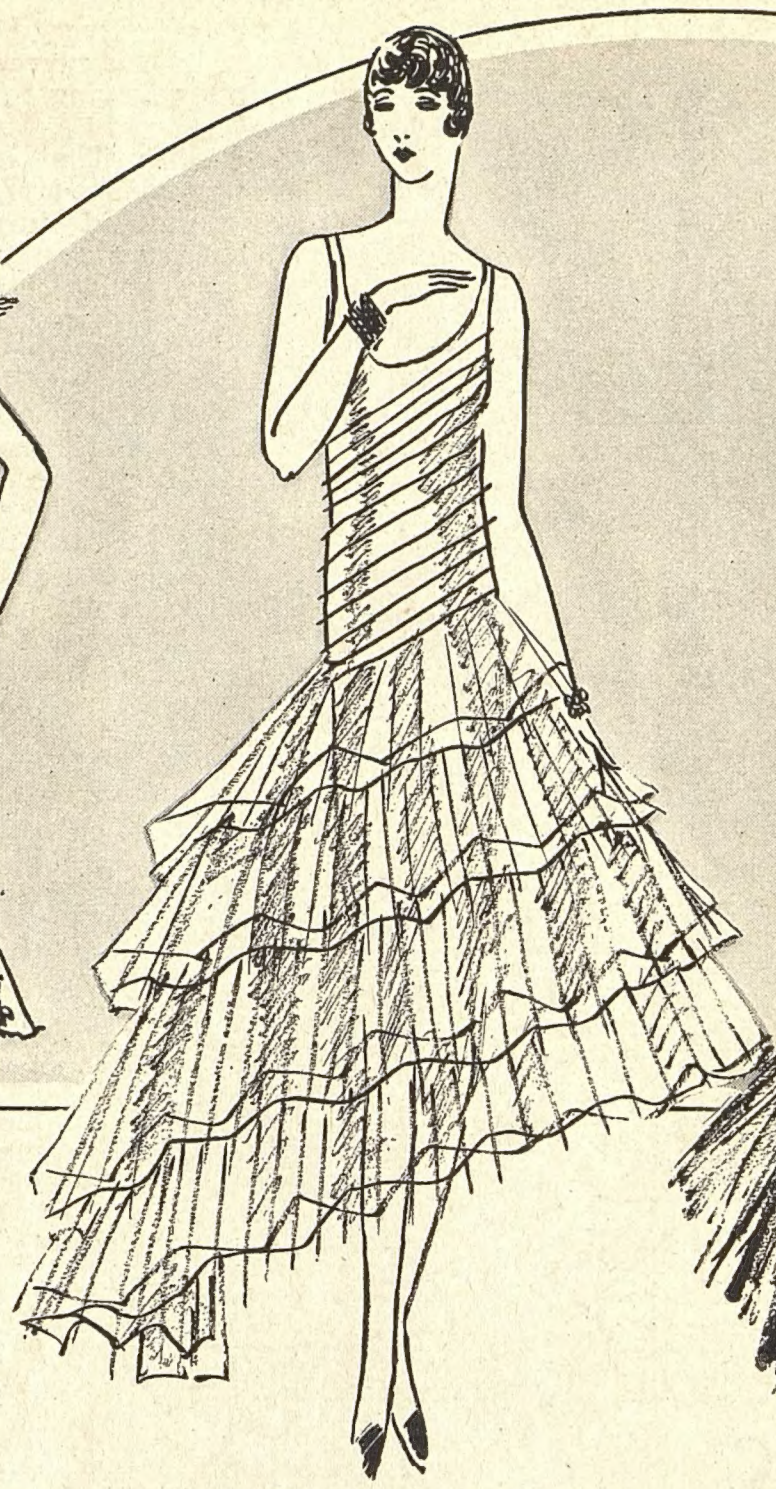
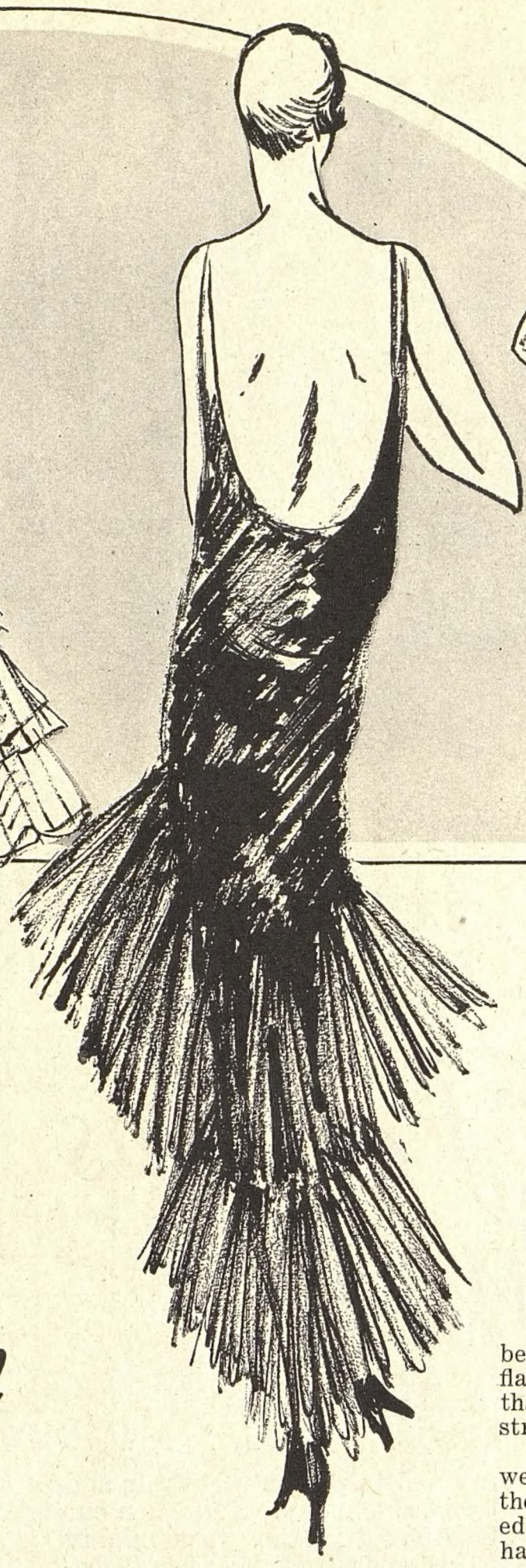


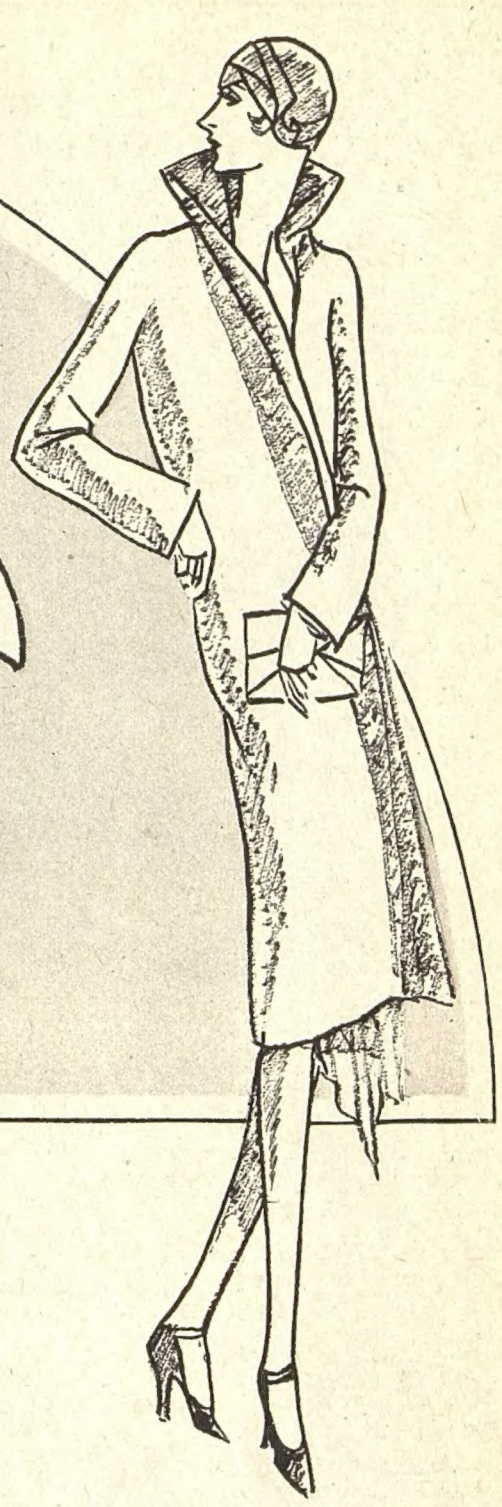
FROM Chanel comes this dress of beige-colored lace with circular ruffles on the skirt stiffened at the side.



THIS débutante dress has running bands on the bodice and tiers on the skirt in several shades of green.



A CHANEL evening dress in black tulle, with very full ruffles of the material.



VIONNET'S smart summer coat of gray silk or cloth, with a gray astrakhan collar that descends in a triangular line.

Trains *Are on the Way*

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

IF we wished to be flippant about it, we could say we were getting a slant on the fashions. Speaking more learnedly, we will put it thus: Of all the geometric figures competing for popularity in modern art as applied to dressmaking, the triangle is winning out. Materials cut into figures and figures printed on materials incline to this design. Its long, slanting hypotenuse is dominating the styles, and is appearing not as a mere line superimposed as garnishment on costuming, but as something modifying it basically.

We have only to call attention to our accompanying models—for instance, the significance of the smart coat by Vionnet.

That Queen Anne collar, which none but an artist thoroughly sure of herself would dare to make start where she does this one (at the throatline on the left-hand side), goes round the neck and at its upper right-hand corner turns in an angle. One side of this flows downward across the coat on a slant that projects it at its base far out beyond the silhouette, in a flare, if you wish to call it by so ordinary a name.

At least, it is a triangular flare, and, taken in connection with that other flaring angle at its northwestern extremity, in the collar, gives the impression of being designed by someone of great scope and freedom and sureness and daring in point of view. As the artist says, "the coat is diagonal in its movement."

It is of palest gray cloth, ornamented round the neck and down this long slant of front with a five-inch band of gray astrakhan that has been shaved until it is absolutely flat. By the way, have you noticed that in general there is a very strong movement away from furs?

If you are still unconvinced that we are getting a slant on fashions, the evening dresses here presented ought to persuade you. We have said so often, it scarcely requires repeating, that styles are likely to start in evening clothes. As the artist remarks of the wide-flounced model:

"It is a charming example of the diagonal movement in a débutante frock, which has diagonal bands in three shades of green tulle running across the bodice. The skirt is made in four shades of green, running in tiers, the darkest at the belt and the lowest, at the hem, in the pale shade of apples."

ONE never wishes to look too "dressed up" in Paris. The first model is essentially elaborate, being made of lace with slanting ruffles, which are stiffened to make them slant more. But, to tone it down, the great Chanel has tied a triangular scarf around the shoulders, its line almost parallel with the skirt. She has also put a belt on this evening dress, although we usually associate belts only with day clothes. Chanel glorifies sloppiness—a little studied sloppiness—and she has given it to this delightful gown. One of the ways she accomplishes it is to have scarf and ruffles not quite parallel.

The low cut evening dress shows the diagonal movement going upward from back to front. It is all of black tulle, and has very full plaited flounces of black tulle set on. They almost touch the floor in the back, and, mark my words, something is going to come of this particular triangular movement.

Trains are going to come of it! Not trains such as we used to know, but that upward lift in the front of the gown is going to be balanced by a little movement of something in the back that will lie a few inches on the ground, giving a gentle suggestion of a train.

THREE Louiseboulanger evening frocks that show a trend away from the flapper mode. The left-hand model is in black dotted net over white lace, with black velvet girdle. The center sketch is brown taffeta with pink roses. The third gown is of printed chiffon.

Paris Fashions GROW UP

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, April 9.

REMEMBER when flappers wanted to put up their hair and let down their skirts? Ask ma, she knows. And when our falling tresses set the whole world in tune to a mighty barber-shop chord? When skirts were clipped and feminine figures flattened out under the steam roller of the straight silhouette? Every woman knows this adolescent epoch in styles, for it is even now in our midst.

But this shorn, subdeb mode is on the skids of moving Time. Fashion is coming of age, and we are ending the flapper era in dress. Women are realizing that schoolgirl middies and scanty skirts, not to omit naked hats and boyish haircuts, not only made them look very young, but at the same time denuded them of most of their feminine charm. And we want to be charming just as much as we want to be young.

So what happens? Fashions mature from childish clothes to young womanhood, and there is a new style age of woman. There is nothing stodgy or middle-aged about the new modes. Goodness, no! What Paris is trying to get into clothes is that beauty and charm which knows no years and has no birth-date lines.

We are beginning to think of styles in terms of long, beautiful lines which are neither scanty nor too voluminous, in terms of hair that is a crowning glory to the face, in terms of daintiness and illusive *womanly* beauty. This doesn't mean coming back to any of the old slavery of corsets, hairpins, or hampering hemlines. What it does mean is that we shall have a new kind of freedom—a grown-up liberty.

Take, for instance, the skirt. One of the greatest attractions of the knee-length skirt is its *laissez faire* (let move); but, while fashion no longer approves of skirts to the knees, longer skirts are made so softly ample that they give as much liberty and are a lot more attractive.

By longer skirts I mean that the smart skirt length is anywhere from just below the knees to the ankles, or even the heels. How much more freedom this gives us to let the skirt end at the point where it makes us—we ourselves, and nobody else—look most graceful! Every line of the styles today is a line which is curved, or at the least a line sufficiently flowing to suggest the charm of the curve.

Charm! That is the word which best expresses chic today. If you are going to get a new dress and you want the latest thing, see to it that you pick out something that has charm. Let your skirt be at least a little longer and softer in line, and let your frock fit your hipline. For daytime, something in the way of lingerie details will do much to bring your costume into the new age of fashion.

A new fabric that is a revival of a fashionable cloth of the '70s is challis, a very thin woolen material with a small quaint figure pattern. This material is practical and stands hard wear in spite of its dainty thinness; and, since it is particularly chic in dark blue with a white figure, it is ideal for day wear.

Blue and white challis—charming for day wear.

OUR central model is a frock of blue and white challis. It is from Louiseboulanger. Louiseboulanger has done more than any other single Paris couturier to make styles grow up. She looked around at women and she went to the movies. She liked the way our movie stars walk, and she thought if she could create clothes that would be as graceful and as charming as the movement of that walk it would make most women appear much more attractive.

Louiseboulanger brought into fashion three great things—dipping hemlines on flowing skirts; fitted hiplines; and dainty fabrics and trimmings.

Her challis dress shown here is made daintier by a vestee of white handkerchief linen, which has tiny plaited ruffles around the collar and down the front closing. The lines of the blouse are slender, but suggest the figure beneath, and the zigzag pipings of white give an air of novelty. The hipline is closely fitted by a yoke and topped by a narrow belt. The skirt is very ample, being shirred on to the yoke.

Our right-hand sketch at the top of the page shows one of the most famous Louiseboulanger dresses, and one that has done a great deal to change fashions. This dinner gown of printed chiffon has the graceful Louiseboulanger skirt.

Half of its effectiveness is due to the fitted girdle, which is made of a large chiffon handkerchief knotted in front and sewed fast to a plain foundation yoke of the same shape. The waist has a bunch of flowers sewed to the left shoulder.

This frock is young, but it is the youth of the woman, and beside it one of those straight beaded tubes of a short time ago would look immature and a little bit awkward.

Our top left-hand sketch is of the same age of fashion, and it also is a Louiseboulanger model. Black dotted net over a foundation slip of white lace gives this dress that illusive delicacy and grace which are essential qualities of the new chic. The bolero waist flares in back and is edged with narrow black lace.

The center model of the three is one of the Louiseboulanger evening frocks which drape the figure in a princess line in front, with puffs and floating panels at the side and back of the irregular skirt. This dress is made of golden brown taffeta patterned with small pink roses.

Louiseboulanger places *culottes* of silk and lace underneath most of her evening gowns. They are the length of the dress, and give more freedom of movement than would any skirt.

Building or Remodeling?

Many new homes and up-to-date apartment buildings are being equipped with the new Sellers Sectional Built-in Units. The latest idea. Please write for information.

In these gay, flower garden kitchens hardest tasks are easy

JADE GREEN

COLONIAL IVORY

NO wonder the popularity of the stylish, colorful Sellers kitchen is growing and growing.

Kitchens that were once regarded as mere work rooms—with stiff, business-like equipment, are now gay as a mid-summer garden.

And in these charming rooms—where one sings just because it is so delightful—even dishwashing has its happy side.

The smart, new Sellers Kitchenaire, in rich Jade Green, Colonial Ivory, Sellers Grey, or Spanish Gold, with artistically contrasted decorations, offers many opportunities for planning a colorful kitchen. With the new, colorful, tile linoleum; the new, quick drying lacquers, simple curtaining in harmonious colors, your present kitchen can be transformed at small expense.

Where more elaborate kitchens are possible what could be more perfect than a charming Sellers Kitchen Ensemble—cabinet, utility closets and a beautiful six piece breakfast set—all done in the same color scheme and decorative motif?

These new, stylish Sellers Kitchenaires—the very latest conception of colorful kitchen equipment—combine both beauty and utility. Behind the exterior charm is the greatest kitchen time- and labor-saver of modern times. Here you will find every famous feature that has endeared Sellers Kitchen Cabinets to millions of women.

See these beautiful cabinets at your dealer's store. Prices are very reasonable. In most cases *very easy terms* are offered.

Your catalog is waiting

A copy of our very interesting new catalog awaits you. It is one of the prettiest catalogs we have ever issued. Shows some delightful types of colorful kitchens and illustrates the new stylish Sellers Kitchenaires in actual colors. All we need is your present address. May we have it?

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO.
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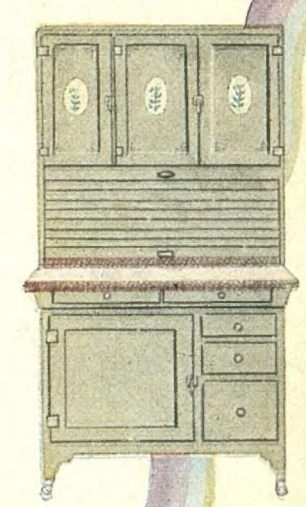

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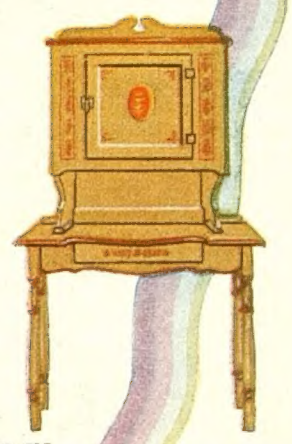

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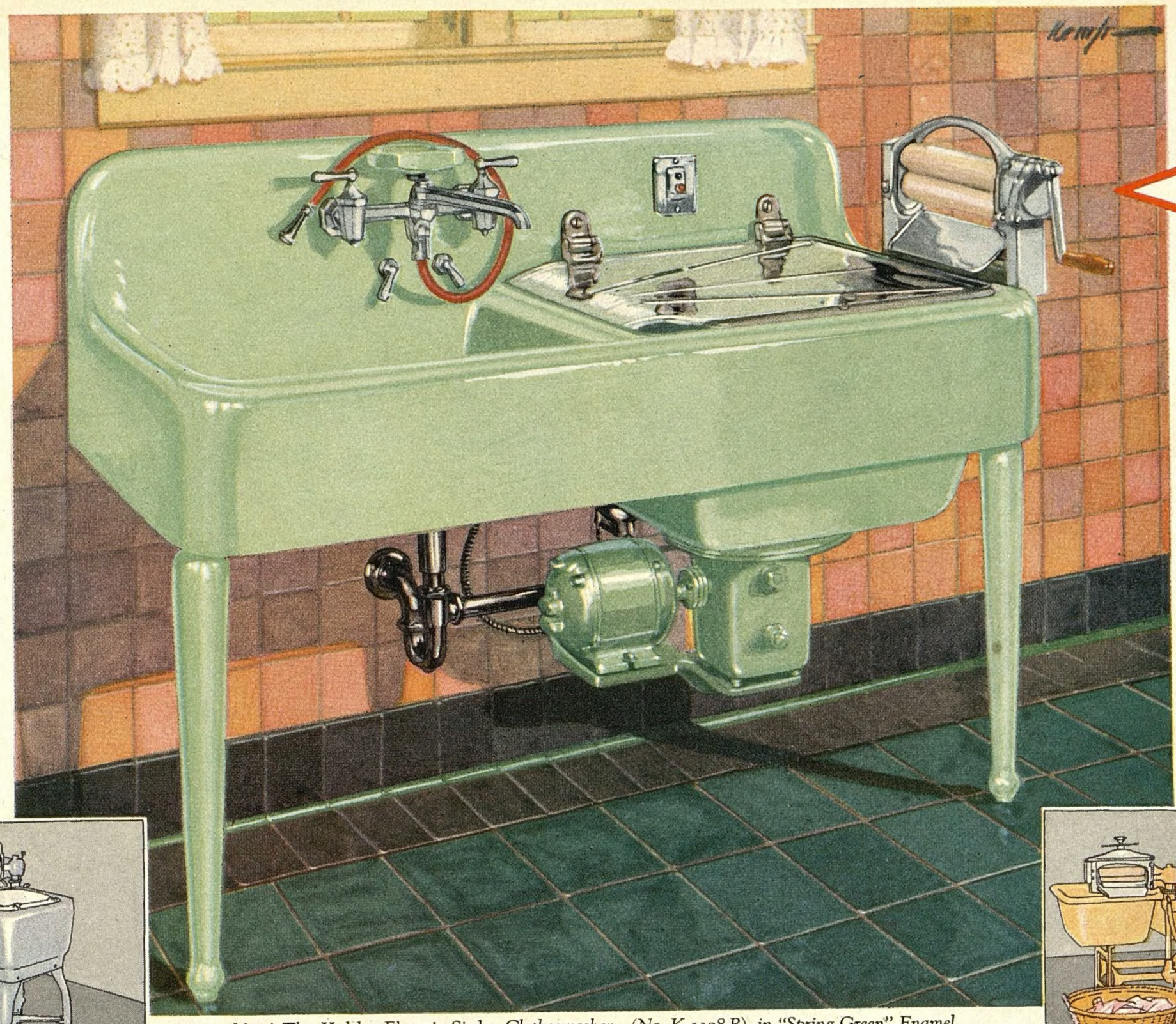
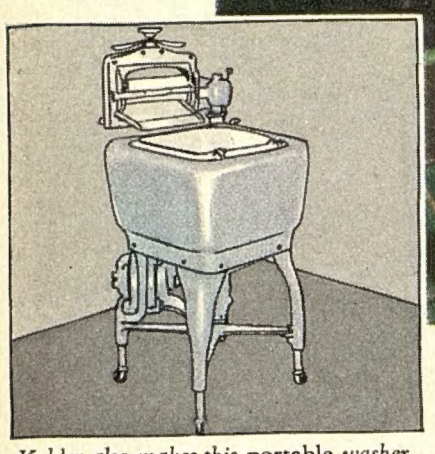


© 1928, Kohler Co

New! The Kohler Electric Sink—*Clotheswasher*—(*No. K-1128-R*), *in "Spring Green" Enamel*



Kohler also makes this portable washer, in white or colored enamel inside and out —an admirable machine

"Free-standing" Kohler tubs and the new Kohler washer make a most efficient combination in the laundry

A Kohler Electric Sink *for light laundering*

You are already acquainted, perhaps, with the Kohler Electric Sink that eliminates the drudgery of washing dishes by hand. *Now* the Kohler Electric Sink—*Clotheswasher*—is presented to you.

To appreciate what this new Kohler product is, think of the washing that is done *in-between-times* in modern homes—of tea napkins and luncheon sets, of children's clothes, of golf hose, of silk sweaters and underthings—of *all* those articles that are too easily ruined, or too immediately needed, to be left for the regular washing.

How easily this Kohler Electric Sink—*Clotheswasher*—disposes of them! Lift the shiny cover, swing the faucet into action, pop in the clothes, close the cover, press the button. It is easy on the operator, that is plain. And it is easy on the clothes, for the tub is *enameled* inside and out, smooth as a tea cup; and the polished aluminum "impeller" couldn't harm anything.

A splendid *regular* sink

When the clotheswasher is not in use, the wringer is quickly removed, and the metal cover becomes a spacious drainboard for the sink compartment at the left. You have *two fixtures in one piece*—an electric clotheswasher and an ultra-modern sink.

This sink is eight inches deep; and it is fitted with the new Kohler Duostrainer, the combination drain control and strainer for Kohler Sinks. The sink holds water—no need to bother with pans. When you empty it, a removable strainer cup catches the debris. You lift the cup by its convenient handle and empty it with ease. . . .

So there it stands—unrivaled in its modern efficiency; glowing with the new charm of *color*. You can have it in any one of *six* beautiful, everlastingly permanent Kohler Colors, and in white—just like Kohler bath tubs, lavatories, and toilets.

The Kohler line is so *full* of interesting new developments that it is difficult to properly describe them here. We refer you to your plumber—and to the coupon.

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis. L 5-5-28

Gentlemen: Please send literature as checked.

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☐ "Color Charm Enters the Bathroom" (Kohler Color Ware)

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